

July 22, 1939

5¢ A COPY

Collier's

WEEKLY



David Robinson

THINGS I COULDN'T TELL THE MOTHER
BY DIXIE DAVIS, "The Kid Mouth"

THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY—PUBLISHERS OF COLLIER'S—THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION—THE COUNTRY HOME MAGAZINE

July 22, 1939

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*This is probably the strangest invitation
you have ever received*

CURIOUS as it may seem, we who make Four Roses urge you, sincerely, to try *another* distiller's whiskey—any other whiskey you care to choose.

Why do we ask this?

Because it is the easiest way we know for you to prove the surpassing excellence of Four Roses!

All the whiskeys in Four Roses—and *several* straight whiskeys go into it—are at least 4 years old... old enough to be bottled in bond, and *would* be, if we thought they would be as good, sold separately that way.

But instead, we think it better to reduce these whiskeys to 90 proof... to make them lighter, milder. Then we bring these separate whiskeys together, so as to unite *all*

their individual virtues in *one* whiskey that is finer by far than any of them could be alone.

Ask for Four Roses—today—and make the comparison we've suggested. We think you'll agree it's America's finest whiskey! Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville and Baltimore.

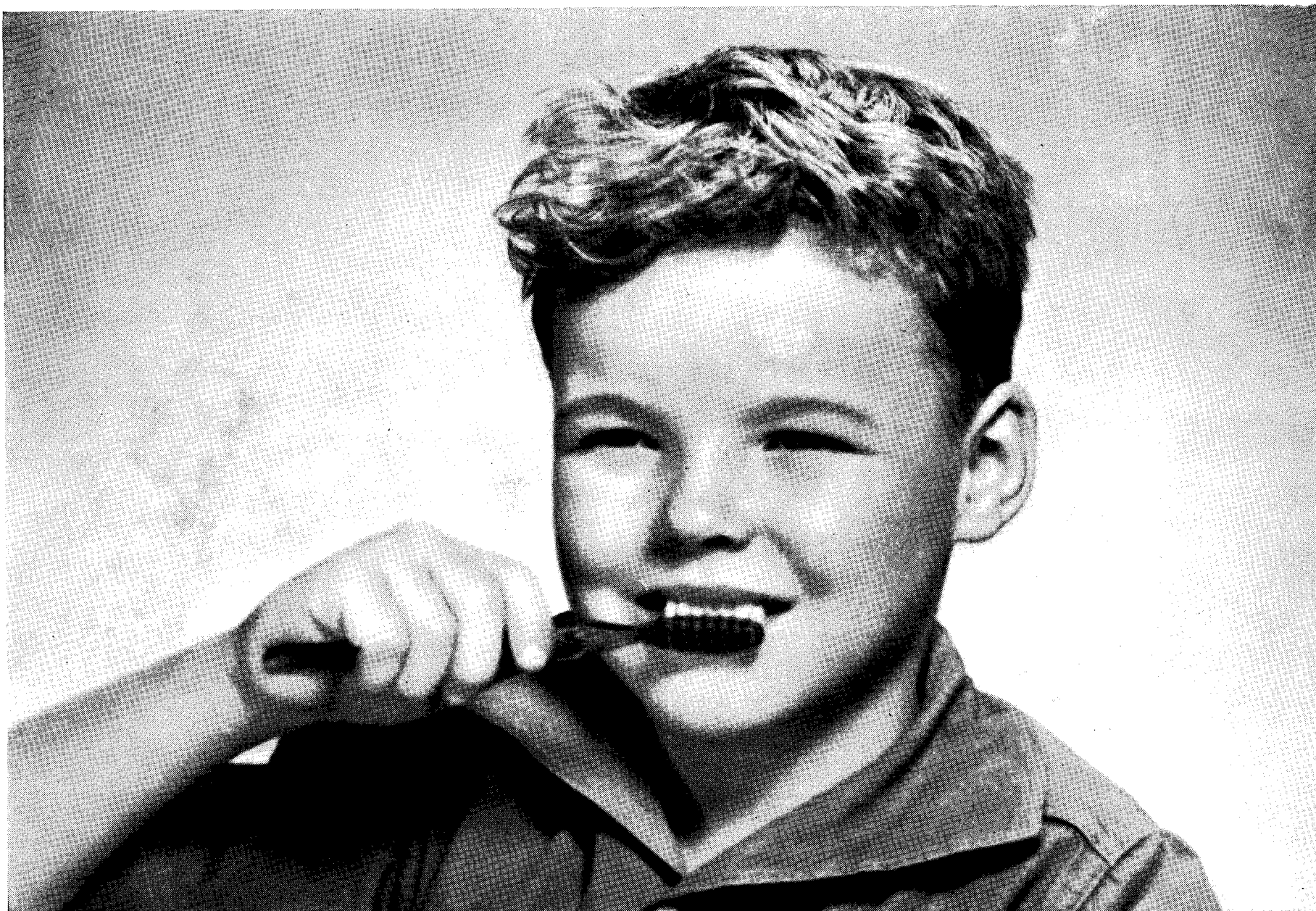
FOUR ROSES

EVERY DROP IS WHISKEY AT LEAST 4 YEARS OLD



A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES—90 PROOF • THE STRAIGHT WHISKIES IN FOUR ROSES ARE FOUR YEARS OR MORE OLD

He got "C" in Spelling but "A" in Gum Massage —Maybe His Teeth are more important!



**Take a tip from a youngster:
Massage with Ipana helps to make
healthier gums, sounder teeth, to
guard against "Pink Tooth Brush"**

MAYBE YOUNG BILL could have done better in spelling—and next term he probably will. But *right now* he deserves a lot of credit for leading his class in gum massage. All his life he'll be grateful for this early lesson: that it's just as important to care for the gums as it is to brush the teeth. Most of these

lucky children know more than their fathers and mothers, when it comes to things like this.

Gum trouble, they've learned, is prone to come from today's soft, creamy foods. Lack of hard, natural chewing exercise tends to make gums grow tender. Once your gums get that way—watch out for the warning flash of "pink" on your tooth brush!

Never Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

Any time you see that tinge of "pink"—*see your dentist*. You may not be headed for trouble, but let him decide. Very likely, however, he'll tell you that your gums have simply "softened up" from lack of vigorous chewing.

And, like so many modern dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana is designed not only to clean teeth but, with massage, to aid the health of the gums. Try massaging a little extra Ipana Tooth Paste into your gums each time you brush your teeth. Circulation increases in the gums. They tend to become firmer, healthier—and teeth sparkle with a new lustre.

Take this smile tip from young Bill, for he's the boy that knows! Get a tube of economical Ipana at your druggist's today. Let Ipana and massage help you, as it has thousands of other men and women, to brighter teeth, healthier gums, and a smile that rates "A+."

Try Ipana and Massage and Watch your Smile!



"Pink Tooth Brush"—that's me. I don't like that one bit.



That means weak gums, teacher says. They need massage to keep firm and strong.



Kay, darling, you've got the brightest, nicest smile in the world!



Get the new D.D. Tooth Brush

DOUBLE DUTY

—The brush with the TWISTED HANDLE (see above). Designed with the aid of 1000 dentists to clean teeth clean and make gum massage easy.

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH
 Managing Editor
THOMAS H. BECK
 Editorial Director

Collier's

July 22, 1939

WALTER DAVENPORT Politics
AIMEE LARKIN Distaff
ROBERT McCORMICK Washington
W. B. COURTNEY Transportation
KENNETH LITTAUER Fiction
QUENTIN REYNOLDS Sports
KYLE CRICHTON Screen and Theater
WM. O. CHESSMAN Art

DENVER LINDLEY Articles
FRANK D. MORRIS Articles
JAMES N. YOUNG Fiction
IFOR THOMAS Photographs
MAX WILKINSON Fiction
JIM MARSHALL The Orient
JOHN T. FLYNN Associate Editor

Next Week

EXCEPT for one esthetic editorial writer, all San Francisco scolded when the Department of Justice decided to make Alcatraz Island the home of America's most desperate men.

The editorial writer touched his lute and sang of the green Berkeley Hills on one hand, the coppery sunsets beyond the Golden Gate, and guessed that some men might prefer to be jailed felons in such a setting rather than free men in less pleasing climes.

Nonetheless, Alcatraz is a source of bitter dissension—not only in San Francisco. Its intimate history is told for the first time next week by Homer Cummings, former Attorney General, the man who made Alcatraz.

JOE DI MAGGIO, the greatest slugger since Babe Ruth, has stood up there and looked the greatest pitchers of our day right in the eye. And then he's belted their best offerings into the bleachers or over the wall. Joe has taken time out from a busy season to evaluate the "Pitchers I Have Hit," and he gives us a few secrets of the tense psychological battle which goes on daily between the man on the mound and the fellow with the big bat. It's real inside baseball.

UNDOUBTEDLY you have read all the press-agent stuff about the Dead-End kids, and how they were snatched out of the slums and put in the movies, where they earned \$500 a week by just behaving naturally. Well, Kyle Crichton read it too, and then he went to see them in their new hangout, Hollywood, where not only good but bad little boys go nowadays. "Made-to-Order Punks" is the official report.

WHEN life was simple and redskins were things that bit the dust, such a story as "Renegade," by William Arthur Breyfogle never could have been published. We publish it next week with no regrets for the advanced condition of literary standards, because it's a first-class yarn.

ALSO, and with customary last-paragraph panic, we promise you a Short Short Story by Natalie Shipman, an aviation romance by Alan LeMay, Felix Noland's tender tale of a boy-struck waif, J. Richard Davis' inside story of police graft and how it is done, Jonathan Latimer, Freling Foster, Erich Maria Remarque and others, wrapped up in a Robert O. Reid cover which probably will stimulate the picture-framing industry.

This Week

SHORT STORIES

ALLAN R. BOSWORTH

Tin-Can Sailor. The dramatic story of why Fleet Problem No. 22 was never solved. Page 11

JOHN HAWKINS

Without Luck. Engineers are human, too. Page 16

HENRY MEADE WILLIAMS

Trouble on the Island. It put an end to jealousy. Page 20

WILLIAM MacHARG

The Unconvincing Note. O'Malley and the innocent accomplice. Page 22

THE SHORT SHORT STORY

Heritage, by Frederic Mertz. Page 19

SERIAL STORIES

ERICH MARIA REMARQUE

Flotsam. The third of twelve parts. Kern finds a friend. Page 14

JONATHAN LATIMER

Red Gardenias. The seventh of nine parts. Another corpse for Crane. Page 30

ARTICLES

J. RICHARD (Dixie) DAVIS

Things I Couldn't Tell Till Now. Beginning the authentic story of America's underworld life. Page 9

W. B. COURTNEY

Hoosier Out of Exile. Meet Paul V. McNutt, home for Bigger Things. Page 13

KYLE CRICHTON

Easy, Thar, with Our Clara Lou. Ann Sheridan, Texas' darling. Page 18

C. W. GARRETT

But He CAN Hit. Henry John Bonura, Zeke to you. Page 42

FRELING FOSTER

Keep Up with the World. Nibbles at knowledge. Page 6

EDITORIALS

Your Wife's Job.

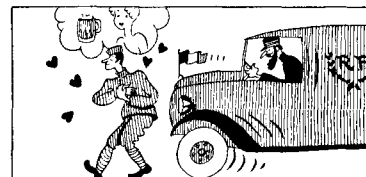
Silence is Safer. Page 66

COVER

DAVID ROBINSON

Any Week

BEFORE Congress or the White House does anything rasher, maybe it would be as well for them to know that Mr. Alfred B. Counihan of Evansville, Indiana, will not be on hand again to fight for democracy. "Listen," cries Mr. Counihan, "I was all set last time to land a gal whose old man ran a brewery. But the draft board snatched me out of the lady's arms. By the time I got back it was no use going after her again because the law had closed the brewery and she had married some other guy anyway, not that it did him any good with the brewery closed. I got run over by a truck at Brest and before my rib got right again the war was over. I was thinking about that gal when the truck hit me. It was a Frog truck at that."



ASIDE from a few minor fears, Mr. Harry B. Teash of San Francisco, California, is pretty comfortable. "However," says Mr. Teash, "this Lincoln fad that has struck the movie studios has possibilities I don't like. I fear it won't be long before we'll be seeing Bill Fields as Lincoln at Gettysburg and Wallace Beery as The Railsplitter."

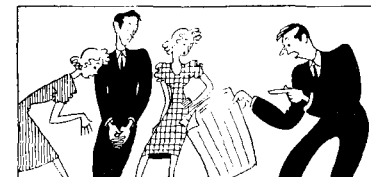
BUT Miss Maria DePaulina of Torrington, Connecticut, thinks that "in spite of lots of my friends whose opinion I value very highly" we could be a better magazine. She arrives at this possibly accurate opinion thus: "I have read the list of names of your editors from Mr. Beck down to Mr. Flynn. I think it reads like a list on the bulletin board at Ellis Island. All it needs is a good Italian name. Maybe you do not need an Italian on your staff but it would look good and please a lot of people, particularly Italians. I would like it, as I am an Italian."

AND now to the serious business of correction. Some time ago we published a letter from Texas wherein it was stated that several members of an otherwise unhappy Mexican family were on WPA's pay roll. From Mr. Dean R. Brimhall, director of the Special Employment Section, WPA, in Washington, we receive notice that we "ought to know that WPA does not hire two people from one family." Mr. Brimhall should know what he's talking about, and doubtless does. But somehow, we have a feeling that this is not the end of

this. Something tells us that we're going to receive a few letters asking Mr. Brimhall whether he'd like to make something out of them. Just a hunch, that's all.

AND another item of timely interest comes from Mr. Joseph O. Tremaine of Toronto, Canada. Mr. Tremaine quotes a letter from his brother in London, England. And what his brother says may throw quite a little light on the rise of hoodlum rule in Germany. "Maybe," writes the London Tremaine, "it's just a coincidence, but it is funny that among the shops most thoroughly wrecked in Berlin was that of the Jewish tailor who had made most of Field Marshal Goering's hundred and one uniforms—and hadn't been paid."

ALSO we have a bit of engaging information from Lieutenant A. G. (Warhorse) Vadakin of Enid, Oklahoma. Scanning his newspaper in the evening tranquillity that is one of Enid's most powerful attractions, the lieutenant was a trifle startled to read: "Births per year have declined from nearly \$3,000,000 in 1921 to about \$2,300,000 in recent years." Says Lieutenant Vadakin: "I showed this to my three cents' worth—two gals and a boy—and told them it was merely one of the effects of Mr. Roosevelt's devaluation policy."



NO ONE stirs our accustomed generosity into action quicker than a man who can take a joke on himself. That is why we personally ran to the post office with the original of Bo Brown's cartoon, which was published on page 65 of our June 17th issue, and mailed it to Mr. Leonard G. Pardue of Mobile, Alabama. Look it up. Mr. Pardue is the official weatherman of his territory. He wired: "One of my interests is collection of gibes at our service, and this gem would greatly enhance our collection." So next time we venture into Southern fields for corn roast and barbecue, misled by false promises of clear skies, we shall be sustained in our clammy discomfort by a vision of Mr. Pardue, seated warm and dry in his laboratory, chuckling over the cartoon pinned to his thermostat. . . .

FAIR—enough.

W. D.

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PROTECT THEM WITH

Seal-o-matic

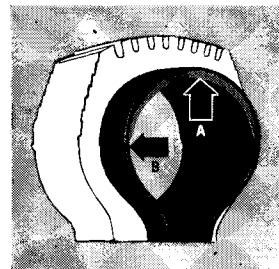
2-WAY SAFETY!



THE GREATEST SAFETY NEWS OF 1939

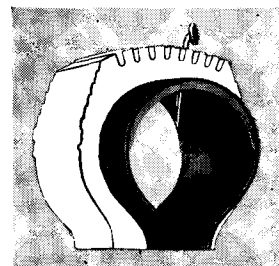
1. NEW BLOW-OUT PROTECTION!

In the blow-out "danger zone" (A), Seal-o-matic's "Self-Healing" Lining instantly works in to fill rips, or tears . . . drastic high-speed tests prove that Seal-o-matic guards you against weaknesses or injuries that ordinarily cause fearful blow-outs and changes them to safe, slow leaks. Even at (B), clear out of the "danger zone," Seal-o-matic gives new protection—with 60% greater strength in its "Tuff-Rubber" walls—strength that is not stretched out or diminished in use because this tube is built up (not blown up!) to fill your tire.



2. NEW PROTECTION AGAINST FLAT TIRES

...Punctures due to nails, glass, etc., are instantly filled and sealed by the new, exclusive Goodrich "Self-Healing" Lining—mended completely and permanently. See how this lining reaches beyond the shoulders—protecting the entire area where practically all punctures occur. In torture tests, tires stood up with spikes, nails, and screws driven through the tube—spikes were pulled out . . . but not a flat tire in many thousand grueling tests.



Get full protection for your family!

This new, perfected Seal-o-matic Tube reduces the possibility of blow-outs to a new minimum . . . because its 60% stronger walls resist blows and bruises, and its marvelous self-healing lining actually reduces even bad cuts and tears to slow, safe leaks. And it also seals punctures due to spikes, nails, screws, etc., *while you ride* . . . instantly, permanently. It's the 2-way Life-Saver Tube!

Think what this 2-way Safety means . . . think of your wife, stranded by a "flat" on a lonely road at night. If you have ordinary tires on your car, this new tube protection is imperative. If you have the Golden Ply Blow-out Protection and the non-skid Life-Saver Tread of Silvertown Tires . . . Seal-o-matic Tubes will add the last word in safety on wheels—and save you money, too!

• **CONFIDENTIAL** credit plan—personalized to fit any income—makes it easy to buy Seal-o-matics. Small down payment—your own long, easy terms. See your Goodrich Dealer or Silvertown Store.

The B. F. Goodrich Company
Akron, Ohio  Los Angeles, Calif.

GOING TO THE WORLD'S FAIR?

Drive there safely, on Seal-o-matics. At New York, see Daredevil Jimmie Lynch defy death . . . see the Seal-o-matic Tube defy spikes, nails. At San Francisco, see the Goodrich exhibit: "What's New in the World of Rubber!"

Copyright 1939, The B. F. Goodrich Company



DON'T PUT YOURSELF IN THIS PICTURE!

Protect yourself and your family from death-dealing blow-outs. Don't delay—demand today the 2-way protection of Goodrich Seal-o-matic Tubes.



HE'S SCARED TO DEATH! Roadside tire-changing can be deadly dangerous—for you, and especially for your wife, alone at night. Guard against sudden "flats"—with Seal-o-matics!

SEAL-O-MATIC LEADS IN 9 WAYS

- 1 Reduces the possibility of blow-outs to a new minimum.
- 2 Serious cuts reduced to slow leaks instead of blow-outs.
- 3 Saves tire and tube destruction from blow-outs.
- 4 Protects you from punctures.
- 5 Avoids delays and dangers of road-side tire changes.
- 6 Saves costly accident bills, and tire and tube repair expense.
- 7 Owners report tires wear 25% longer.
- 8 Seal-o-matic Tubes outlast tires.
- 9 Gives tires greater resistance to dangerous hidden bruises.

YET COSTS NO MORE than other "premium" tubes without this 2-way Safety and these economy features.

Goodrich Seal-o-matic

ROLL ON THE LIFE-SAVER TUBE THAT NEVER LETS YOU DOWN

Keep your Hair Good-Looking despite



Use the VITALIS "60-Second Workout"

AN AFTERNOON of riding, tennis or golf—a plunge into the pool—no wonder you feel like a million dollars. But what a beating your hair gets! For the sun's merciless rays "cook" your hair until it's dry and brittle—then a drenching swim or shower completes the damage by soaking away natural hair oils left by the baking sun. Hair once good-looking becomes dull, lifeless—unattractive.

But Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout" can help you! As millions of men know, Vitalis is perfect for helping to combat the damaging effects of sun and water. Simply apply Vitalis, massage it briskly on your scalp until you feel the tingle as circulation is aroused. The pure vegetable oils of Vitalis soon aid your oil-depleted scalp. Your hair takes on a rich, lustrous look—it is easier to comb and manage. And there's no "patent-leather" shine!

Get a bottle of Vitalis at your drug-gist's, today. Use Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout" every day and see the wonderful improvement it makes in the health and attractiveness of your hair!



1 50 Seconds to Rub—Circulation of the scalp quickens—flow of necessary oil is increased—hair has a chance!



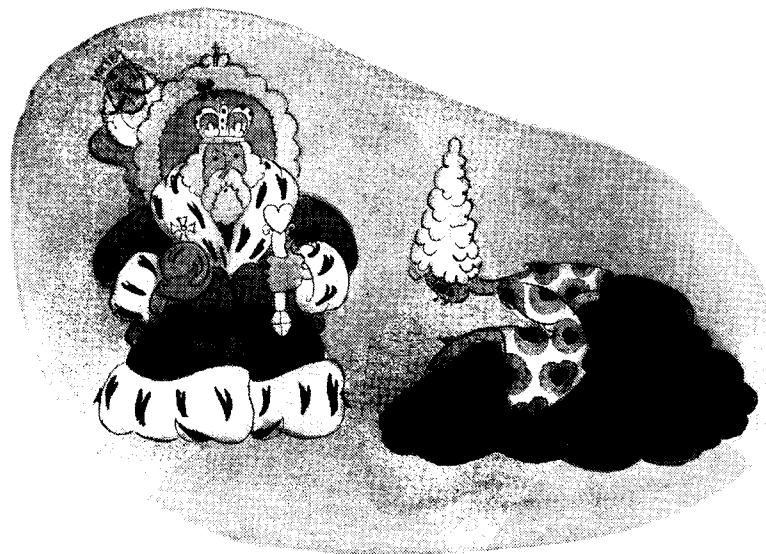
2 10 Seconds to Comb and Brush—Your hair has a lustre—but no objectionable "patent-leather" look.

Ask Your Barber

He's an expert on the care of scalp and hair. For your protection in the barber shop—genuine Vitalis now comes only in the new sanitary, individual Seal-tubes. Next time you go to your barber's, insist on Vitalis Seal-tubes.

VITALIS

HELPS KEEP HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME!



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Centuries ago the crown of Hungary was dropped and the golden cross atop it was bent to one side. It has never been repaired and, therefore, is still depicted in this damaged condition in all reproductions and illustrations and even on the Hungarian national flag.

Probably the only mummy worshiped as a god is that of a Taoist priest, which has been preserved in a temple on the sacred Tai-shan hills in Shantung Province, China, for more than two thousand years.

Anyone whose calendar age is between ten and forty-five years may now have his physiological age determined quite accurately through a mathematical formula based on the rate of the healing of a superficial wound.—By Louis Boisclair, Leesburg, Florida.

The penetrating power of a bullet sometimes depends more on its type and target than on its velocity. During tests in which pointed bullets were fired into moist sand, the penetration was ten inches at fifty feet, fourteen inches at three hundred feet and sixteen inches at fifteen hundred feet.

England's aleconners, who practiced their profession of testing ale and beer up to a few years ago, determined the sugar content by pouring some of the liquor on a wooden stool and then sitting on it. If their leather breeches stuck, they considered the brew satisfactory.

Sir Anthony Panizzi (1797-1879), once librarian of the British Museum, escaped from his native Italy in 1821, a day before he was to be hanged for participation in a revolutionary movement. After his arrival in England, he received a bill for the erection of the unused gallows and the sum promised the hangman.—By Mary L. Spalding, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

A strange sight seen in the Sicilian section of New York City each September is "The Flight of Angels," which takes place during the annual festival in honor of San Gandolfo. During the parade the saint's statue is stopped at a certain spot where two little girls, dressed as angels and suspended from ropes stretched across the street, are lowered and recite verses in honor of their patron.

The first and the most successful gas attack in modern warfare occurred at dawn on April 22, 1915, when the German army discharged great clouds of choking and blinding chlorine along a four-mile front at Langemarck opposite a sector held by 40,000 Frenchmen. Totally unprepared, all were overcome and 20,000 went to the hospitals as casualties; 5,000 of them died.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher.





**BOTH UNCOVERED FOR 7 DAYS...BUT
LOOK AT THE AMAZING DIFFERENCE!***

See Proof!

**YOU DON'T
HAVE TO
COVER FOODS!**

*Peas at left kept in typical modern refrigerator; peas at right kept in ultra-modern Frigidaire "Cold-Wall".

New Frigidaire "Cold-Wall" Saves Foods from Drying Out!

ONLY ONE OF ITS KIND IN THE WORLD!

Saves Foods' Vital Freshness - Prolongs Original Flavor, Color, Days Longer

● Just realize this one important fact and you'll be convinced that the new "Cold-Wall" Frigidaire is an entirely new kind of refrigerator! . . . *You don't have to cover foods in a "Cold-Wall" Frigidaire, yet they keep their vital freshness, appearance, and natural juices day after day!*

This amazing new "Cold-Wall" Frigidaire . . . first of its kind ever built . . . saves foods from drying out . . . without covers of any kind! But just as startling, it preserves freshness, flavor, color . . . yes, even rich nutritional values of food for days on end! Because with this sensational new refrigeration principle, foods are not dried out by moisture-robbing air currents. The vital values stay in food . . . because they don't dry out!

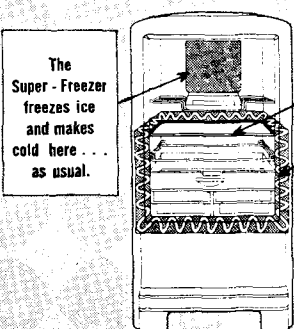
No other refrigerator can bring you greater advancements. Because only Frigidaire has the "Cold-Wall." Greater storage capacity, because now dishes and foods can be packed closer together and without fear of odor-and-flavor transfer! No messy wrapping of food is necessary! And think of the

savings in food . . . because left-over meats, cooked and fresh vegetables of all kinds keep as delicious as when first prepared!

It's new throughout. New Super-Moist Hydrators for preserving up to 100% natural moisture in fresh fruits and vegetables. New Meat-Tender for saving fresh meats. New improved Quickcube Trays for fastest freezing and removal of ice cubes. And the famous Meter-Miser for rock-bottom operating costs. Frigidaire offers you all these exclusive features, plus the dependability and long life that makes the "Cold-Wall" a great General Motors value. Yet, the "Cold-Wall" Frigidaire costs no more than ordinary "first line" refrigerators. You must see it! See it at your Frigidaire dealer's. Also see the new Frigidaire Electric Ranges and Water Heaters.

FRIGIDAIRE DIVISION
General Motors Sales Corp., Dayton, Ohio . . . Toronto, Canada

HOW AMAZING "COLD-WALL" PRINCIPLE WORKS



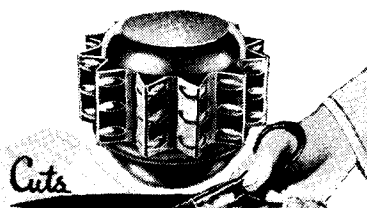
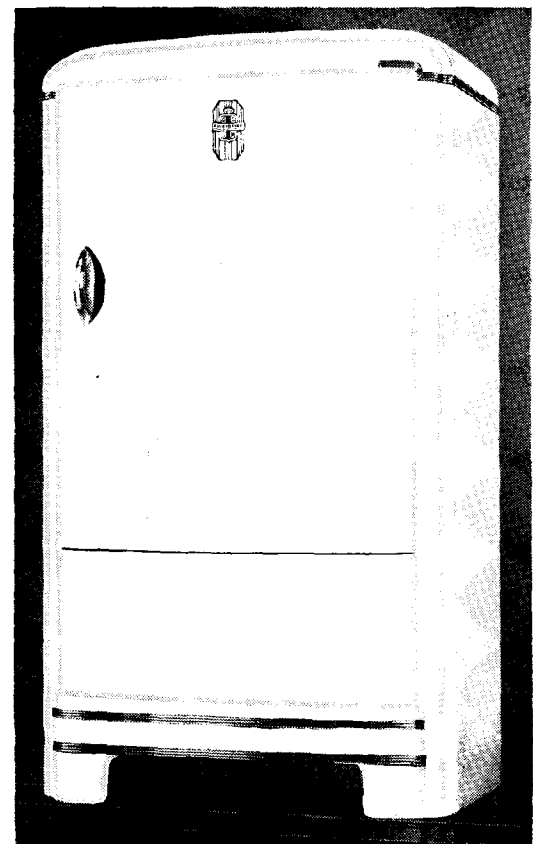
NOW FOR THE FIRST TIME

1. THE NEW "DEW-FRESH SEAL"—A SOLID GLASS PARTITION—DIVIDES THE CABINET INTO 2 COMPARTMENTS

and

2. THE LOWER COMPARTMENT IS REFRIGERATED DIRECTLY THROUGH THE WALLS BY CONCEALED REFRIGERATING COILS.

This provides all 3 essentials for keeping foods vitally fresh longer than ever before! 1. Uniform Low Temperatures. 2. 85 to 100% Humidity. 3. No Moisture-Robbing Air Circulation. All without adding a single moving part! AND ONLY FRIGIDAIRE HAS IT!



Current Cost

CUTS CURRENT COST TO THE BONE...Simplest Refrigerating Mechanism Ever Built—and when parts aren't there, they just can't use current or wear. Completely sealed. 5-Year Protection Plan, backed by General Motors.

FRIGIDAIRE WITH THE METER-MISER

PHILCO

presents

REVOLUTIONARY INVENTIONS FOR 1940

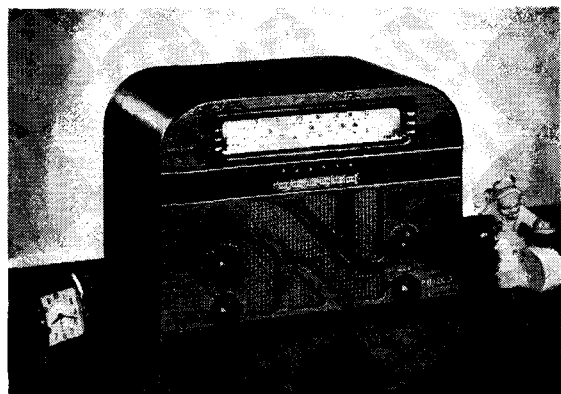
Built-in Super Aerial System eliminates aerial and ground wires. No installation. Pure tone even in noisy locations.

Philco engineering marches on to new triumphs for 1940! New inventions make radio listening a greater joy than ever in tone, convenience and beauty. And now, the Philco you buy today is ready for Television when it arrives!

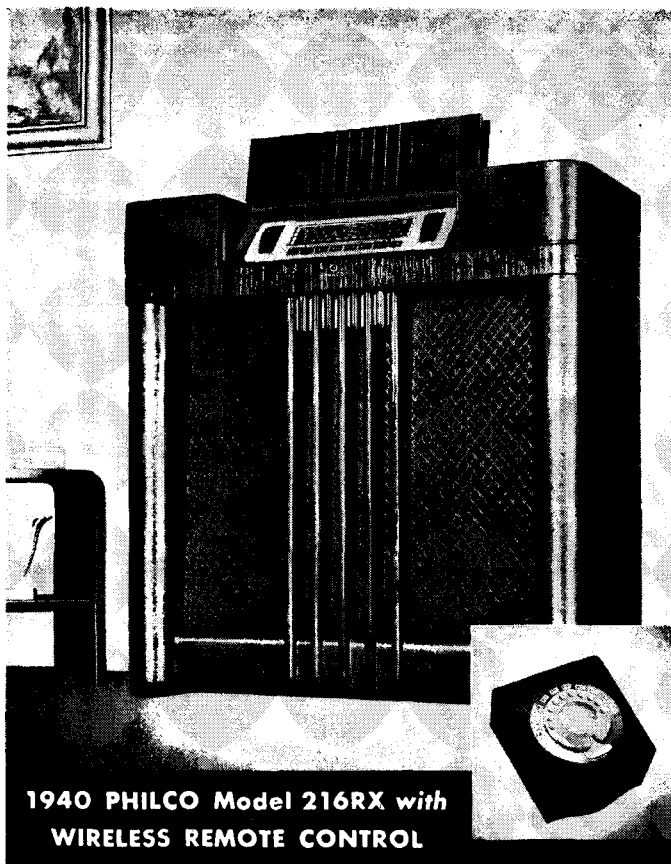
The first of Philco's great 1940 inventions is the Built-in *Super Aerial System*. It is part of an entirely new radio circuit, a combination of *three* vital features, working together to give you undreamed-of power and new purity of tone. The annoyance of man-made static and interference has been overcome. You get clear, beautiful tone wherever you live—even in big buildings and noisy, difficult locations, enjoyable radio reception is possible now for the first time!

And radio is cleaned up, at last! The unsightly aerial wires on your roof, the untidy ground wires around your room *are gone!* Everything you need to give you the finest reception, the purest, clearest tone that radio has ever known is now *inside the cabinet*. The new 1940 Philco needs no installation of any kind. Just place it wherever it looks best and is most convenient in your room, plug-in like an electric lamp . . . *and play!*

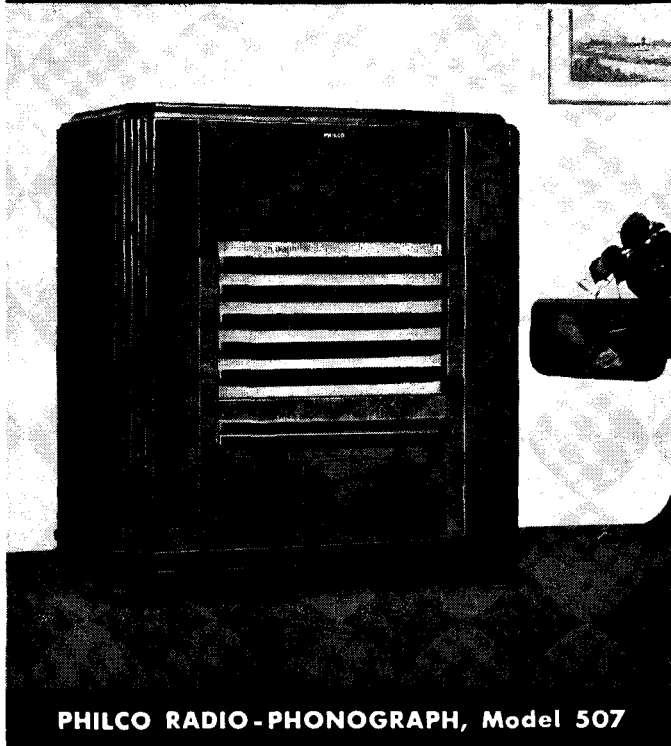
Every 1940 Philco, even at the lowest price, is an achievement of Philco engineering leadership . . . giving you finer tone, more powerful performance, more tubes, more quality features—yes *more* for your radio dollar than ever before!



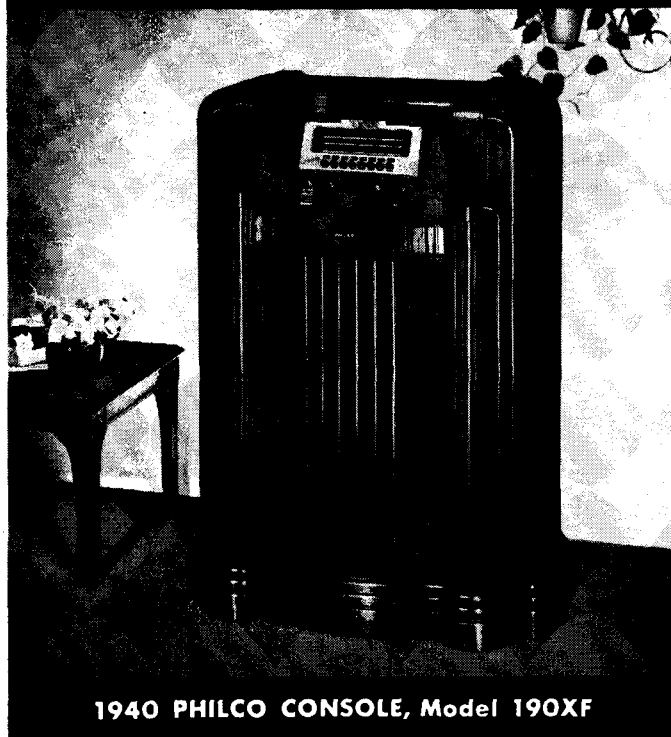
Philco 145T (above). One of the full selection of exquisite table models. Undreamed-of power, performance and tone. Electric Push-Button Tuning. American and Foreign Reception. Yours for only \$3.95 down.



1940 PHILCO Model 216RX with WIRELESS REMOTE CONTROL



PHILCO RADIO-PHONOGRAPH, Model 507



1940 PHILCO CONSOLE, Model 190XF

BUILT TO RECEIVE TELEVISION SOUND!

The 1940 Philco you buy today is ready for Television when it arrives . . . and in a *new, different and better* way! It is built to receive Television Sound, and, when used with a Philco Television Picture Receiver, *you need no wires, plug-in or connections of any kind*. The *wireless* way—another achievement developed in the great Philco laboratories.

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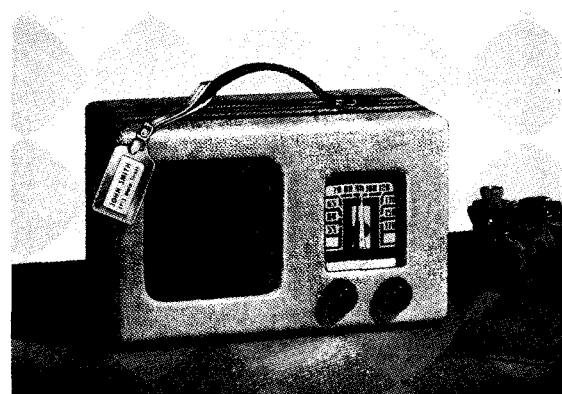
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Philco 216RX with Wireless Remote Control (top left). A *new* achievement of Philco engineers. New inventions give you radio's most glorious tone and thrilling performance. *Wireless Remote Control* operates the radio from any room in your home without wires, cords or connections of any kind. American and Foreign Reception. Built-in *Super Aerial System*. Built to receive Television Sound. Luxurious cabinet of costly woods. Easiest terms.

Philco 507 Radio-Phonograph (center left). Philco offers for 1940 a complete selection of radio-phonographs, presenting new triumphs of tone, operation, cabinet beauty and *value!* Special phonograph circuits with doubled sound output give you new beauty of tone at every price. Model illustrated has improved Automatic Record Changer for 12 records. Exquisitely designed cabinet of richly figured, hand-rubbed Walnut. Yours for only \$11.95 down.

Philco 190XF (bottom left). Rich cabinet beauty coupled with fine radio performance . . . quality and thrift combined! An American and Foreign receiver with Built-in *Super Aerial System* and triple-power Television tube. Built to receive Television Sound. A large inlaid Walnut cabinet of impressive design. Only \$8.95 down!



Philco 81T Portable (above). Plays anywhere, indoors or outdoors, without aerial or house current. Compact, light in weight, full performance. Special low drain circuit gives twice the battery life. *Only \$19.95*, with batteries.



Dixie Davis, right, at the end of his long and lurid career as "The Kid Mouthpiece" of the Schultz mob, handcuffed to a detective

Things I Couldn't Tell till Now

By
**J. Richard
(Dixie) Davis**

DUTCH SCHULTZ was ugly; he had been drinking and suddenly he had his gun out. The Dutchman wore his pistol under his vest, tucked inside his pants, right against his belly. One jerk at his vest and he had it in his hand. All in the same quick motion he swung it up, stuck it in Jules Martin's mouth and pulled the trigger.

It was as simple and undramatic as that—just one quick motion of the hand. The Dutchman did that murder just as casually as if he were picking his teeth.

No one had time to move. Julie Martin didn't even have time to look surprised. He had his face stuck out in

front of him, arguing with his boss in that loud, blustering voice of his, and Schultz was up close to him, blustering too. Martin was right in the middle of a sentence as the gun blasted like a howitzer in the flimsy little hotel room.

What I remember mostly now is Martin's moaning. At one moment he was shouting, protesting, arguing with the Dutchman in that loudmouthed way of his; and the next he was moaning, almost screaming, even louder than before. He folded slowly over a chair, and from his mouth the blood dripped to the floor. Except for Schultz's heavy breathing, the only noise in town seemed to be Julie's bellowing.

We were in the quiet little city of Cohoes, New York, near Albany. Schultz was so notorious just then that the big towns and the big hotels would not have him, and he was staying in the old Harmony Hotel, a decrepit frame structure festooned with cobwebs. The place was practically vacant, like a barn, the sort of place where a whisper seems to echo. I thought they must have heard that shot all over town, they must hear Julie's moaning. Schultz's suite was on the first floor, right on the main street corner of the town. It was practically public. It was an insane place to shoot anyone.

I got out of the bedroom quickly and



ACME



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Above, Jules Martin, whom Davis saw murdered by Dutch Schultz in an altercation over restaurant shake-down money. Above, right, Tammany District Leader James J. Hines (center) during his trial in which Dixie Davis was the principal witness for the state. Below, Dutch Schultz (left) with his bondsman, Max Silverman. This is the last photograph made of Schultz before he was shot and killed in a Newark restaurant

grabbed my hat and coat from a chair in the sitting room. Marty Krompfer came right after me.

"The man is crazy," Marty said to Lulu Rosenkrantz, the Dutchman's bodyguard, who was there in the sitting room. "He shot a man for nothing."

Then Schultz came out, tucking his pistol back in his pants. The rage had gone out of his face, and he looked worried. "Give me a drink, Lulu," he said. Then he turned to me.

"Dick, you must hate me for this," he said. For he realized what a horrible thing he had done, shooting down Julie right in front of me. I was not a mobster. I was a lawyer, a member of the bar in good standing; and he knew there was not supposed to be any rough stuff when I was around. I didn't say a word, I was so angry.

"Lulu," said the Dutchman, "you'd better go in the lobby and get that clerk out of the way so he won't see Dick walk out."

I gave Lulu a moment to clear the way, then stepped into the corridor. I stopped right there. Walking past the door, almost close enough for me to touch, was a hotel porter, carrying a bucket over his arm. I held my breath, and through the wall came Julie's moaning. It was a miracle that the porter failed to hear the shot and the moaning. He was whistling Home, Sweet Home. Maybe he did hear, and maybe he was whistling to indicate that he didn't.

I hurried down through the deserted lobby, out the back door. It was raw, half raining, half snowing, and I was already shivering in a cold sweat. I went around the corner, right past the window of the room where Martin was, and hurried along the street with my collar turned up, trying to keep from being noticed.

I couldn't call a taxicab, for I mustn't be seen leaving there. I walked toward the Albany road, and when I got past the brightly lighted part of the street I found myself running. I ran and ran.

I was scared. It is very unhealthy to be an eye-witness to a murder when a man like Schultz is the killer. To a man like him the only good witness is a dead witness. As I ran, I kept thinking of the mess I was in, and I couldn't help longing for the days when I was just a kid mouthpiece, making lots of money as a shyder in the magistrate's court. Those had been the happy days.

Now for four years I had (Continued on page 38)



HANDY AND BOLGER



Tin-Can Sailor

By Allan R. Bosworth

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

Belated education of a destroyer man who didn't like planes

THE darkness was damp and clinging, a thing of elusive beauty and tangible menace, a shroud smothering the sea and the ponderous shapes riding it in battle column. Patches of ghostly gray fog slid over the black swells, sometimes dissolving into nothingness, sometimes gliding wraithlike to blend with blankness that was never far away.

"Sailor" Dane drew his blue overcoat around his gauntness and watched the fog warily. Destroyers, too, were ghostly gray on a night like this, and a screen of swift, low-riding craft cruised around the heavy main line to guard against submarines. There was always the danger of collision when you ran without lights.

The actual responsibility wasn't Sailor Dane's, just now. He had split the fleet into the White and Black forces. His flagship, the Georgia, was back in second place, and "Combatfor," the battle-force admiral, was leading the White's dreadnoughts up there in the U.S.S. California. Sailor Dane was just the chief umpire. But a man can't relax years of responsibility in the flutter of a few signal flags.

And now the tenseness was everywhere in the darkness, like taut, invisible wires running from ship to ship and

all tied to Sailor Dane's bony fingers. His hand had sent the swift cruisers and aircraft carriers of the Black force to Aleutian waters, turned them, set them striking silently for Hawaii. A crook of his finger, and the battleships and destroyers were out to find and crush them. Fleet Problem 22 was Sailor Dane's puppet show, enacted with vivid drama against five million square miles of sea and sky in the Pacific. And there was no telling when death might foul a string.

It was just past ten. For twelve hundred men who stood watch and watch on the Georgia, for forty thousand men in the rest of the divided fleet, dawn would likely bring the climax of the Navy year.

For Admiral Philip Porter Dane, commander in chief of the U. S. Fleet, dawn would bring the climax of forty-three Navy years.

He smiled into the darkness where the destroyers were. He was tall and thin and past sixty; his lined face was both stern and kind, and only his eyes went with his calling. They were like the sea—sometimes as blue and soft as a quiet lagoon, sometimes unfathomable. Underlings had seen them dark as the sky behind a howling nor'easter, with greenish lights kicking up like the foam-flecked scurry driven before the wind.

They had called him "Sailor" a long time before he commanded a squadron of wartime destroyers. They called him "Cincus" now in official messages. But behind his back they still called him Sailor, and he knew it and loved it.

He paused at the after rail of the sig-

The planes flashed through the smoke pall as they slanted toward the water



nal bridge, where the empty halyards bent in the wind. A hot blast sighed from the big stack abaft; there was a thin moaning in the tripod masts and the shadowy sky tops, and an incessant trembling to let you know that thirty-three thousand tons were on the move. A heavy swell buried the bow and flung spray high; the cool, clean tang of it lifted to his nostrils and he breathed deeply. He glanced at the sky, saw that it was still overcast, and looked into the navigator's chartroom where Kelly and the Georgia's navigator worked under a hooded chart lamp.

KELLY was the flag secretary, a stocky two-and-a-half striper who had been brought up in destroyers. He was the buffer between Sailor Dane and a thousand details; he was Sailor Dane's right arm. He glanced up and spoke around a clenched pipestem: "If Admiral Bender holds to his course, we'll sight his main body at dawn."

Sailor Dane nodded and turned away; he was wondering if Bender knew they were within a hundred miles of his swift Black cruisers. Kelly's money was on Admiral Pearson, but Bender was foxy. Bender had the fast ships—and the planes.

Turning over the matter of the planes in his mind, Sailor Dane smiled like a small boy who has just greased the trolley tracks on Halloween. Bender had the planes. But the White force had the destroyers.

They'd see, now. They'd measure the result by every yardstick they had. Unless Sailor Dane was mistaken, the surface fighter would still be supreme. A lot depended on that sky, and it was still overcast. Sailor Dane started pacing again, and his smile faded, and his lean face was taut with a strange, bitter defiance no one could see in the darkness.

They were saying he hated planes. That he had hated them since that day in Pensacola when a fast pursuit job folded a wing and an ensign named Philip Porter Dane II rode the ship down and didn't walk away.

They were saying that, and let them. The statement was true, the inference wrong. No other Cincus had given the air arm such a rigorous course of war training as Sailor Dane had done, with one thing in mind. That was to pit a majority of planes against a majority of the craft he held to be most valuable—the destroyers—in one final and supreme test. To determine as nearly as possible the future policy of the Navy—whether it should remain on the sea or take to the sky.

Hand chains clanked on the starboard ladder; the young man who materialized out of darkness with a smart salute was trim and passably good-looking. But Sailor Dane growled at him:

"Yes, Mr. Barton?"

HE THOUGHT the lieutenant was smiling, and he resented it. Jack Barton belonged to an enemy who was real, not theoretical. He was the senior aviation pilot on board the Georgia; Sailor Dane had heard it said that Barton, given a land plane, probably could make it alight on a barbed-wire fence and lay an egg. He dismissed this doubtful feat as having no strategic value, and had been only mildly interested at learning how Barton and several others had landed on Camp Kearny mesa, turned their tail skids to a raging brush fire, and blew it out of the country by the backwash of their props.

Barton was smiling because he was young and cocky and thought aviation was the tops. Because he was dead certain Patricia Dane would marry him, some day. But until she was of age, she wouldn't. Fliers, damn them, could break their necks if they chose, but none was going to break his daughter's heart at the time he cracked up.

"Good evening, sir," Barton was saying. "Communications picked up the City of San Fernando, sir. She docks at Honolulu the day after tomorrow."

"She told you what ship she was sailing on, eh?"

"Yes, sir." Definitely, there was a smile now.

"I'll have one or both of you in irons, Barton! I know Patricia, and I know Hawaiian moonlight. I've given her strict orders to refuse to see you. Is that clear?"

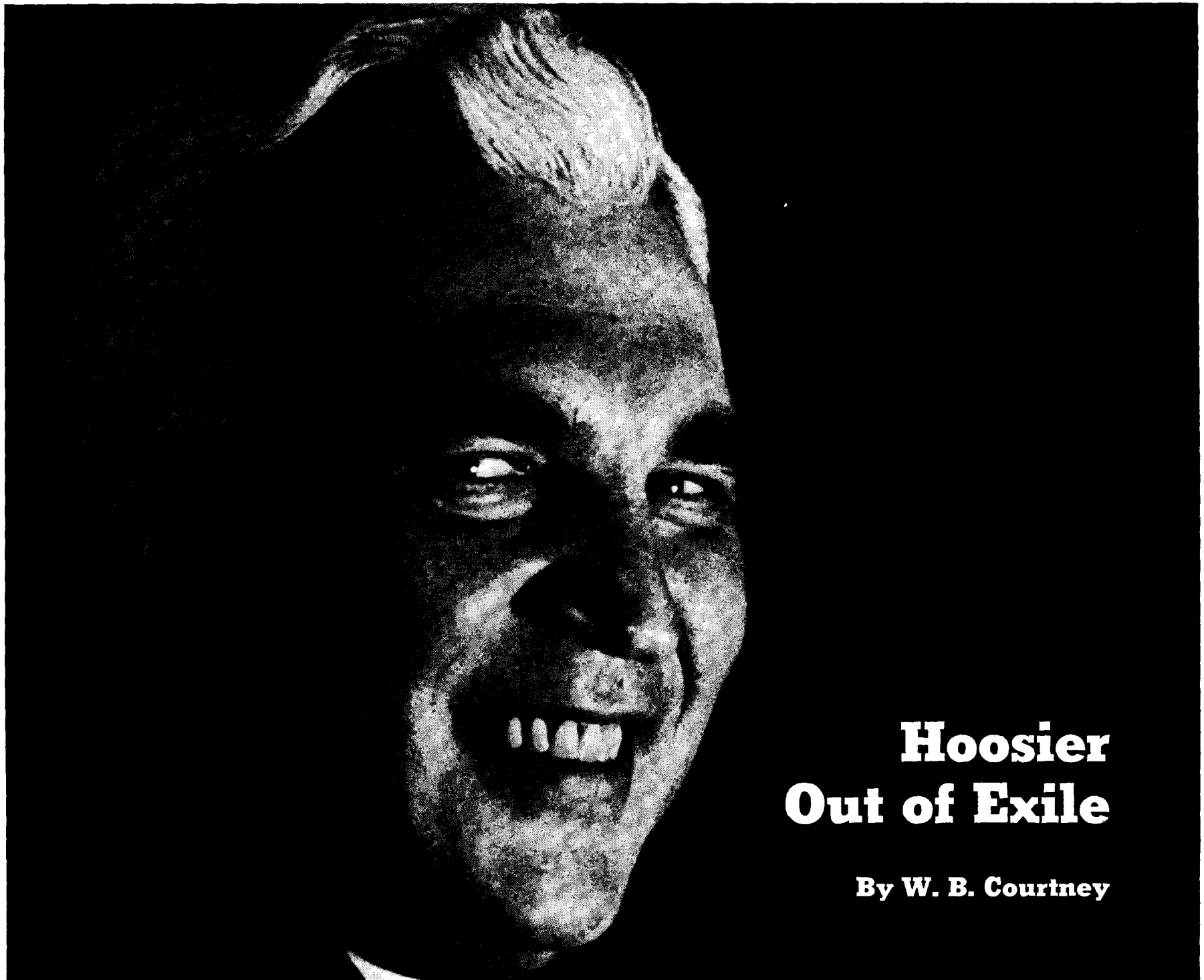
"Perfectly, sir." But the smile was still there. "I thought you would like the docking information, sir."

"Thank you, Mr. Barton."

"Not at all, sir."

He was gone, and Sailor Dane's eyebrows crawled together like a pair of shaggy (Continued on page 34)

Out of the strained faces of those who crossed the gangplank to safety, he picked one. In spite of smoke and terror, Patricia was still lovely



Hoosier Out of Exile

By W. B. Courtney

BY FOR THOMAS

Politicos thought Paul V. McNutt was off to a safe Siberia when he was named High Commissioner of the Philippines. But here he returns triumphantly as the sleek, silvery-haired dark horse in the 1940 presidential race

THEY'VE been holding many *despedidas* these sultry evenings in Manila, while lightning flickered over Marivales Peak and tropical heat burned down into the midsummer rainy season. A *despedida* is really an old Spanish custom. It is a party you give for someone to whom you want to say goodbye with stomach as well as handshake.

Glamorous, sun-grilled Manila is the despedidandest city on earth. The present series, however, was exceptional. Soothsayers mixed gin slings; fortunes were read in the gimlets. For the city with the Maxfield Parrish sunsets, the Joseph Urban Bay and the Sacha Guitry alleyways sniffed history behind its hospitality.

The strange point is that when the man for whom Manila was so wetly festive came here two years ago there were no *bienvenidas*, or howdy parties. There was no *mabuhay* on the cocoa-fiber doormats to welcome Paul Vories McNutt.

Now it was like a Gilbert and Sullivan chorus. When his fellow countrymen raised glasses and said, "Good luck, Paul!" you could hear in the cosmopolitan background that colors big Manila parties: "Banzai, McNutt!" "Up, McNutt!" "Salud, McNutt!" and "Viva, McNutt!" There was even a grudging "Hoch, McNutt!" All this to say goodbye to the man to whom they hesitated to say hello, the United States High Commissioner to the Commonwealth of the Philippines.

Poll dispatches from America mentioned him among the five leading Democrat hopefuls; gave him the best chance as a compromise in a possibly deadlocked convention. You know—the sort of thing that fished up Warren Harding.

With each *despedida* Manila folk looked you in the eye and told you that McNutt was going home to be Our Next President.

They said it with an air that usurped credit for themselves. Maybe they deserve some. They gave him a tough prep schooling; and he turned out what they

consider a swell job. For the first time in history the whole Orient takes an enthusiastic personal interest in an American presidential campaign. Indeed, you hear so much McNutt west of the International Date Line that it's a shock to come home and find others mentioned.

"What is the opinion in the States—has Mr. McNutt a good chance?" Madame Chiang Kai-shek asked me that in Hankow. So did Prince Konoye in Tokyo and the First Secretary of the British Embassy in China on the airfield at Wuchang. So did a young Japanese lieutenant in Mongolia, and a whole roomful of business and military leaders at the Bankers Club in Hsinking.

Virtually overnight McNutt, the small-town boy from Indiana, with no previous training in statecraft, became the most talked about American in the Far East.

An Unknown Into the Limelight

Even the Americans in the Philippines didn't know much about McNutt when they heard he was to succeed genial, brilliant Frank Murphy, who was called home for Bigger Things. There was hasty digging in newspaper files. This much was learned. Paul Vories McNutt was born in Franklin, Indiana, July 19, 1891. He took his B.A. from Indiana University, law degree

from Harvard; was Phi Beta Kappa. Indiana, Wesleyan and Notre Dame gave him LL.D.'s. He was a major of field artillery in the World War, a big-shot lawyer back home in Indiana thereafter. He taught at Indiana, became dean of the Law School in 1925, and was elected governor of the state in 1933. In 1928 he was national commander of the Legion. He is handsome; a Mason, 32d degree; Elk; Methodist; president of the Council of State Governments; Democrat; Rotarian; and Kiwanian.

Gossip from Washington preceded McNutt by air mail. Farley had an old score to settle with him. His magic crystal told him enough mayhem was brewing in Manila to discomfit, discredit and disarm the Middle West upstart. He was being sent, therefore, as to exile.

Such was the gabble when Manila, early in 1937, climbed on the fence to watch the show as the tenderfoot stepped among the traps baited by Philippine issues and politicians, by raging Oriental events, by a corps of hard-boiled foreign diplomats and by a dark, slender gentleman named Quezon, who is reckoned by many connoisseurs the smartest politician in the world.

The founding of the Commonwealth had loosed misunderstandings and created hard feelings between Filipinos and

(Continued on page 63)

Flotsam

By Erich Maria Remarque

TRANSLATED BY DENVER LINDLEY
ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

The Story Thus Far:

DISCOVERING that young Ludwig Kern's father is a Jew, the German authorities order the Kerns—Ludwig, his father and his mother—to leave Germany. Deprived of their rights of citizenship, without passports, they find neighboring countries none too friendly. But at last the two older people find refuge, his father in Prague and his mother with rela-

tives in Hungary. Ludwig Kern goes to Vienna.

There, in a cheap lodginghouse (filled with poverty-stricken refugees) Ludwig Kern makes a friend: Josef Steiner. Steiner—a German and a veteran of the World War—has effected his escape from a prison camp: in so doing, however, he has been forced to leave his beloved wife, Marie, behind him. . . . To earn a precarious living, Kern peddles soap, toilet water and perfume. But his "freedom" is of

brief duration—the lodginghouse is raided and, with Steiner, he is escorted to the border of Czechoslovakia and informed that he must never return.

Steiner does not obey the order—he returns to Vienna. But Kern, hoping to find his father, pushes on to Prague. En route, he is shunned or bullied by everyone he encounters; once there, however, the Committee for the Aid of Refugees makes it possible to keep alive. . . .

While in prison, in Vienna, Steiner had been taught some clever tricks—cheating tricks—by a professional gambler and pickpocket. Back in Vienna and almost penniless, Steiner encounters the fellow again; and, to Steiner's amazement, the gambler lends him a hundred schillings. The loan enables Steiner to sit in a crooked game of poker; and he wins quite a sum, by cheating more adroitly than his adversaries.

With 400 schillings of his winnings, Steiner buys a passport that a dead man—one Johann Huber, a workman, had owned. With the precious document he will be able to work again.

Steiner glances at the passport. "Fair exchange, Johann Huber," he muses—and laughs. "Give me your paper life and take my paperless death. If the living won't help us, it's up to the dead."

III

AT NOON Kern discovered where his father was living and set out at once to find him. His way led past the central depot. At its entrance gate he was stopped for a time by a herd of cattle, which had been thrown into confusion by the escape of two huge oxen.

Presently the herdsman came around the corner driving the recalcitrant oxen.

Even before they had arrived the herd began to move, trotting peaceably into the courtyard—toward the heavy axes and knives. There was no one there to drive them, they went of their own accord.

Kern looked after them reflectively. He waited for the herdsman to go by, driving the oxen, which were throwing their heads and rolling bloodshot eyes. Then he went on.

The house in which he had been told his father was living was situated in Tuzarova Street, near the covered markets. Kern climbed slowly up the dark, musty stairway that smelled of unaired beds and damp walls. He was a little afraid to see his father again—experience had taught him that things never changed for the better—they only got worse and harder to bear.

On the third floor he rang. After a while there was a sound of shuffling footsteps behind the door and a piece of cardboard was pushed away from a small glass-covered peephole. Kern could see one dark eye watching him.

"Who's there?" a woman's voice inquired sullenly.

"I want to see someone who lives here," Kern said.

"No one lives here."

"That's not true, you live here. But I don't want to see you."

"Well then?"

"I want to see a man who lives here."

"No man lives here. What's his name supposed to be?"

"I'd rather not shout that through the whole house. If you open the door I will tell you."

THE eye disappeared from the peephole. A chain rattled. This is a regular fortress, Kern thought. The door opened. A powerful-looking woman, with a broad face and high cheekbones, stood there examining Kern from head to toe.

"I want to speak to Herr Kern," Kern said.

"Kern? Don't know him. He doesn't live here."

"Herr Siegmund Kern. I am Ludwig Kern."

"Ah?" The woman eyed him suspiciously. "Relative?"

"Yes." Something kept him from saying more.



It seemed to Kern that he had been a great way off and had come back again

The woman had made up her mind. "Doesn't live here," she declared curtly. "All right," Kern said, "then I shall tell you where I live. In the Hotel Bristol. I am going away in a few days; I should like to see Herr Siegmund Kern before I go. I am not going to be a burden to him. Remember, the Hotel Bristol."

He nodded and went down the stairs. Good heavens, he thought, a pretty Cerberus he has guarding him! However—it's better to be guarded than betrayed. As he was passing the slaughteryard a truck came rumbling out, piled high with slaughtered cattle. The meat glistened redly in the sunlight. The heads of the cattle dangled and their eyes were dull and glassy. Kern looked into the large courtyard. It was empty and deserted. Out of the windows of the building came shouts and roars.

KERN returned to the hotel. He planned to fetch some cakes of soap and bottles of perfume and try peddling them in town. The man from the concentration camp who lived in the same room with him had loaned him a hundred crowns with which to lay in a stock.

As he entered the hall he saw a girl come out of the room next to his and walk to the stairway. She was slim and of medium height and was wearing a bright dress; she carried books under her arm and moved rapidly along the bare passageway.

Kern stood as though rooted to the spot; the girl had come out of the room into which he had blundered the night before. Suddenly he heard again the soft, deep voice asking sleepily: "Who is that? Is someone there?"

He hurried down the stairs after her, but the girl had disappeared. He looked up and down the street; it lay empty in the dusty afternoon sunlight.

The sitting room was on the ground floor, a narrow, funnel-shaped room in which there were some tables and chairs and a piano. It opened on a cement terrace which, in turn, led to a small garden containing lilac bushes and a chestnut tree that raised consumptive arms toward heaven.

Kern glanced through the glass door that separated the sitting room from the hall. He was almost startled to discover that the girl was there. She sat alone, with her elbows propped on the table and an open book in front of her.

After a moment's hesitation Kern opened the door and went in. The girl reluctantly glanced up. Kern nodded awkwardly. The girl returned his nod and went back to her book. Kern sat down in a corner of the room and picked up a newspaper from one of the tables. He tried to read but could not. He was aware of a silent tension in the room which became more and more tangible. Finally he was unable to stand it any longer and pulled out a cigarette.

"I beg your pardon," he said, clearing his throat, "but would it disturb you if I smoked?"

The girl looked up. "Not at all," she said. "I smoke myself."

She picked up her handbag from the table and began looking through it. Then she put it back without having taken anything out. Kern got up quickly. "I see you have no cigarettes with you." He struggled to keep his voice casual. "Won't you have one of mine?"

The girl smiled and looked at the brand. "They're the same sort I smoke." "It's the cheapest kind you can get," Kern said, laughing. "That's almost as if we had told each other part of our life histories."

"I think this hotel tells most of it anyway," the girl replied, taking a cigarette.

Kern watched her while he held the

match. Her face was narrow and of dark complexion, with heavy, black eyebrows that gave her features a serious, almost somber look; but her eyes were clear and large, and her mouth full and red. Her shoulders were as smoothly rounded as though they had been turned on a lathe. Kern could not tell whether she was beautiful and he did not care. He had a strange sense of intimacy, remembering that his hand had touched her breast.

"Have you been abroad long?" he asked.

"Over two months."

"That's not long."

"It's endless."

Kern hesitated. "Are you alone?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Then it is a very long time." He looked at the girl. "It takes several months before you get used to it."

"To what?"

"Not to being alone. I mean get used to doing without all the things that were formerly important. Used to uncertainty; used to a life without a future."

The girl slowly lifted her head. "I don't believe one ever gets used to that."

"Yes you do," Kern replied, smiling. "All you have to do is make up your mind."

"To what?"

"To live. Simply to go on living, no matter what happens."

"But don't you do that anyway?"

"Not always. I have seen people who didn't. But they were old."

The girl leaned back in her chair. "It ought to be easier when you are old. You know more."

"I don't believe that helps much." Kern pulled his chair up. "I was here in Prague once before, a year ago. In the room next to me lived a man of sixty; he was a famous ear specialist and a doctor of philosophy and philology. I was within hearing distance when he shot himself. Himself and his wife. They had a passport and money too. They simply couldn't stand it any longer. That evening I found out that knowledge doesn't help at all."

The girl was watching him attentively. Presently she pressed out her cigarette. Kern took the package out of his pocket. "Won't you have another?"

"No, thanks. I smoke much too much. That's something I never used to do."

"Neither did I. But when things go wrong, sometimes a cigarette is worth more than all the ideals in the world."

"That's true." The girl stood up. "I have to go now. Thanks for the cigarette."

She gave Kern her hand. He felt a firm pressure. Then she went quickly up the stairs.

Kern stayed for a while in the sitting room. He sat down in the chair where the girl had been sitting. Then he got up. It was a strange thing—but he felt as if he had known her for years.

NEXT day he went to the police. Luck was with him; no one asked whether he had been in Czechoslovakia before, and they gave him a permit for ten days more.

In the afternoon he went back to the place where his father lived and rang for a long time, but no one opened the door and the peephole remained empty. He decided to try again after a few days. Perhaps for the time being his father wasn't in Prague.

He chose the neighborhood of the

(Continued on page 56)

**The pale light of the rising moon
poured over her dark shoulders.
Behind her head shone the stars**



Without Luck

By John Hawkins

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. SEALL

A stubborn young man learns the hard way that without sound construction bridges and lives may crumble to ruin

ANTHONY DRUMM had luck—you're not a legend at twenty-eight without it. He had Mary, and there were those who said she was luck enough for one man. She was small and dark and she had a way of tipping her head back and laughing with her eyes. She was beautiful, but one of the hard-rock men said it better.

He watched her clamber along the narrow cliff-face trail of the South Shore job. Watched her stand on the edge, leaning against the wind, and look down at the white froth of surf two hundred feet below. She did it as a man might have. She simply did it.

"There ain't but one woman in a thousand can wear boots." The hard-rock man tested his safety belt and picked up seventy-five pounds of jackhammer. "She looks like she'd been born in those clothes. Just knee-high to a minute, but as real as a sock on the jaw."

And, a hundred feet away, Tony Drumm was saying, "What do you think of the rock, Mary?"

He was big and he seldom wore a hat. His dark hair was always rumpled and he smoked too much. He was smoking now, squinting against the brightness of the sun, talking rapidly—as though to block the passage of time with words.

There was that about him—an unleashed, hurried eagerness. A quick movement of his hands, a smile, a speech left unfinished, and he made the driving force within him a thing you could touch. Men worked for him, wanted to work for him, and that was part of his luck.

"The rock," he said again, "what do you think?"

THERE was the machine-gun clamor of jackhammers around them, the clang of drills, the rumble of compressor engines.

Against that welter of sound her words were small:

"I'm no engineer, Tony. Why ask me?"

"I want to know what you think."

"You've been lucky, Tony." She looked away, for his engaging grin made harder the thing she had to say. "You've built a lot of road. You've had more jobs than most contractors, and made money on them. You..."

"We've been married four years." He laughed, and his big hands were gentle upon her shoulders. "If this is a history you're leaving out the important things. Yes, and you're scared. This 'Rags to Riches' stuff is a sure sign."

Her eyes were troubled. "This is a rock job, Tony, and you've never worked rock before. This is a special kind of work. It's out of your line."

"You've been talking to your father."

"Yes, I—"

"Get me a hat," he said, "anybody's hat. I'll yank rabbits out of it. I'll bury you in rabbits. And then maybe you'll believe I've still got my touch."

And he was doing it again, smothering her words, her fears, in the heady sureness of his laughter. He was smiling and all the things she had wanted to say were gone, as the early mist goes before the sun. Angry with herself, she turned her eyes to the hard, bright green of the sea.

"You still believe in Santa Claus, don't you?"

"What do you mean?"

Far below a swell rolled in. One instant it was big, curving and solid and green, and then the teeth of the rock ripped it to a ragged swirl of foam. Like that, she thought, the quick way. The break will be clean and sharp. . . .

"TONY," she said, "I want a divorce." "You want—" The words got to him then, and he flinched. Slowly, with desperate lightness, he said, "You scared hell out of me, Mary. That kind of a joke isn't funny. Please."

"It's not a joke, Tony."

"Look—" The hard grip of his hands numbed her shoulders. "You must be joking. You wouldn't pick a time like this—out on the job—if you weren't. You..."

He stopped. There was a puzzled hurt in his eyes, narrowed now, and webbed by a hundred tiny lines. A faint pallor showed under his tan.

"Why, Mary?"

"You said it yourself, just a moment ago. We've been married four years, and for three of them my husband has been a stranger. You're not a contractor, you're a gambler."

"So that's it?"

"I've taken it, Tony, and gone on taking it. I've watched you slip through

on a dozen jobs. I've watched you make money. And now I don't want to watch any more."

They stood quite still, unaware of the thunderous voice of the job. A cat motor coughed close by, settled to a deep and steady roar. The hurt was still in Tony's eyes, but the torn line of his lips broke on anger.

"I get it," he said bitterly. "You think I'm going to lose my shirt. You want to get out before I do."

She looked up at him, steadily. "I'm leaving while you're still on top."

THE engineer's office was new. The kind of shack that sprouts up, overnight, on every construction job. Pop MacKee was alone at the drafting table when Mary came.

"I hear you need a housekeeper," she said. "How about hiring me?"

Pop MacKee waited. He didn't look at his daughter, but at the yardage sheets spread before him. He was an old man as engineers go, gray and small and worn.

"No welcoming cheers, Pop?"

"Why smash the only thing you wanted?"

"I told you why."

"You told me a lot of things." He looked at her now, and there was understanding in his direct gaze. "But you told me only half the truth."

"It's done now. Talking won't help."

And their eyes, as though by common consent, went to the window, to the bleak and ugly cliffs of the South Shore job. High on the face they could see the tiny figures of jackhammer men; could catch the glint of safety lines that held them there. They could hear, faintly, the deep, steady throb of compressor engines—the pulse beat of the work.

They were a lot alike, Pop MacKee and Mary, and their thoughts, now, ran in the same grave channels. Tony Drumm had luck. He'd need it, at the price he'd bid for solid rock. Yes, and more.

Solid rock. Three miles of it, and Tony had only worked dirt before. Switchbacks that twisted up and ever up across the face of the cliff. A sky-hook road. A bench cut in living stone. A half a million cubic yards to be drilled and shot—at a price that was far too low!

There were other things, too—a tun-

nel and two bridges. The South Shore was a big job, a tough one.

Pop MacKee broke the long quiet: "I hope I'm wrong, but it looks like he's got a beating to take." His brown hand covered hers. "Funny. Not so long ago he was punching transit for me. Tony's a good man. He went up fast."

"He went up too fast."

"See how silly it is?" He inclined a shaggy head. "Most wives damn their men because they don't earn enough. They want bigger cars, bigger houses, more money..."

"Pop," she said tightly, "please..."

And they left it that way, as people can when they speak the same difficult language. She leaned on the window sill, her cheek against the cool, dusty glass. The thousand sounds that go to make up the strident voice of big construction reached her there.

A strong voice, a rough, friendly one. Odd, how her life was tangled up with that sound. Her life, and Tony's. They'd met in an office, just like this one, and their introduction had been lost in the sullen roar of a big Diesel. But names hadn't mattered—then, or ever.

A month, and they were married; a year, and Tony had a dozen trucks and a surfacing contract. They'd planned a vacation trip as soon as the job was done. But there'd been another job instead, and another. . . .

THEY'D had dreams in those first days. They'd spent long hours over their coffee and Tony had talked, squinting against the smoke of his cigarette. He had a trick with words. "Cats," he'd say, and move his hand. And she'd see a row of squat tractors wearing his name in black letters.

You couldn't blame the dreams. You couldn't say, "They came true, that's why I want a divorce." And yet—there it was! They had come true and Tony had changed.

John Day, Morgantown, Mist . . . A
(Continued on page 25)

Mary pressed back beneath the slight overhang. A fragment of rock struck the cliff above her. Another smashed down on the path





Easy, Thar, with our Clara Lou

By Kyle Crichton

*She was our own little Texas gal,
Stranger. And now look what
them Hollywood fellers have
gone and done to Ann Sheridan*

She was extremely popular with young men who were shortly thereafter to leave civilization and trek into the wilds of Texas as high-school principals. In addition she was a blues singer with the college orchestra, chanteusing in a semibass voice that at the moment was thought to be the nearest approach to musical ecstasy.

Being redheaded and possessed of a figure that has got her photographed more frequently in the almost-altogether than anybody since Gloria Swanson and the early Sennett bathing beauties, she automatically moved into important roles with the college dramatic club.

From reliable information we are able to report that Clara Lou couldn't act for sour apples, but nobody ever looked at anybody else when she was in the theater.

About this time Paramount Pictures popped up with a Search for Beauty contest. This was during a particularly trying period of reorganization at Paramount and there seemed to be some expectation that one of the little beauties would suddenly throw off her wig and switch and turn out to be another D. W. Griffith, thus thwarting the creditors and lifting the mortgage.

In any event, they most desperately needed a studio head and just as obviously didn't need the hundreds of tank-town dolls who were forever being lured to their gates by other contests as daffy as this one, but Clara Lou's sister didn't realize that. She knew that Clara Lou looked right pretty in her photographs, so she bundled one up and shipped it along to the Dallas News without Clara Lou's knowledge.

"I was doing all right without it," complains Clara Lou to this day. "I was getting along swell."

They held the competition in the Adolphus Hotel in Dallas, with John Rosenfield, Jr., of the Dallas News as judge, and Clara Lou showed up so late that Mr. Rosenfield would most certainly have barred her and perhaps had her arrested for nonappearance if he had not been suddenly bereft of his reason by his first look at her. The contest, in short, was over as soon as it began, and in a week's time Clara Lou found herself in Hollywood with thirty other aspirants who had been collected over the country.

With Clara Lou in Hollywood and her name changed to Ann, all Texas sat up and awaited her first picture. It was the aforementioned Search for Beauty and Ann had a part of such magnitude that when it was finally shown even she

(Continued on page 24)

AT THE proper moment the Texas Rangers will gallop into Burbank, California, and begin shooting the several Warner brothers out of trees. If that is found impossible, they will ping them neatly in the fleshier parts of the thigh as they head desperately for the mountains. This will be entirely the result of Texas' reactions to the plight of Clara Lou Sheridan, formerly of Dallas and Big Springs.

Clara Lou has now become Ann Sheridan and a serious effort is being made by the representatives of the aforesaid clan to build her up into a second-string, subdeb, road-company imitation of Hedy Lamarr. In an effort to make Miss Sheridan a menace of such attractiveness that Lamarr will retire in con-

fusion to her native Wienerwald, they have done everything to little Ann but change her name to Theda Bara.

As part of this campaign Miss Sheridan has been photographed in a set of postures that make her look like something trapped in a bog. Her hair falls over one eye, giving her a permanent leer; one of her limbs sticks out in front as if she had been slightly injured at birth; and she has the general appearance of an antelope chased by a wolf.

Miss Sheridan's reaction to all this is strangely neutral. If they want to make her a menace, she will menace up the place in a way calculated to make little children scream and flee. She once went through an extended Hollywood period in which she looked misfortune in the

face for weeks on end. This left her, (a) stunned, (b) philosophical.

Nothing that happens in Hollywood is ever again going to get her excited. When they saw the rushes for Angels with Dirty Faces and began speaking of her in awed tones as the new find of the century, she lifted a brow and said:

"You don't say."

The idea that all this could start from the North Texas State Teachers College seems a bit grotesque but it most certainly did have that origin. Clara Lou was doing nothing more than keep the franchise at this institution, showing no inclination to break into the professors' homes in the middle of the night in search of learning, but in other ways she was doing her duty.

HERITAGE

By Frederic Mertz

ON THE floodlighted terrace of Brian Worthing's big house above Valdivia Drive, Buzzy Greer pulled a final gag. He staggered, fell down the whole flight of garden steps, and spun away into a planting of hibiscus.

He didn't have to do it. But the Worthing butler, a stiff British creature, had started disapproving of the party from the moment that Buzzy Greer went into his act. So now, with the nimbleness of an old song-and-dance man, Greer rolled behind a shadowy eucalyptus and came to his feet in the driveway, while the butler was still up there on the terrace doing a double take.

As he strolled down toward the gateposts of the Worthing estate, Buzzy Greer reflected that this evening's chore wouldn't have been so easy ten years ago. In those days, a Hollywood ribber worked with pies and breakaway furniture and victims who fell backward into swimming pools. But tonight's job had been quiet and refined. Only a stumble or two. A spilled cocktail. A heavily Balkanized accent making unfavorable comment on the eminent English novelist who was Worthing's guest of honor. That was all. For this the great Brian Worthing had personally handed a hundred and a quarter, in crisp bills, to Buzzy Greer.

So it didn't make sense when, within sight of the Worthing gateposts, Buzzy slowed down a little. He ran a forefinger over his watch pocket where his pay was securely folded. He reminded himself that he was a lucky guy.

Sure. A very lucky guy. The thought had been coming insistently and protectively to his mind of late, and he knew well enough why it was there now. In a few seconds, he would have to step out past the Worthing gates. A jallop would be waiting at the curb. His son would be in it, behind the wheel, and this would be another one of those times

that were beginning to get Buzzy down.

They were getting him down because this son of his was a gangling seventeen-year-old who never said much. A smart, quiet kid. A kid who had come to supper, one evening last week, with the brief announcement that he was starting at Cal Tech in the fall, and that he had a summer job already lined up to pay whatever expenses weren't covered by a scholarship. To somebody like that, how can you talk? How are you going to explain about the way vaudeville folded, and Mickey Mouse kayoed the two-reel comedies, and you got typed as a ribber because you were lucky enough to make good on a couple of pickup jobs? How are you going to tell what a kid like that thinks of you, waiting for you to finish spilling soup for a laugh? Waiting outside a show place like the Worthings', in an old heap that wouldn't get around if the kid didn't keep it in such smooth running order. . . .

BUZZY GREER squared thin shoulders inside his dinner jacket, and stepped out into the dim light of Valdivia Drive. He had an odd feeling of relief because the street was deserted. Some little thing, he remembered, had been wrong with the jallop's ignition. His son had planned to work on it a while, down at some friend's all-night garage, and then bring the car back. That suited Greer. For once, it wouldn't be the kid who did the waiting and the thinking.

As he paced slowly, a heady perfume reached Buzzy Greer from the mock-orange hedge masking the wall of the Worthing estate. Then he felt a thrust of blunt metal at his back.

A flat, quiet voice said, "Just a min-

ute, pal." Two men slid through the hedge, crowding in from left and right.

At the same moment, down at the foot of Valdivia Drive, gears meshed into second. "Easy, pal," said the man with the rod. "Just you stand still while this guy drives past."

Greer knew the sound of those smoothly laboring old cylinders. While the gun made a small, numb spot against his spine, he saw the lights of the jallop come over the hill. The kid swung a U turn and drew up at the curb.

"Buddy," said the man with the rod, "don't get out of that crate. Beat it."

As motionless as the three men on the sidewalk, Buzzy Greer's son just sat there for a moment, a thin kid in a dirty sweat shirt and slacks.

"It's all right, Officer," the kid said then. "If he hasn't got a knife, I can handle him myself. The guy's my uncle. He's been this way before. Just hold it a minute—"

He slid from behind the wheel, got out of the car. When he was quite close, his hand came up deliberately until it rested on Buzzy Greer's arm, holding him steady, drawing him without haste from between those two mugs.

"A cuckoo," the kid was explaining meanwhile. "He gets his mitts on a little loose change—and the first thing you know, he's out renting a tux, trying to crash a party. He cuts the announcements out of the papers. That's how we catch up with him. Glad I got here, Officer, before you ran him in."

Still holding his father's arm, the kid was moving backward now toward the car.

Something clicked then in Buzzy Greer's mind. "You're drunk," he stated in a loud and liquored voice.

"Swell," the kid said under his breath.

"I wanna go back an' join m'friends. These boys—m'friends." He and the kid built up the business, pulling and pushing, but managing always to edge closer and closer toward the car. "These boys—loaning me five thousand dollars—lil prop'sition—"

The flat-voiced man was the one who shoved him down into the seat at last, and held him there while the kid settled behind the wheel. "A cuckoo, all right," the man said. "Your folks ought to put him away, buddy."

The kid's big hands and feet were coaxing the jallop to life. "I guess we'll have to, Officer. I'm sure grateful to you for helping—"

GOING over the crest of Valdivia Drive, Greer felt suddenly limp. It wasn't only because of his release from danger. It was the way the kid had managed it. The kid hadn't lost his head. He had eased them both out of a tight spot. But in that tight spot, he had remembered, first of all, that his father could play for laughs.

Cautiously, Buzzy Greer looked sideways at the kid's expressionless profile. He sat forward, the wad of bills pressing a little against his side. "What did you think was going on up there anyhow, son? Think it was some kind of a gag?"

"No," said the kid. "I saw that it was a stick-up."

"Weren't you scared?"

"Plenty. But—well, I figured that unless you had just waded in, and kept on going, you wouldn't have made such a success in your profession. And so I—I had to rib up something, too."

He let it go at that. So did Buzzy Greer, because even professional success can't keep a man from getting something in his eye. Something that makes the lights blur foolishly as he drives home from work with his son.

"Buddy," said the man with the rod, "don't get out of that crate. Beat it." Motionless, Buzzy Greer's son sat there for a moment



Trouble on the Island

By Henry Meade Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HOLMGREN

Two men, a girl and a case of trespass settled without any reference to law

LITTLE wiry Pete Dillon, the Bennetts' canoe man from the summer colony on Big Island, watched with quick, alert eyes the town loafers on the station platform. One of the boys was asking Whip Ward about Whip's playing around with Wendy Mason, the summer girl who was visiting the Bennetts. Whip looked wise and winked and then laughed in a knowing way. No one else laughed with him.

There were more of the boys than usual to meet the 3:32 up train—and they were restless. They were that way because they had an idea why Stewart Bennett, Pete's young boss, was coming back to the lake on that train—and because the weather was hot.

It was so hot the railroad bed for several hundred yards out toward the trestle over Moose River was shimmering in the afternoon sun and the grease in the switches slid out onto the rock ballast like hot tallow. Birch and spruce trees along the right of way stayed motionless, with dust heavy on them. The heat came from a low sky, made copper-colored by the smoke of a forest fire somewhere. From the ticket office drifted the melancholy hum of an electric fan.

It was foolish of the boy to bring up the subject. It stirred the whole group of men—eight or nine of them, lolling in the shade made by the little station building. They had all seen the girl when she came into town with old Pete Dillon—to get supplies, the mail, to walk around the village in her shorts. They all knew she was engaged to Stew Bennett, but they couldn't help thinking about her. She was the kind of girl you had to whistle at, you had to go "teetum, teetum—teetum, teetum," as she walked down the sunny side of the street. She was something to look at. But only Whip Ward, who thought he was pretty slick with the girls in East Outlet, had had the nerve to go up to her and ask her for a dance at the pavilion where the village people and the summer people went on Saturday night.

Whip Ward was good-looking in a heavy-faced way. He was sure of himself—he carried his shoulders as if he were ready to swing on anyone who ruffled him. He was the town bully. He didn't know it, but some of the summer people called him the village glamor boy. There wasn't one among those on the platform who really liked Whip Ward—especially after the way he went around blowing about his palting with the summer people—and wearing white pants.

Old Pete looked at his watch. Then he looked at Whip, sitting there on an empty crate, his nice white pants recently creased. Pete shrugged his shoulders, which were hard and thin, and went over to Whip. You could see he didn't want to do what he felt he had to do. He called Whip aside. He said, quietly so it wouldn't make much in front of the others: "Better not come around to the island no more, Whip."

Whip laughed. Then his face bent over little Pete. "Who says so, Big Boy?"

Pete looked serious. He shook his head. "We don't want no trouble over to the island, Whip. You don't understand the ways of them people over there. Miss Mason don't mean what you been thinking about, see; so you just sort of stick around East Outlet, where you belong, fer a while, Whip."

Whip looked at Pete. His face was red, his eyes went small. Then, without saying anything, he pushed

his hand into Pete's face and sent the old man sprawling onto the platform. He laughed some and went back to sit with the others. No one said anything—a kid sitting near Whip moved a foot or so from him.

Inside the ticket agent's office the telegraph instrument clicked nervously. Then far away—so far it was only the thread of sound—they heard the lonely whistle of the Bangor and Northern Maine locomotive. After that the crickets and the heat-loving locusts flooded the air with the pulsing beat of their wings.

STEW BENNETT, sitting in the second car of the local out of Bangor, heard the whistle and knew they were pulling into East Outlet. He took down his suitcase, knocked the cinders off his soft hat, found a cigarette in his pocket, lit it, and sat down by the open window. His short-cut black hair ruffled in the wind.

He had the build of a good middleweight and if he had been a lumberjack, instead of a lawyer three years out of Harvard Law, he would have been as hard as nails and fairly powerful. But you could see that he had brains. His eyes gave him away. They were hard eyes to get by—they saw a lot and knew more.

He didn't know much about his eyes, but he did know what his mother meant in her letter that



Stew felt his mouth become stiff. "I suppose not," he said, "but I'm here. And you know why. We're through, Wendy. We're all washed up."



brought him back this way to the lake. Wendy felt that she needed to be with younger people. Her own friends, his mother said, were such old fogies and shouldn't be poking their intellectual noses into the affairs of the younger generation. But Wendy ought to realize that she couldn't startle the older people without getting talked about. In fact, his mother added, she thought that Stew should come back to the lake pretty soon and look after his property—it was being trespassed upon by one of the local boys. His mother, who liked to think of herself as very modern, put it that way.

When Stew first read the letter in his office in New York he had been amused at his mother's alarm and laughed a little, thinking of Wendy shocking the oldsters. But the more he read the letter the more he saw something in it that disturbed him. He shouldn't have let Wendy stay on after his vacation. She was too restless for his mother's highbrow friends. When he caught himself wondering who the local boy was he took the first train for Maine out of the Grand Central.

But now, approaching East Outlet, he was sure he was going to be very calm about it—very sensible. After all, he was a lawyer. He would have a quiet, intelligent talk with Wendy; he would hear her side of it—why it had started, how far it had gone and who the man was.

It would all be very civilized.

STEW BENNETT got off the 3:32 up train and stood for a moment on the hot platform of the little station. He saw the usual group of local boys sprawled in the shadow of the building. He knew most of them—but today he had a curious feeling about them. He felt that they knew why he was there—and were laughing at him. For a second he wondered if one of them might be the man his mother referred to. Then he saw Pete standing away from the others and felt the tenseness of the atmosphere grow. He walked toward Pete.

Pete grinned, took his suitcase and with a familiar



"Hi, Boss!" led the way down the platform toward the lake landing. As he turned off onto the road, something made Stew look back. He saw one of the boys, he couldn't tell which one at that distance, standing arms akimbo, looking toward him in a belligerent way. He wore white pants. And suddenly Stew had a hunch!

"Pete, who's the white pants in town?" he asked.

"Them?" Pete said, letting his eyes slide away from Stew's. "Oh, them's Whip Ward's."

THE lake was a sun-white glare expanding for miles and miles—a sky caught between the spruce-covered shoulders of Harper Mountains. Far to the west, in a mirage of heat, he could see the vague outline of Big Island.

They began the long seven-mile paddle.

After a while Stew said, "Look, Pete—what do I have to know?"

The old man's bent back in the bow didn't turn. He said, "You asked oncet, and I told you. I guess you know, Boss."

"Whip Ward?" Stew said.

Pete kept on paddling.

Stew remembered Ward all right. A big, heavy-mouthed, not bad-looking boy. He had seen him in the village, generally hanging around the drugstore, eying the girls as they passed. Then Stew knew what it was about Ward he had felt when he saw him standing there on the station platform in his white pants.

Why the hell did it have to be a guy like Whip Ward? Stew felt slow anger grow. He wondered how Wendy ever met him—and why. Did she let him pick her up? Wendy liked a challenge. He pictured her, enjoying the situation, her eyes excited, provocative. It would never occur to her that her behavior would mean something quite different to one of the local boys. He felt like shaking her, to make her see what she was doing.

Stew dug the paddle in with a quick, hard stroke. "The little fool!" he said to himself.

By the time they had reached North Point of the

island, pictures were sliding quickly across Stew's mind. He saw Wendy sitting at a table with Ward in the crowded drugstore, her eyes flirtatious over the rim of an ice-cream soda; he saw her dancing with Ward at the pavilion, and maybe even walking down the path from the lodge at night to the dock to meet Ward waiting for her in his canoe.

The sun beat down on the still waters of the lake. Just before they reached the landing on the island and were passing close to the small cove near the dock, Stew's attention was caught by something sticking up in the rocks at the head of the cove. Then he saw that it was a paddle wedged between two boulders. There was a piece of light rope around it. The paddle looked familiar. Say, it was one of his own paddles! He was about to ask Pete what was the big idea, when suddenly he knew why that paddle was there. He knew that Ward had used it to make his canoe fast in the cove instead of at the dock, which was in full view of the house.

Hot anger—as hot as the day—poured through him. He stepped onto the dock, told Pete to look after the canoe, and walked straight up the path to the lodge.

They were on the porch. His mother in a cool beach coat—and, in the hammock, Wendy. She was leaning back against a pillow, a magazine spread on the bare flesh between the halter top of her bathing suit and the matching bright yellow and blue shorts. Her eyes were closed.

His first step on the lower board of the stairs brought them up with a start.

He brushed by his mother and without saying anything faced Wendy, who had jumped up, letting the magazine slide to the floor.

She stood there staring at him. "Stew!" she said. "Why, Stew! This is wonderful. I didn't know you were coming!"

He looked down at her—at her bare, tanned shoulders, the curve of her breast under the brilliant halter—then her eyes, now frightened, puzzled.

And during that second, Stew knew what he was

He knew he was going to ask her what happened. Then, like an explosion, he said, "All right, Wendy—let's have the story. Why did you do it?"

going to say. He felt the blood in his neck, felt his mouth become stiff. "I suppose not," he said, "but I'm here. And you know why I'm here. We're through, Wendy. We're all washed up."

LATER, they blamed it on the heat. They said, laughing in that brittle way, that it was the most stagy thing they had seen off the stage.

But the damage was done. There was the 10:10 train that night from the Outlet. Wendy was going home to Boston. She said that of course she couldn't stay on any longer now. Not even one more night.

They had long drinks on the porch. The sun slipped down behind the Harper Mountains, but it still stayed hot. And against the throbbing beat of the insects, the talk kept skidding away from realities. Only Mrs. Bennett showed the distress she was feeling. Her troubled glances moved from Stew to Wendy. Again and again she tried to get Wendy to change her mind and stay to talk it over in the sane light of the morning.

But Wendy said, in a quiet, amused little voice, "Thanks, but it would be an anticlimax after the way Stew got things moving."

"Pete's gone to the station to reserve a lower for you," Stew said. "I'll paddle you to the village."

Over the top of her frosted glass Wendy's eyes smiled. "Kind of you," she said, "but of course I won't hear of it. I'm swimming over."

They laughed again—high, giddy, surface laughter.

Even while putting her gaudy suitcase in the canoe later, they talked as though it were the most casual parting, as if she were (Continued on page 45)



The Unconvincing Note

By William MacHarg

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY L. TIMMINS

The skeptical Mr. O'Malley looks into a suicide case and uncovers a well-planned murder

THIS might be a suicide," O'Malley said. "One homicide cop has to check every suicide and I'm checking this one. A lady that called herself Evelyn Eyton got found shot in a rooming house. Her real name was Mrs. Clavering. She was an actress and she was twenty-two years old and she hadn't had no work. Cops found the gun there, and it was her gun. There was a note there that said, 'I can't go on as we have been doing any longer. Goodby.'" "Do you think it wasn't a suicide?" I asked.

"I got an idea a guy named Mr. Loverin might have killed her. He is an actor. He had been going with her and they had some kind of trouble. He seen her at the rooming house that night. In the morning the landlady found her shot."

"In that case, how about the note?" I questioned.

"I don't know how it was about the note."

O'Malley had a police picture of a small, poorly furnished room. The actress had been sitting in a chair and had been shot in the temple, then she had fallen to the floor. She had been a pretty, dark-haired girl. The gun was on the floor beside her.

"This was a swell kid," he commented. "If some guy knocked her off, I wouldn't want that he should get away with it."

We went and saw Loverin. We found him at a theater. He was a big, quiet man, but I thought he appeared nervous.

"Too bad about Miss Eyton," O'Malley remarked to him. "What time was it that night you left the lady?"

"About one o'clock. I've told the police about that. I was troubled by the conversation we'd been having, and I just walked around until nearly four."

"Sure. What was the conversation?"

"I wanted her to marry me."

"Yeah? Well, she was already married."

"Yes, but they were separated. She hadn't seen her husband for about a year, and for longer than that they hadn't lived together."

"Was it for you she left that note?"

"I don't know for whom the note was. She didn't address it. The police asked me if it was her handwriting. I'd seen her handwriting only once or twice. I believe it is hers."

"What time was this girl shot, O'Malley?" I inquired, when we had left the theater.

"About three that morning. Loverin's got no proof he left her at one o'clock."

"Where was her husband?"

"He was in Boston. He's an actor too. Cops wired for him and he come to New York. We'll go see the guy."

Clavering was at a hotel. He was a handsome man.

"You know why your wife shot herself?" O'Malley asked him.

"I don't. It's a sad affair."

"Yeah, sure. Where was you when she done it?"

"At my Boston hotel. The police checked that."

"I know. Tell us about that lady."

"I've already made a statement. She was nineteen when I married her. We were together about a year, and then we separated for no particular reason except that we just didn't get along. Since then, I have seen her only at long intervals, and I didn't even know that she was in New York till the police wired me to come here."

"You know she had that gun?"

"I knew she once had it."

"Yeah, we traced the gun. Was it to you she left that note?"

"I don't know whom it was to. It can hardly have been to me. It is her handwriting."

THEY had the note at the police laboratory. We went to look at it. It was scrawled in lead pencil on a scrap of wrapping paper and it said only what O'Malley had already told me. They had some other writing there too—a pencil-written shopping list and a list of songs.

"What are them other writings?" O'Malley asked the laboratory officer.

"Police found them when they searched the girl's room," the cop informed us. "Maybe you didn't know about 'em. They wanted us to check whether they were written by the same person who wrote the note. They were."

"There goes your murder, O'Malley!" I exclaimed. "The lists prove the girl wrote the note, and if she wrote the note saying goodbye she killed herself. She was discouraged and she had no work. She may have had other motives for all you know."

"Yeah, I guess that's right. Well, there is nothing to it."

We separated. I saw in the evening paper that it had been declared a suicide. I met O'Malley next day and he appeared unhappy.

"What's wrong?" I asked him.

"Why, there ain't nothing wrong—or anything right. I don't like that piece of business. There wasn't any letters

(Continued on page 32)

We waited behind the ropes, and a lovely young girl came toward us

DELICIOUS!

Fresh Ripe Berries

Fresh* Kellogg's Corn Flakes



* **JUST TASTE 'EM NOW!**... For years the world-famous flavor of Kellogg's Corn Flakes has made them America's favorite—the largest-selling ready-to-eat cereal in the world. But now a remarkable new kind of inner wrap—recently perfected and used *exclusively* by Kellogg—brings them to you fresher, more crisp, more delicious than ever! You simply have to taste them to realize what an amazing difference this *extra freshness* makes. Try Kellogg's Corn Flakes these warm days for breakfast, lunch, supper, or for a light, digestible bedtime snack!



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1. John nearly drove me frantic with his "Do's" and "Don'ts" about the dinner for the Ambassador. He was a gruff, crotchety old fellow, and hard to please... but he *could* help John get that diplomatic post!



2. "Don't serve coffee to the Ambassador," John said: "he's one of those who can't drink it. The caffeine keeps him awake!" "I'll remember!" I promised. Well, after dinner...



3. You should have seen John's face when the coffee was served! He thought I'd gone crazy! "Coffee!" the Ambassador snorted. "I love it! But I shouldn't drink it, because if I do, I shan't sleep a wink!"



4. "This coffee can't keep you awake!" I told him: "it's Sanka Coffee—97% caffeine-free!" The Ambassador perked up. "How's that? They've taken the caffeine out?" He took a sip. "Ah, delicious! Delightful!"



5. "You nearly gave me heart failure," John said later. "But the Ambassador thinks you're the world's most considerate hostess! And he hopes I'm as diplomatic as you are, because he's getting me that post!"



6. I hope John told the Ambassador that Sanka Coffee can *never* keep him awake! You know, the Council on Foods of the American Medical Association says: "Sanka Coffee is free from caffeine effect and can be used when other coffee has been forbidden."



SANKA COFFEE

REAL COFFEE... 97% CAFFEIN-FREE... DRINK IT AND SLEEP

"Drip" or "Regular" Grind. Get a Can at Your Grocer's Today!

COOLING AS A SEA BREEZE—try ICED Sanka Coffee. Be sure to make it strong—as all good iced coffee should be made—one and a half heaping tablespoons to a cup of water.

Easy, Thar, with our Clara Lou

Continued from page 18

wasn't quick enough of vision to catch herself.

However, she had a contract and in time reached a weekly wage of \$125, which put her in the billionaire class among stock players. Texas kept watching and Ann kept playing in little lulus like *Come On, Marines*; *Murder at the Vanities*; and *Behold My Wife*—in all of which it became apparent that she was wasting her sweet Texas womanhood on the fetid desert air.

Finally she got her first big part with Fred MacMurray in *Car 99*, a picture that to this day will cause any Paramount executive to cringe and change the subject. Texas didn't see Ann in that because hardly any decent theater manager would show it.

This finished the Sheridan lady at Paramount and her option was not taken up, which seemed to prove conclusively that the heavens had not meant Sheridan and Paramount to mix. Not only were all her parts stinkerolas but a studio lamp fell on her and almost mashed her, she nearly cut her hand off by pushing it through a window and, as a final disgrace, a horse fell on her and practically busted her.

Texas could stand anything but this, for Clara Lou had been born on a ranch near Denton and had spent all her summers on an uncle's empire outside of Big Springs and was generally agreed to be as nifty a bronc buster as could be found in all western Texas.

"Probably thought I was drunk," opines Miss Sheridan, still conscious of her shame. "I was afraid to go home for two years."

The Dog Days for Clara Lou

But when she got the bum's rush from Paramount it was serious business. She moved to a rooming house, ate so many hamburgers and hot dogs for lunches that no animal has looked the same to her since, and began a period of bad luck from which she has never quite recovered.

She made tests for everything, drove her car from Universal to Metro so often (20 miles each way) that even the traffic lights got sick of the sight of her, and spent an entire year without work. She tried for any sort of part and will still take anything the studio throws at her, being either so good-humored or frightened that she refuses to fight against fate.

The curious thing is that she was even then an electric personality. Everybody perked up when she came around and nobody found a part for her. The only thing she had in reserve was the price of a ticket back to Dallas and she still has that tucked away in a box somewhere, not being certain when she may need it.

By the end of eighteen months, she had managed to land one job, a terrible picture at Universal with Charles Farrell. Then she went back to making tests again.

"It's a great game," she says. "They rush you in, some bird slaps a dab of make-up on you, the lights are bum and you look like hell. The only part I didn't test for was Dracula's mother. I think I could have got that."

She finally landed out at Warners' and the Paramount experience began all over again. She got the parts that the cleaning women wouldn't take and Texas started on that business of look quick or you won't see Clara Lou. Her best role was in *Alcatraz Island* but she slipped back almost immediately into something called *Cowboy from Brook-*

lyn, which pleased nobody, including the people of Brooklyn.

It was only when Universal borrowed her to work in *Letter of Introduction* that Warners' woke up. They gave her one of three leading roles in Broadway *Musketeers* and then put her in *Angels with Dirty Faces*, a role that she played in her stocking feet because she is five feet five and Mr. Cagney is no larger, and no hero in movies can be smaller than his lady.

Soon after she arrived at Warners' she married Edward Norris, the actor, which union lasted exactly two years and ten days. After that tough time of living around in boardinghouses, being married was a relief and revived her confidence in herself, but the marriage busted up anyhow. It is true that Mr. Norris' full name is Septimus Edward Norris but this could hardly account for it.

In any event, Ann is now the official menace of Warners', and if she has any objection to it she keeps it to herself. The first news from the front was to the effect that they were to make her a red-headed Jean Harlow, which is as murderous as asking somebody to be a second Garbo or a third-string Clara Bow.

Press-Department Sucker

The trouble with Annie is that she is too kindhearted; she has been a sucker for the press department for years. Whenever anybody wanted a gag picture, either at Paramount or Warners', they finally settled on her. She has posed on *skyscrapers*; she has *snowshoed* through the sands at Santa Monica; she has paddled in rubber boats shaped like ducks.

Any other Texas girl would have shot from the hip at such treatment but not Annie. She eats like a mule and never has to worry about her figure; she feels well and stays out late and has a good time and shows no signs of it; the living room of her house is like a bus station, full from morning till night; she likes to dance and will do it for days on end; she has learned to skate; she never gets temperamental; she spends every nickel they throw her way; and if even after the build-up she is now getting she ends by doing mysteries and Westerns, it will only be what she has always done and she won't beef.

Only recently when she was doing *Dodge City*, the pro-Sheridan faction at Warners' were pleased to note that although nothing had been done to conceal the Sheridan allure from the public, she did have moments where it appeared she was an actress and not a caricature. Annie herself has no views on the matter except for a touch of scorn when the press department sent a telegram in her name saying that "glamor cannot be acquired; you either have it or you haven't." To that, Miss Sheridan was heard to murmur "nuts," but in a subdued fashion becoming a young lady who was now being regarded as a future hopeful.

When her next film turned out to be *American Family*, it was felt that the worst was over. Sheridan was coming into her own; she was even allowed to be a human being. The next announcement, however, revealed a minor relapse on the part of the Warner brothers. Miss Sheridan was to do a new feature. The title was quite nice. The title was "Umph Girl."

It is quite possible that the Texas Rangers are riding stealthily through the Arizona mountains at this very moment.

Without Luck

Continued from page 16

dozen jobs and a different Tony. There was a hard recklessness about him and he talked more often of money than of the work. Once Mary had put her fear in words:

"You're crowding your luck, Tony, it can't last. You're trying to handle too many kinds of work. You're bidding too many jobs, you're . . ." She'd stopped there, for she hadn't the courage to say, "Money hungry!"

But he was. Their "Vacation Day" had never come. He'd laughed at her doubts. "It isn't luck now, Mary. We can buy anybody who gets in the way, or smash them!"

And Tony had the South Shore job.

Mary went to her father's side. "Pop," she said quietly, "I'd hate myself if I didn't tell you this. Tony's losing money every day. There's going to be trouble."

"There always is on a job this size."

"Tony's changed. Money's the only thing that matters to him now. I'm afraid he . . . he'll try to buy you or have you transferred. I'm sorry, Pop, but . . ."

"He's not the first man whose sense of values slipped," said Pop MacKee. "I'm only sorry you're caught in this. One of us—Tony or I—will lose, and either way you'll be hurt."

Mary bent her head. "Maybe when this is over Tony will be satisfied to build solidly from the things he knows. To wait for the kind of jobs he can handle. He could, Pop, you know he could if . . . if he'd forget money for a while."

Pop MacKee said, "I get it now! You left Tony . . . and you're still in love with him."

"You're right." She looked away. "I am."

SHE saw Tony the next day. He came into the office with O'Connell, his rock boss. He stopped beside her, and though his voice was steady there was a bitter down-twist to his lips.

"I'll be busy with Pop for a few minutes, but then I'd like to talk to you. All right?"

"Of course," she answered.

And then he was beside Pop's desk, unrolling a smudged blueprint sheet, saying: "This is the detail sketch of the south bridge pier, Pop. I'm making a howl. This calls for six fins on each side. No stress hits them, no weight. They're as useless as three tails on a monkey, and they'll take a lot of special forms. Right?"

Pop MacKee rubbed his chin. "You're right about the forms anyway. What else?"

"How's to forget those fins?"

"You were an engineer—once." Pop MacKee's eyes were shiny with thought. "You knew what this job was before you bid. The specifications call for fins. You build fins."

Tony said, "Let that go for now. There's this: O'Connell here says you're wrong about the rock. I want to drill it deep and shoot it that way."

"No!"

They faced each other and the quiet was a live thing between them. Anger looked out of Pop MacKee's eyes for the space of a heartbeat and then they were again an impersonal gray. O'Connell's face wore a twisted scowl.

"O'Connell's wrong," Pop MacKee said, almost gently. "A heavy shot will put the whole cliff face in the sea. Sorry, Tony, but you shoot it my way!"

"O'Connell . . ." Tony began.

"I was running rock jobs when he used pins to hold up his pants. I'm running this one."

And then, strangely, Tony Drumm

grinned. "Okay for now, Pop, but I'll be coming back."

He and Mary talked in the car. "I've been trying to think a way through this," he said soberly. "I come up empty every time. Why don't you give a thick-headed guy a break and change your mind?"

She said, "I'm sorry, Tony. I can't." Tony touched her shoulder, tipped her chin up in the old, remembered way. "What's really wrong, Mary?"

And she told him, slowly and in words that were blunt and plain. Beginning with the day, long before, when his blazing recklessness, his luck, had touched a set of spinning dice; had turned a payday crap game into a shambles.

"You broke Joe Bordan that day. You won his trucks, his money. You didn't think about his wife and two little girls, or wonder how they ate that winter."

ANGER cut deep lines about Tony's mouth.

"Wait a minute," he said harshly. "You don't pick up money by being soft, and I needed money. As much for you as for myself."

"You don't understand," she protested.

"I do! This money talk is a smoke screen. I've had to walk on people before and you didn't care. They weren't close to you. This time it's your father who's in the way. This time you're crying. . . . Well, I'm going over Pop's head to the state capitol. I'll get the specifications changed or break something."

"I guess that . . . this is all."

The state engineer came on Monday. He was thin and brown and he wore corduroy and dusty boots. And it was late afternoon before he'd gone, before Pop could talk to Mary.

"Tony got it through some way," Pop said. "The chief brought out the new pier plans and there isn't a fin on them. Tony must know the right people."

"The rock?" she asked.

A tired smile lifted the corners of Pop's mouth. "The chief didn't overrule me, but he made it plain that he wants no trouble. The pressure's come from above him and he's had to pass it along. He'll back me as long as he can."

"But I don't see . . ."

"He works for a salary, too," Pop said gently. "He's got two kids in college."

Day followed day and then the week was gone. Tony was using three shifts now, and the sullen roar of the job never stopped.

The tired look rarely left Pop's eyes, and deep, harsh lines framed his mouth. Only once did he speak of the job: "Three shifts, and losing money on every one. You know what that means."

Mary avoided his eyes. "I know."

A chainman brought the word: "Trouble on Level Three, Pop. O'Connell has his crew sinking twenty-foot holes when your orders say nothing deeper than four feet. I thought you ought to know."

Pop MacKee got slowly to his feet. "So now it comes," he said, and brushed at his lips with a hand that was not quite steady. "Let's go find Tony and O'Connell."

"I'm going, too!" Mary said.

"It would be better if you didn't."

"Don't try to stop me, Pop." She snatched her jacket from the hook. "I'll hire a car if you won't take me. I . . . Please, Pop!"

He lifted his shoulders in a weary shrug. "All right, but you can do no good there."

And there was nothing she could do—except watch. They met, Tony and



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WELL, I EAT SPINACH AND THINGS

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IF YOU HAVE LACKED VITAMINS, AS I DID, DISCOVER THE GRAND THINGS THEY CAN DO FOR YOU! AND TO HELP GET YOUR VITAMINS, EAT **KELLOGG'S PEP**! IT'S A REAL TASTE-THRILL—CRUNCHY GOLDEN FLAKES OF BRAN AND OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT, ENRICHED WITH VITAMINS B₁ AND D. GET PEP AT YOUR GROCER'S. EAT IT EVERY DAY, AND SEE IF YOU DON'T HAVE MORE ZIP AND ZEST!

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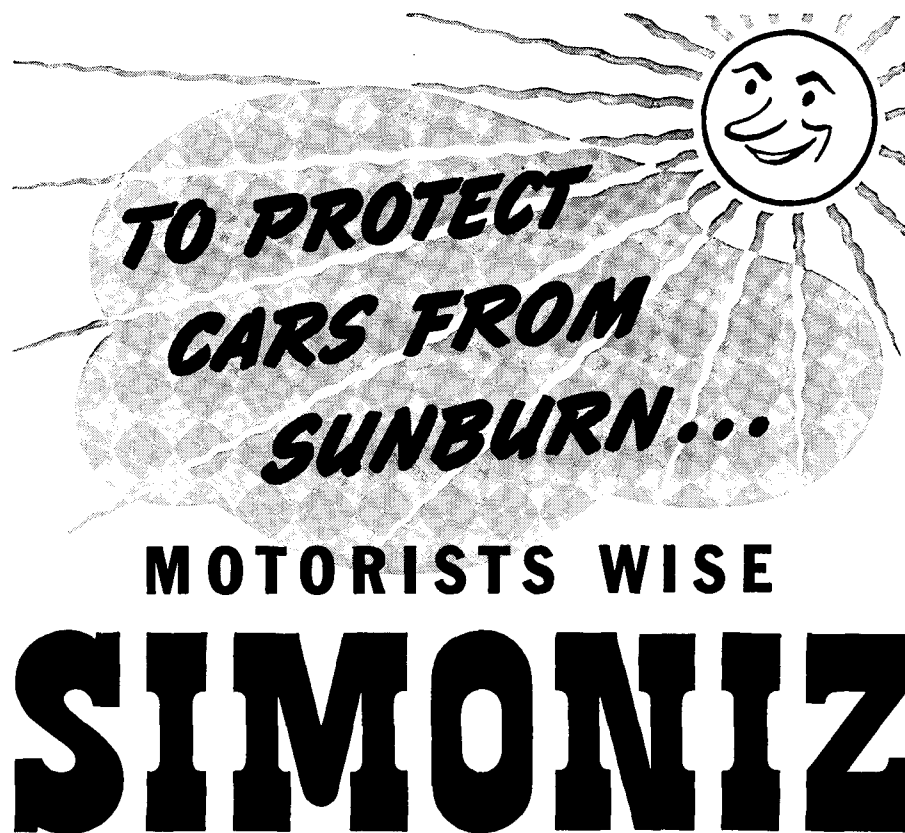


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**THE SIMONIZ COMPANY
CHICAGO, U. S. A.**

O'Connell and Pop, on the crooked and narrow trail that slashed upward across the cliff face a hundred feet above the pounding surf. On Level Three.

There wasn't much to see. Gray rock a million years old. The crooked path. The breakers below. The swinging boom of the shovel on Level Two. The swaying loops of air hose and the half-hundred drillers scattered above her. The three men who talked.

She waited quietly, remembering words she'd heard again and again. Pop's words: "When you do a job and do it well you've got something money can't buy. You can remember that job and be proud!"

THAT was almost a creed with Pop, a thing to fight for. He was fighting for it. And Tony? Once he had believed that, though he would have laughed if you had put it in words, but now . . .

This rock was the source of trouble. This strange gray rock that was hard to drill and easy to shoot. That was webbed with cracks and faults which might weaken under the swelling thunder of a big blast.

The work, until now, had been done Pop's way. The holes had been shallow, the powder charges light. And the rock had broken away cleanly, in four-foot layers. A sure way, but slow and expensive. A way that cost Tony far more than the estimates brought him.

After a long time Pop MacKee came down the path. His eyes were hard in the angry mask of his face and it wasn't until the station wagon was bumping slowly down Level Two that Mary asked, "What happened, Pop?"

He didn't look at her. "O'Connell swears I'm wrong about the rock. He says he can shoot a twenty-foot lift and not hurt a thing. Tony believes him."

"He wants to try it?"

"Yes. They've got a whole section drilled. He wants to load it heavy and . . . and put half the cliff in the sea!"

"You're in charge," she said. "You can stop him."

His mouth jerked: "Chief engineer! And what does that mean? I'm put here by the state to keep the contractor honest. I can suggest—I can't order. But I'm sending for an expert."

The drills were quiet for two days. The expert went over the job slowly, a thin, sharp-featured man whose eyes were enormous behind thick glasses. Tony and O'Connell came to the engineering office the third afternoon and the expert said, "I'm backing MacKee in my report. A big blast would catch the lateral fault, wreck Level Three and raise hell with Level Two."

"Yah!" O'Connell growled. "You can't see back of that face. You're guessin' just like me, an' I . . ."

Pop MacKee said, "Well, Tony?"

"I think you're wrong." The reckless grin was on Tony's lips and he spread his hands wide. "But what can I do?"

Mary watched his face as he spoke. And when his dark gaze touched her she saw what the others didn't, a shadowed something in his eyes that might have been fear.

Tony had gone when Pop came to Mary's side. "That's the end of the trouble," he said. "Now things will be better."

Mary said, "Yes."

And then, faint but steady, they heard the beat of a single jackhammer. Others joined in, swelling the machine-gun clatter to a solid roar. The drillers were working Level Three!

The night wind brought the same harsh sound, but bleak morning found the cliff face bare. Mary was finishing her breakfast coffee when Tony came.

"Level Three's ready to shoot," he said. "The holes are deep, the loads are heavy."

"Why tell me, Tony?"

There was pallor beneath his tan. "I'm not blasting. I've changed my mind. Pop's right and you're right. I haven't nerve enough to buck you both."

"I'm glad you changed your mind."

"You did it for me. I had to fire O'Connell to make it stick." He lifted one hand. "There it is. You were right. You win. Can we mark it paid and start over?"

"I'm sorry, Tony. We can't."

"I . . ." The white of his teeth showed between lips gone thin. "I'm no good at this kind of thing. I don't know the words. I'm still in love with you, but you know that. I've done what you wanted me to and . . ."

"Say a man spends his life taking the things he wants. Say he steals and even kills. Years of that, and ten minutes before he dies he decides he's sorry and sends for a minister. He says all the proper words. Does that change anything?"

Tony's mouth went thin. "I get it." He met her eyes. "Now let's go see Pop."

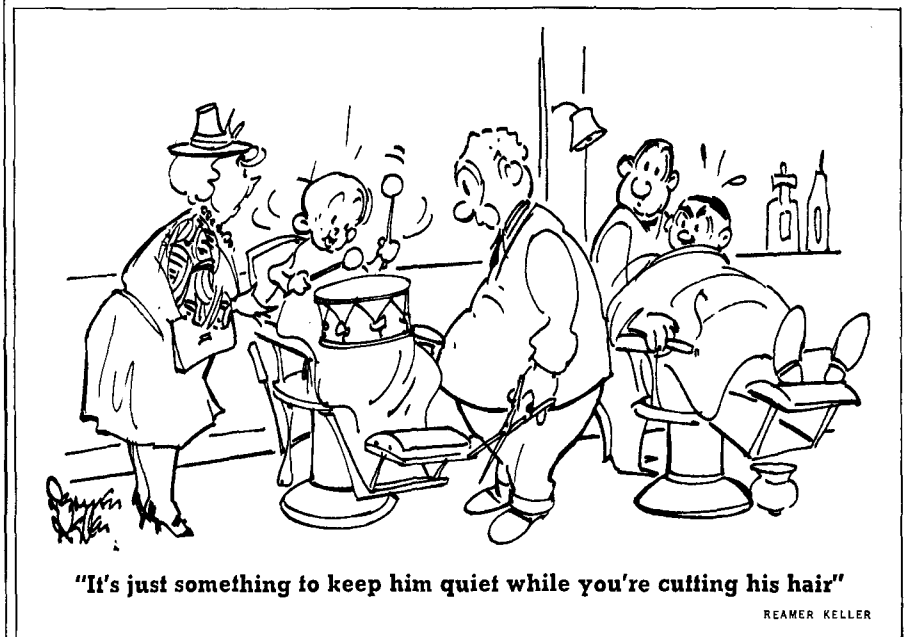
THEY had reached the car when a pickup truck came roaring up the road from camp. Tony said, "Here's trouble!" and ran to meet the truck.

He was back almost at once, sliding under the wheel, whipping the car around. "O'Connell's drunk!" he shouted. "He's up on the face and the boys're afraid he's going to blast!"

The old road to the cliff top was long, and ten minutes had gone before they were bumping across the plateau to stop where the cliff fell away to the sea.

Tony snapped, "Over here!"

And then they were on the point. The



path headed there and went twisting down and down in crazy switchbacks across the face. The whole of the cliff could be seen from where they stood.

The only sound was that of the wind and surf. The drillers were gone, the big equipment had been moved far back. A single figure, below and far to the right, was alone on the barren face. "O'Connell," Tony said, "and this is it!"

"Can't you stop him?"

"Half a mile away and he might as well be on the moon. The wind's against us here. He couldn't hear a shout, and he can't see the trail from that ledge. I might . . ."

"No!" she said. "You'd have to cross the section he's going to blast to reach him. Don't try, Tony, don't!"

"I won't. I want to go on living."

O'Connell was bending over something on the ledge. He straightened and the wind brought his faint cry: "Fire!"

"Payday!" Tony spread his hands. "If Pop's right this shot will wreck me, and there's nothing I can do now. But I meant what I said." He turned and caught her shoulders. "From here out I do it your way. I was wrong. I know it. And I'll take whatever I've got to take."

"All the times I've gotten away with murder, all the times I've . . ." His grin was torn, white. "I rate this, and I'll play it that way." His lips brushed hers lightly.

"Tony, I . . ."

"I love you," he said, and looked away. "That may not be the best way to say it, but it's the only way I . . ."

He stiffened then, leaning forward, the words dead upon his lips. And into that numb, tight quiet came the second cry of "Fire!" Tony turned and casually, too casually, he said, "Be back in a minute. Wait here."

Mary caught at his arm. "What—?"

But he was gone, twisting away, running. His boots struck sharp sound from the rocky path. He looked up and back once, and that last quick glimpse of his desperately white face brought cold terror swelling inside her.

And then, down and down and far below, she saw what he had seen. A single figure, stocky and small, moving slowly upward along the winding path of Level Three. Saw the uptwisted disk that was the face, the brown jacket. That man was Pop MacKee.

Pop was trying to stop the blast. Coming on, stubbornly, sure in the knowledge that O'Connell would never blast as long as there was a man on the face. Coming on, for years of fighting had molded him thus, and it was in him to do nothing else!

But O'Connell couldn't see the trail.

THE cold seconds raced away. The breath caught in Mary's throat and a whispered "God!" escaped her lips. And then she ran.

Steeply, the trail went down. Cut in the sheer face, it was twisted and narrow and intended for the carefully slow. There were quick bends, ugly dips, long stretches where water seepage had slimed the path.

The raw wind pawed at her. There was no guardrail, nothing between her and the edge. And two hundred feet below the surf pounded in slow beat.

She could see Tony, far ahead. She could see Pop. They were still a hundred feet apart, and they were close, terribly close, to the drilled section.

Once she fell, and fear struck deep as she threw her weight inward and rolled. A knife edge of rock slashed her out-thrown hand and pain numbed one knee. The cry came as she rose, came on the wind from the distant hidden ledge: "Fire!"

The third warning, the last! Mary shouted as she ran, and the heedless wind threw back the frantic words.

Tony and Pop were together. They met on the lower point, black figures etched sharply against the green of the sea below and beyond. They turned, scrambling back.

Mary stopped without knowing that she did. A thin inner voice cried, "Not yet! Not yet!" The dull taste of despair was on her lips.

The rock beneath her seemed to move, to jolt upward, and then the giant voice of the blast broke, thundering in her ears. The whole of the cliff face, below and ahead, leaped up and out.

Her eyes were on Tony and Pop in that second. They were between her and the blast, crouching against the wall, looking up. She thought one of them moved, but the dust cloud swirled out then, blotting the lower trail from view.

The roar of the blast swelled with the seconds. And then, cutting through the deeper sound, came the thin, high-pitched scream of falling missiles.

Mary pressed back beneath the slight overhang. A fragment of rock struck the cliff above her. Another smashed down on the path.

HOW long she was there Mary never knew. It was an age before the rock ceased to fall, another till the thunderous sound died to a distant rumble. Dust hung like thick smoke upon the trail before she stumbled to her feet.

She went on. Slowly now, finding a careful way past a place barely wider than her two hands. She was afraid to call, afraid to think.

And then the wind took a hand, whipping away the thinning dust, and she could see them. She ran.

Pop MacKee lifted a dust-streaked face. "Thank God," he said in a shaken voice, "that you're all right." He made room for her to pass. "Tony's the only casualty, an' don't start yellin' when you see him. That blood's from a cut on his face."

"I won't," she said and squeezed past him.

Tony's shoulders were propped against the rock, his legs outthrust toward the edge. A crimson smear on his cheek showed almost black on the dead white of his face.

Pop MacKee said, "He was covering me and a falling rock clipped him."

Tony forced a grin. "Just my arm. It's numb but it isn't broken. The cut's nothing." He paused and then, quite steadily, he said, "Take a look over there."

Mary's eyes went beyond him to the cliff, to the wide and ragged hole that yawned where the road was to have been.

"Pop was right," Tony said. "This washes me out."

"I don't . . . don't know what to say."

"This makes Pop's job as solid as the mint."

"Tony, I . . ."

She stopped then, for he was looking at the hole in the cliff face. He was leaning forward, frowning a little, and when he lifted his hand it was in the old way.

"A bridge," he said and smile lines crinkled the skin about his eyes, "it'll take one to cross that hole. . . ."

Her "Yes, Tony" was only a murmur.

She was smiling. She was listening. And she saw, as you can when construction is in your blood, the smooth arch of a bridge grow there. Footed solidly in the rock, lifting a slender web of steel against the sky.

He found her hand. "I won't have a shirt when this is over but . . ." A low huskiness came into his voice. "I'd . . . I'd like to have you stick around, Mary."

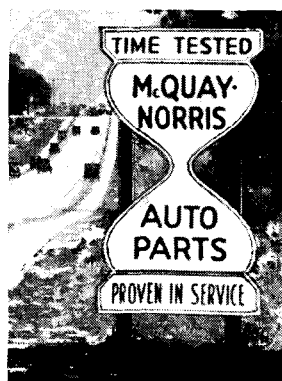
"I will." She knelt beside him on the trail. "Mark it," she said, and the words were laughter. "Mark it paid in full. And we start over from here."

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She bent over and slapped Alice's cheek.
It sounded like a paper bag bursting

Red Gardenias

By Jonathan Latimer

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

The Story Thus Far:

OLD Simeon March, founder of a profitable refrigerator business in the little town of Marchton, suspects that his son, John, and his nephew, Richard—both killed by gas fumes—were murdered. He employs two detectives—William Crane and Ann Fortune—to probe the case.

Crane and Ann pretend to be man and wife; and, after Crane ostensibly goes to work advertising refrigerators, they meet a number of well-known people: Dr. Paul Woodrin, an old friend of the Marches; Peter March, Simeon's son; Talmadge March, Richard's brother; Alice March (who, engaged to Talmadge, had married Richard) and Carmel March, John's beautiful widow. Everyone contributes some item of importance. Carmel, for instance, informs Crane that Richard had been in love with her, and that John had killed him. She says that John, remorseful, had written a farewell note (which she had showed to Dr. Woodrin and then destroyed) and committed suicide!

Dr. Woodrin confirms Carmel's story. But Crane is skeptical. He believes that Richard and John were murdered by someone who pumped carbon monoxide through a hose into their cars. To test his theory, he examines the cars. There is rubber on both exhaust pipes! . . . Learning that "Slats" Donovan, a notorious local character, had hated John March, Crane has an interview with the man's mistress—Delia Young, a night-spot entertainer. The girl divulges little; and when Slats interrupts their tête-à-tête, Crane is fortunate to escape with his life.

Meanwhile, Crane has fallen in love with Ann; and Ann, he notes to his disgust, is deeply interested in Peter March. . . .

At a Country Club party, Alice March asks Crane to meet her at the entrance to the ladies' locker room. Crane, puzzled, does so. Alice leads him into the room. Crane produces a bottle of whisky. He pours out two drinks. "Here's how!" Alice says, and downs half her liquor. "Hey!" Crane exclaims. "You'll get tight that way."

Alice smiles. "I want to," she says.

VII

ALICE wore a magenta evening gown. Her eyes were pink from weeping; her nose was a trifle red. She finished her glass, handed it to Crane. She had good legs, but the rest of her body was too plump.

They finished a second drink, and a third. Crane began to feel philosophical. It must have turned very cold outside, he decided, because the small, square windows in the locker room were frosted. Or maybe there was frosted glass in them. In that case you couldn't be sure about the weather. It could have turned cold without his knowing it. He fixed two more drinks. He was surprised to see the bottle was only half full.

He asked Alice, "Why have you been weeping?"

"I haven't," she said.

"Yes, you have." He closed one eye and looked at her through the other. "Is it because of Talmadge?"

"What if it is?"

"He's a nice fellow."

"He's a rat."

"Why, I didn't know that." He opened both eyes. "I can hardly believe it. A real rodent?"

"You'd believe it if you knew what I know about him."

"What do you know about him?"

"I know he's trying to protect Carmel."

"Carmel?"

"Peter and Carmel. He knows some-

thing about them, but he won't tell."

"Is that why he had a quarrel with Peter?"

"Yes." She laughed bitterly. "He had a quarrel with me, too. I wanted him to tell what he knows about them."

Crane waited for her to continue.

"He told me to mind my business," she said.

"This seems to be Talmadge's night to fight."

Her voice suddenly softened: "It's his cold. He has a terrible cold."

"What does he know about Peter and Carmel?" Crane asked.

She shook her head. "He wouldn't tell me. I think he threatened Peter with it tonight. They had such a quarrel. It must be about Carmel." Her plump hands trembled. "Peter's a fool . . . he ought to know she's out to destroy the March family."

CRANE nodded wisely. A girl was singing with the orchestra in the ballroom. He hoped he would be able to remember what Alice was saying. He took a sip of whisky to clear his mind, leaned back in his chair and closed his eyes. He no longer felt embarrassed about being in the ladies' locker room. She continued in a voice harsh with passion: "You don't know it, but Richard March was in love with her. She made him love her; then she killed him."

His eyes popped open. "Killed him?"

"She was responsible." Defiantly, she finished her drink. "Oh, she didn't kill him herself . . . she hasn't the courage for that . . . but she was responsible." Her glass slid across the wicker table, was nearly deflected to the floor by a pile of golfing magazines. "Richard wasn't so bad, either."

"A lot of girls thought he was swell."

"Sure they did." Her words sounded like sobs. Crane realized she didn't care who she was talking to; she was simply having a good emotional blow-off. "Sure they did," she repeated. "Why not?"

"He had appeal, hey?"

"There wasn't a girl in town who didn't want him."

He nodded to show he understood.

"And then, when he did fall in love himself, he had to fall for her."

Crane said, "Don't tell me you still love him?"

"I don't know." Her eyes glowed. "I loved him once. I would have done anything for that man."

This was the second time Crane had heard a woman say she loved Richard. Delia, and now Alice, who should hate him. He was beginning to have an acute admiration for Richard.

He asked, "But what about Talmadge?"

She thought for a moment. "I like him, but in a different way."

Crane closed his eyes again. He

(Continued on page 49)

When you say "PENNSYLVANIA"

the Oil Industry remembers COLONEL DRAKE

the Careful Motorist remembers VEEDOL



DRAKE STRIKES OIL. Just 80 years ago, "Colonel" F. L. Drake approached a crazy pyramid of timbers he had erected near Titusville, Pa. Met by his helper, Uncle Billy Smith, the two were wild with excitement as a dark rich liquid flowed from their pump. For the first time . . . man had drawn the crude petroleum oil from the earth . . . the oil that is, today, the world's "Liquid Gold"!

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have been safeguarded by Veedol's "Film of Protection"

IT is strange that Drake, the man who first struck oil, was no scientist—but a retired railroad conductor. And it is even stranger that all the geologists, who have searched the world over, have failed to find as rich an oil as Drake discovered 80 years ago in western Pennsylvania.

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which safeguards millions of America's finest cars. For the founders of the company which makes Veedol were fellow-pioneers with Drake, and ever since the company has specialized in Pennsylvania lubricants.

It is that specialized knowledge which makes it possible to get the utmost from that master Pennsylvania crude, and so produce Veedol, the motor oil with the famous "Film

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Eve Arden, featured in the Universal picture, "The Forgotten Woman", is...



... pictured with Mal Freeburg, Eastern Division Superintendent of Northwest Airlines, trying on a new type of oxygen mask developed for high-speed stratosphere flying. For safe lubrication of its...



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... nearby Sinclair Dealer offers you the same quality motor oil. It lasts longer and protects your engine better. It saves you money. The next time you need oil ask for Sinclair Pennsylvania.

The Unconvincing Note

Continued from page 22

found in that girl's room; a lady keeps letters. She was a lonesome kid; there hadn't hardly anybody ever seen her handwriting. A lady don't usually shoot herself; she takes some other way of doing it."

"It was her own gun," I reminded him. "Yeah, sure. And her fingerprints were on it. But there wasn't no wrapping paper in the room like what that note was wrote on. There was some lead pencils there, but lead pencils is so much alike the laboratory can't tell what one of 'em wrote something, if they're near the same hardness."

"Do you still think it was murder?" I inquired.

"No; I ain't supposed to work on this now, still, I think I'll go look at that room."

We went to the rooming house.

"How long you run this place?" O'Malley asked the landlady.

"About twenty years, mister."

She let us into Miss Eyton's room. It hadn't been disturbed. Miss Eyton's things were still on the dresser and her trunk was there. O'Malley had a stub of lead pencil and some scraps of wrapping paper. He rested one of the bits of paper on the dresser and wrote, "I can't go on as we have been doing any longer." Then he wrote the same words on another paper on top of the trunk. Then he wrote it again on the arm of a chair, and in a dozen other places.

"What's the idea?" I asked.

"I ain't sure it's an idea. Do any of these papers that I wrote look to you like that note?"

"They certainly do not," I told him.

"Well," he said, "I guess we got nothing."

HE WENT back to headquarters and I didn't see him for a couple of days. Then he phoned me to join him for lunch.

I met him at a hotel. He had a secluded table, and a thin man with a red beard and thick eyeglasses was with him, whom he introduced as Mr. Otterman.

"This is a kind of lunch party," O'Malley informed me. "There don't nobody that's coming know anybody is going to be here except himself, so don't say anything about it."

Then Loverin joined us and, later, Clavering came in. They were surprised to see each other.

"I didn't know you were still in New York," Loverin remarked to Clavering.

"It's between shows," Clavering told him. "The show closed in Boston the night before Miss Eyton killed herself. They're rehearsing another, but they don't need me yet. We had a big party the night of the closing. I'm still recovering from it."

"This Mr. Otterman," O'Malley explained, when we had finished eating, "is one of them guys that claims he can tell what someone is like just by looking at their handwriting. A graphologist—is that what you call yourself?"

"That's it," Otterman assured him.

"I thought we might try him out."

O'Malley had the suicide note and the two lists. He gave them to Otterman, who studied them through his glasses.

"These were written by a girl," Otterman said, "about nineteen years old; it's her natural handwriting. She's a very fine girl, of good family and American descent. She was born, or at least educated, in New England."

"Yeah? How did she look?"

"Well, that is more difficult. She's a beautiful girl, about five feet three

inches tall, a natural blonde, with golden hair and brown eyes.

"O'Malley," I said, when the party had broken up, "that was ridiculous."

"Yeah? What?"

"That business with Otterman. He didn't describe Miss Eyton."

"No; sure he didn't."

"It's completely impossible to tell from one's handwriting the color of one's hair and eyes," I stated, "and if it was done for the effect on Loverin, it didn't have any effect. He saw it was absurd."

"Well, Otterman might have had it wrong."

I didn't see O'Malley until the second day, and then I encountered him by chance.

"You're just in time," he remarked to me. "I'm meeting some people at the railroad station and I didn't have time to call you up."

WE WENT to Grand Central Station. People were coming from a train, and we waited behind the ropes, and a quite lovely young girl came toward us. I kept looking at her because she was exactly like Otterman's description. A man was carrying her bag, and when he spoke to us I recognized him as a plain-clothes cop. The girl's name was Miss Carrol. We all got into a cab and went to headquarters, and they had Clavering there. He turned white when he saw the girl, and he started toward her, but she wouldn't look at him. Then they arrested Clavering for the murder of his wife.

"I don't see through this, O'Malley," I observed later, as we were having some coffee at a lunch counter. "It's a peculiar case. Why did he kill her?"

"Why, not very peculiar. This Miss Eyton thought divorce was wrong, and she wouldn't divorce him or let him divorce her. A couple of times he tried it and she got a lawyer and stopped him. Then he met this Miss Carrol. She's a fine kid, and she wouldn't marry him without he got a divorce that was everywhere legal, and he couldn't do that. So the idea come to him to kill his wife."

"But he had witnesses that he was in Boston."

"Yeah; them people thought he was there. This is the kind of murder that wouldn't ever have happened if things hadn't suggested it. This Miss Carrol lives outside Boston and come in town for music lessons; that way, Clavering met her. At first he told her he wasn't married; afterward, when he had to tell her he was, she'd got in love with him, but she decided to break off with him. But she couldn't bear to tell him. They was in a cab, and she tore a piece of paper off a bundle she was carrying and wrote a goodbye note, and she stuck it in his pocket and told him not to look at it till she had left him. He kept the note."

"Later on, he met a guy that had seen his wife in New York in that rooming house where she was staying, and the guy knew what room she had, and that is an old-time theatrical rooming house and Clavering had stayed there and knew all about it. This Clavering kept thinking about them things. He'd noticed long before that Miss Carrol's handwriting was a whole lot like his wife's and he seen the goodbye note she'd give him would look like a suicide note. He had a couple of other things Miss Carrol had wrote—a list of songs she'd give him to get for her and a shopping list."

"What made him sure it would look like suicide was that Clavering had in his trunk in Boston a gun that had belonged to his wife. He took it from her one time when they was having trouble, and he

knew if the cops traced it, it would be traced to her and not to him."

"Probably the last item needed to decide him on murder."

"Yeah, sure. He picked the night after the show closed to kill his wife, because there was going to be a big closing party; so he was around the hotel next day saying he hadn't had no sleep. He went to his room early that evening and put on a suit he'd bought that wasn't like clothes he usually wore and hung a 'Do not disturb' sign on his door, and he went out the servants' entrance of the hotel without nobody seeing him, and took a train to New York that got him here at two in the morning."

"He knew the front door of that theatrical rooming house, with people going in and out all times of the night, wasn't never locked. He watched his chance to go to his wife's door without no one seeing him, and she let him in, and he talked to her about divorce, and when an elevated train was passing to cover the noise of the gun he shot her with the gun wrapped up in a handkerchief. Then he put the gun in her hand so her fingerprints would be on it. He looked through her things, and took what letters he found, to be sure there wasn't none of her handwriting left around, and he put the note and them other pieces of writing there, and he caught the earliest train back to Boston and got into the hotel the same way he got out."

"In the early afternoon, when we wired Boston cops to see him, he was around the hotel, and the chambermaid and some other employees were ready to swear he'd been there all night. He'd destroyed the letters out of Miss Eyton's room and thrown away the clothes he'd worn to New York, before the cops got there."

"You can't have deduced all this," I objected.

"No; sure we didn't."

"Then how did you solve the case?"

"Why, it wasn't so tough. What was funny in the case was that so few people knew that dead kid's handwriting. I was wrong at the start because I figured, if somebody killed the girl, the likely guy was Loverin. Then the laboratory said the 'goodby' note was wrote by the same lady that made them other writings, and that made it look like suicide. But I couldn't get satisfied to myself about that note. The idea was Miss Eyton had wrote the note after Loverin left her. Well, had she? There wasn't any other paper in the room there like that of the note. She wasn't a singer, but she had a list of songs, and there wasn't anything new among her clothes like what the shopping list called for."

"So what? When you write with a pencil on paper on a rough surface, the

pencil marks show the unevenness of what is underneath and they make a sort of pattern of the roughness. I got some paper like the note was wrote on, and I and you went to Miss Eyton's room, and I wrote the words of the note on every kind of surface in the room. The laboratory magnified my notes and compared 'em with the original, and they said the note hadn't been wrote on any of them surfaces. So I figured it hadn't been wrote in the room."

"I see," I said.

"Yeah. So maybe Miss Eyton hadn't wrote any of them papers. But if she hadn't, some other lady had. So we got samples of the writing of whatever ladies Loverin or Miss Eyton knew, and we checked 'em against the note; but they hadn't none of 'em wrote it. Boston cops sent us handwritings of the ladies Clavering knew in Boston, but they didn't check neither."

"About then, Boston cops found out Clavering hadn't been actually seen by anybody in the hotel the night his wife got killed; and they found out, too, he had been seen sometimes with a blond lady he hadn't introduced to none of his friends. They sent us her description, but they couldn't find out her name or anything about her. I didn't know, of course, if she was the one that wrote the note, but I thought I'd take a chance on it. We could have questioned Clavering, but I thought we'd be smarter if we found the lady first."

"WAS that where Otterman came in?" I asked.

"That's right. I seen Otterman and told him how all this was and then I give that lunch party. Clavering had destroyed whatever letters Miss Carrol had wrote him, and he had wrote her from Boston that his wife had killed herself. After Otterman described her as the lady that wrote the note, Clavering wrote her again and asked her not to write to him until she heard from him. By then we was having him watched, and a plain-clothes cop seen him mail the letter, and the cop followed the mail collector and we got the address. So we sent a cop to see her and show her the note."

"She was horrified when she found it had been used as a suicide note, and she told how she'd wrote it to Clavering in a cab on the side of her handbag. When we brought 'em together at headquarters just now, and Miss Carrol questioned him, Clavering broke down and told us how the whole business was."

"All very amazing!" I exclaimed.

"I guess it's a little amazing. The guy is an actor and actors are always thinking about plots. So it's amazing a dumb cop could outfigure the guy."

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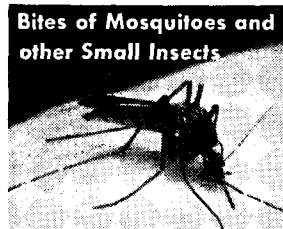
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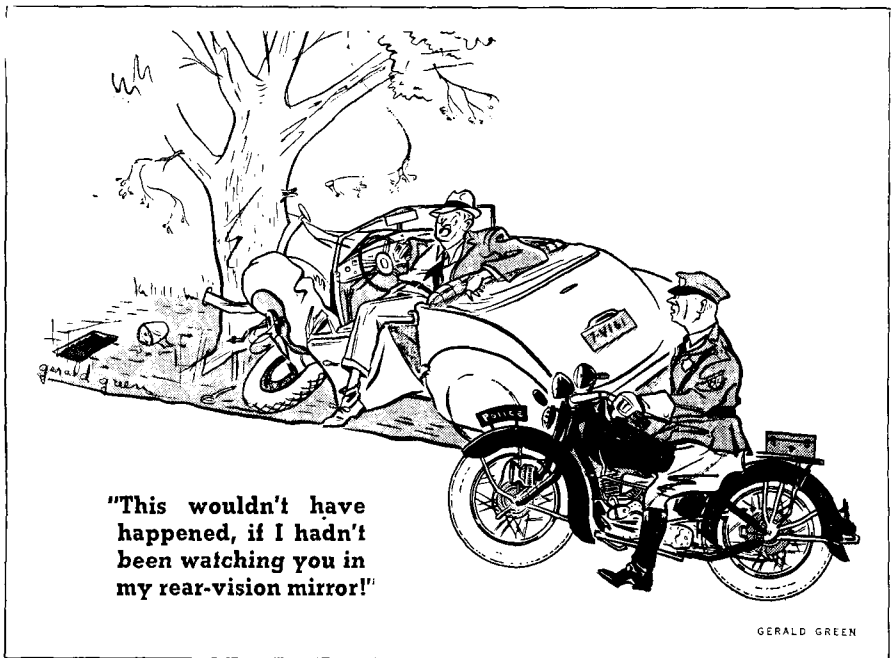
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INGRAM'S
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gray caterpillars meeting on a one-way twig. Patricia would disobey, of course. She was young and headstrong, and she thought she was in love. There were a hundred eligible young officers in the destroyers; she would have none of them. A flier was more dashing, more romantic. Sailor Dane snorted and watched a gray blur move on the starboard hand. It took shape and became a new, one-stack destroyer, and he watched it and forgot to breathe.

The "tin cans" were his first love and would be his last. He'd have loved to fly his four-starred flag from a destroyer if a Cincus could flout conventions that far. No man could become a real naval officer until he'd served aboard one.

But he wasn't in the cans. He was Cincus, and he could only hope that the destroyers did tomorrow what he expected of them. He was conscious of a messenger hurrying up to the navigation bridge; the Georgia's captain came down a little later, approaching softly and saluting. His voice sounded strained:

"Sorry to bother you, sir, but you should know about this. An SOS, sir—merchant ships. Collision. Will you read it, sir?"

"Very well, Captain," and Sailor Dane turned into the charthouse with an unuttered prayer of thanks because it was a merchant vessel and not one of those destroyers.

Something was wrong. The hooded lamp dimly showed Kelly's broad face and the clenched, unlighted pipe. Kelly's eyes were troubled; he sucked noisily on the pipe just once, and the captain's breathing was heavy. Sailor Dane's chief of staff, little Admiral Willits, shoved his thin form through the curtained doorway, and that was wrong, too, because Willits had asthma and the doctor had told him to stay in his room.

THEY were all looking at him. Sailor Dane took the yellow sheet and the black print blurred before his eyes until he leaned closer. Then he stiffened and his face went gray.

The City of San Fernando had rammed an oil tanker in the fog. Her position was given; Kelly penciled a cross on the chart. Down toward the Islands.

"Two hundred and forty miles, sir," Kelly said. "Southwest by west. We're probably the nearest of any ships."

"Yes," Sailor Dane nodded. "Probably so."

"Shall I get a message to Admiral Pearson?" asked the captain, and the others knew that Fleet Problem 22 hung in the balance. Climax of forty-three Navy years. One flash of blinkers or light tube could undo all the secrecy they had taken such pains to build; a Black plane might be on patrol right now. One crackle of a radio transmitter, and the directional finders would be put to work—

Sailor Dane shook his head. "No," he said in a clipped tone. "No visual communications until dawn. Radio silence will not be lifted until the enemy is sighted. Pearson will have this SOS, and the movements of the fleet are in his hands. Carry on."

He went out into the darkness. Jack Barton hurried up the ladder, and this time his fists were clenched too tightly to salute.

"Sir," he panted, "if you'll speak to the captain, he might give me permission to fly to the scene, and—"

"Don't be a fool, Barton!" It gave Sailor Dane strength to exercise the taut discipline the sea had taught him.

Collier's for July 22, 1939

Tin-Can Sailor

Continued from page 12

"What could you do? There'll be other messages."

There were. A Honolulu commercial station shut down. Other ships jammed the air, giving their positions. Kelly was right. No vessels so near as the battle line—

CITY SAN FERNANDO CRASHED BOW ON INTO TANKER HENRY WHIPPLE BOTH SHIPS STILL AFLOAT DAMAGE NOT YET ASCERTAINED SEND HELP

Sailor Dane breathed easier and passed Lieutenant Barton the message. It was midnight. "We've got to do something, sir!" the younger man said desperately. Sailor Dane turned on him.

"Yes. Get below. Stand by in the radio room till they kick you out. And keep quiet."

His own place was on the bridge. He kept watching the chronometer in the charthouse. Two closely set stars gleamed suddenly overhead. Sailor Dane glared at them. As if he hadn't troubles enough without its threatening to clear and give the Black force's planes the advantage.

TWO HUNDRED TWENTY-ONE PASSENGERS CREW NINETY-FOUR SAFE CITY SAN FERNANDO HENRY WHIPPLE CREW THIRTY-TWO SAFE KEEPING BOW IN TANKERS SIDE

Sailor Dane nodded approvingly. There was a seaman skippering the liner, he thought. Kelly and Willits came out. Kelly cleared his throat and said: "Lots of officers' wives and kids on that ship, sir. Gunnery officer's wife is aboard. So's the chaplain's family."

Sailor Dane's teeth clenched. He was trying not to picture women and children and terror in the darkness. Things could happen, of course. And Patricia, for all her headstrong nature, was so utterly helpless, so fragile, wide-eyed—

He swore under his breath. Aloud, he said without irreverence: "The chaplain ought to pray. Any change in the Black's course?"

"We can't get anything now but messages to the liner. Every packet between San Francisco and Sydney is advising her. Several told her there ought to be a fleet around. But nobody knows where."

"Good!" said Sailor Dane grimly. "Our position is really secret!"

"But aren't you going to send aid?" Willits husked.

"Not yet. It may not be serious. We started out to simulate real war, and by—look, gentlemen! My daughter's there. They're already saying I gave Bender all the planes because—because my son died in one. I can't wreck this fleet problem because of my daughter!"

Willits nodded slowly and turned away. Kelly's pipestem cracked in his teeth.

Another message came:

BOW STILL WHIPPLES SIDE DAMAGE CITY SAN FERNANDO APPARENTLY SLIGHT REMAIN AFLOAT INDEFINITELY CANNOT MAKE HEADWAY WHIPPLE LOSING OIL

BACK in the misty darkness, Sailor Dane paced the deck like an animal grown weary of pacing its cage. There would be criticism for either course he took.

At one o'clock he sent Willits below to his vapor lamp. It had never seemed so dark. Around him he could feel the tenseness growing. The watch officer was triangulating the interval between the Georgia and California's dimly visible bulk with a stadimeter and a prayer; it was necessary to keep changing engine-room turns constantly to maintain that six- to seven-hundred-yard gap.

They learned that the mine sweeper Kingfisher and the coast-guard cutter Modoc were steaming out of Pearl Harbor. They'd reach the wreck at dawn tomorrow, and dawn tomorrow was a long time away.

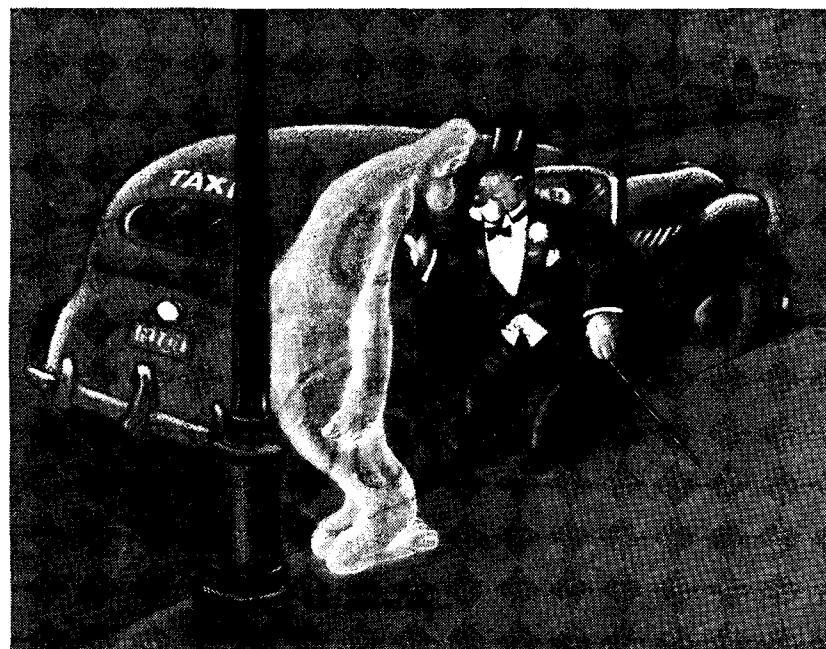
It was four o'clock when the call to battle stations sounded. Men ran on excited feet. Over the loud-speakers:

"Man the antiaircraft batteries! Man the antiaircraft batteries!"

Listening devices had picked a drone from the sky. It came finally to the naked ear; a dull monotone to the northward, above the fog. The Black force had wings on patrol, but there was little chance the scouts had been successful.

STILL AFLOAT NO IMMEDIATE DANGER DRIFTING SOUTHEAST BY EAST THREE KNOTS

Light was faint in the east. Sailor Dane squared his weary shoulders. Willits hadn't slept; he came back to the signal bridge to await zero hour. The



"Aw, come on. You can rest all week!"

JAY IRVING



“What kind of business is this . . . that spends money to charge less?”

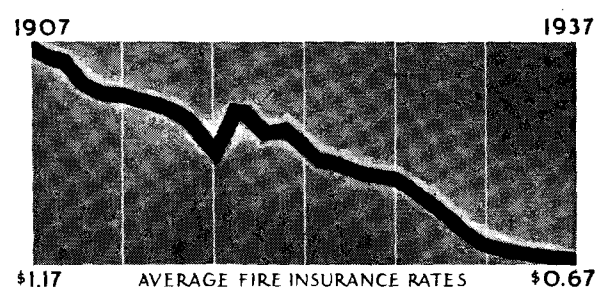
For years the average fire insurance rate has been steadily lowered by capital stock* fire insurance companies. Do you know how these insurance companies have been able to achieve this saving for you? By investing in prevention . . . an investment that has brought you dividends in lower insurance costs and, more important, a higher degree of personal safety.

In the final analysis, fire insurance rates are not determined by insurance companies but by the nation's total fire loss. And this loss . . . hundreds of millions of dollars annually (and many thousands of lives) . . . would be even greater, if no one did anything about it. Someone does.

More than 200 leading capital stock fire insurance companies, working together through their organization, The National Board of Fire Underwriters, expend much effort and money to prevent fire and accident, to save property and life. Their activities include testing appliances used in homes and factories, formulating safety standards for buildings, elevators, trains,

trolleys, buses, automobiles, eliminating fire and accident hazards from industrial establishments, assisting police to stamp out arson, helping civic officials to make their communities safer against conflagrations, systematic inspection of hospitals, schools, hotels, theatres and other public places. Because of these widespread efforts, you enjoy greater personal safety practically every minute of the day and night, no matter who you are or where you are.

As this constant campaign of prevention has reduced fire losses, capital stock fire insurance companies have, year by year, passed the savings along to policyholders in lower insurance rates. Today's average rate is 40% less than that of 1907 . . . an accomplishment of which capital stock company insurance is justifiably proud.

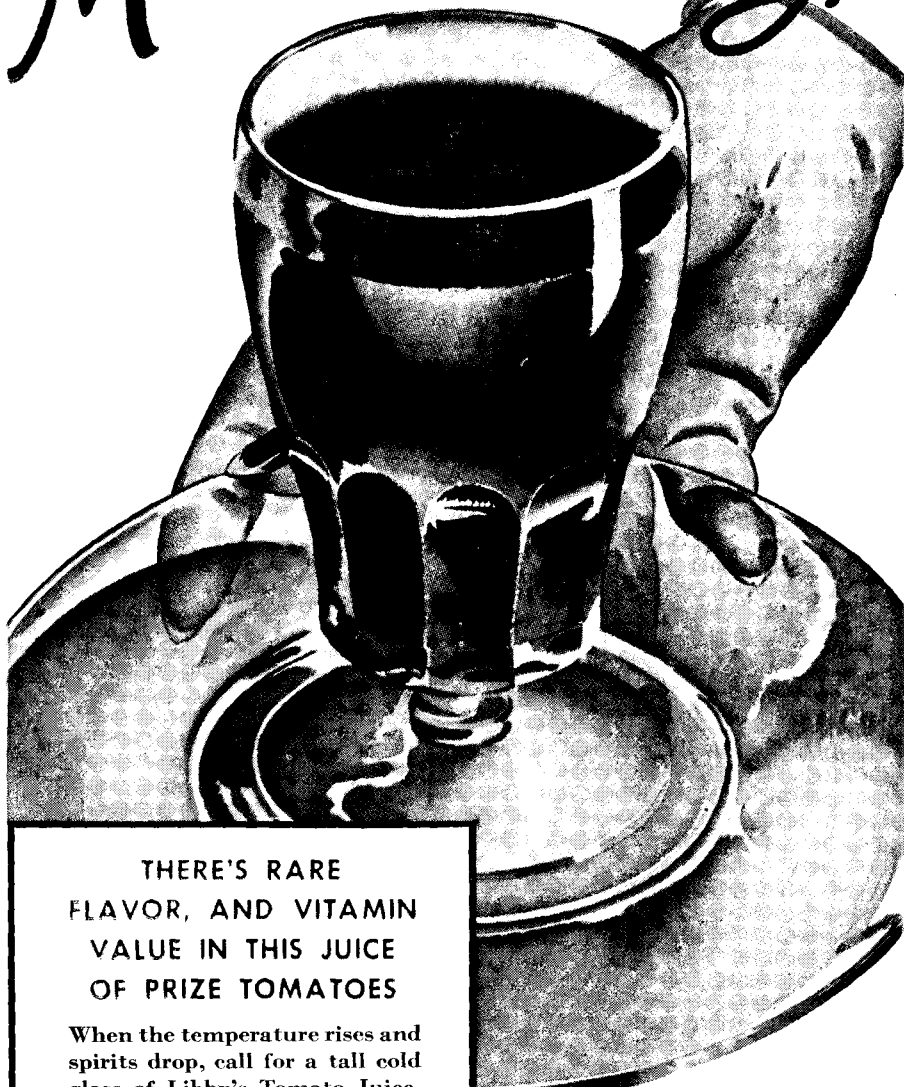


THE NATIONAL BOARD OF FIRE UNDERWRITERS
85 John Street, New York
Established 1866



***CAPITAL STOCK COMPANY FIRE INSURANCE** provides sound protection at a predetermined price, without risk of further cost. In addition to legal reserves, its policies are backed by cash capital and surplus funds set aside to meet not merely normal claims but also the sweeping losses due to conflagrations and other catastrophes. Its organized public services are national in scope. Its system of operating through Agents everywhere gives prompt personal service to policyholders.

More than cooling!



THERE'S RARE FLAVOR, AND VITAMIN VALUE IN THIS JUICE OF PRIZE TOMATOES

When the temperature rises and spirits drop, call for a tall cold glass of Libby's Tomato Juice. Here in this ruddy juice is refreshment and delight. Flavor irresistible as a baby's smile, zesty as an autumn day. To get it, prize tomatoes are picked red-ripe and juiced vine-fresh. And their goodness is held by a special Libby method.

It's Libby's for vitamins, too! The American Medical Association's Council on Foods accepts this brand as an excellent source of Vitamin C. Libby's Tomato Juice is also rich in Vitamin A.



1939 WORLD'S FAIR VISITORS! See Libby's Treasure Ship ... in the Foods Building at New York and San Francisco.

gray bulk of the California took shape so swiftly the Georgia might have been running her down. This was a latitude of short twilights and bold dawns. A speed flag broke into the wind on the California's hoist; it called for eighteen knots, and the men who watched thrilled.

Admiral Pearson was getting ready to strike. More flags climbed the halyards, flung gay color against the drabness. The Georgia's hoists whirled as the signals were repeated for the ships astern. Changing course to starboard. Execute! He could look back down the line now and see the Idaho and the New Mexico—

"Prepare to catapult planes!"

Sailor Dane's hands clenched, but they were in his pockets, and nobody saw. The mists were breaking. Pearson was going to scout for the enemy with the few planes he had—two on each dreadnought. The Georgia's sky engines broke into a warming clatter.

But they were too late. Word came from the sky tops, went through the ship and the fleet like an electric shock:

"Main battle line of enemy off port beam!"

Sailor Dane and Willits hustled to the port rail. Kelly joined them; his navigational duties were over. He had hit it on the nose. Now he grinned and filled his empty pipe, and they stared over the patches of mist hugging the low swells and saw only an emptiness—

Range, thirty-six thousand yards! Bearing, three-five-oh! Range, thirty-six thousand yards! Bearing, three-five-oh!

"Broadside batteries open fire!"

A buzzer sounded. Subcaliber guns spat with amazing noise from the top of each of the four turrets. Powder smoke whipped up; its clean, sharp smell was good to know again. The subcalibers were hammering swiftly, and each shot meant actual loading and simulated firing of the turret guns.

The destroyer leader Dewey flashed by, foam piled high on her sharp bow. Other tin cans swung astern her with a proud recklessness, and all at once the black smoke boiled from their stacks to screen the battle wagons, and the gloom deepened until you could see the jets flaming from the subcalibers.

SAILOR DANE was immensely proud just then, and he could forget any worry in the world watching a destroyer perform. But now there was too much to see and hear. Problem 22 became a three-ring circus magnified a thousand times and flung over a lot so large its borders were lost over the sky line. There was the sky, too, and a roaring in it that deepened to thunder, and the catapult execution signal dropped just then on the California. Twenty-four planes leaped into the wind; there were the enemy planes overhead. VP's, shattering the mists, flying so low the yells of the nearest sky-gun crew were confidently loud.

Sailor Dane watched with triumph as the guns theoretically bracketed the big ships with shellfire, and from the sky tops the .50-caliber machine guns let go a chatter of blanks. Planes could never live through that. Score one for the surface fighters.

Now the battle line was closing in toward the theoretical collision point; the range changed swiftly. More planes passed over. The air was jammed with radio messages, too. Claims and counterclaims as to damage inflicted; queries as to the identity of ships below and wings above. Yonder went the White force's observation planes; Sailor Dane remembered that Jack Barton was up there, and he saw the echelon formation vanish while engines drummed and dimmed.

All at once he felt terribly alone, be-

cause there had been another man who loved Patricia Dane on the ship with him, to worry and scan every message, and perhaps to pray. Now he was gone, and Sailor Dane stood looking at a blue-jacket from the radio room, and at a message.

One word leaped out at him, stabbed into his consciousness. In all the history of the sea, no other word was so ominous.

OIL FROM WHIPPES TANKS IGNITED FIRE SPREADING CANT LOWER BOATS CITY SAN FERNANDO

The things that climax a life given to the Navy came crashing. He was dimly aware of Willits' husky: "Something wrong?" Of Kelly's swift, concerned look.

He swung to face Kelly.

"My compliments to Admiral Pearson. He will detach the destroyers Meade and Hampton to proceed to the liner. I will transfer my flag to the Meade. Without ceremony. Present exercises will continue with Admiral Willits acting as chief umpire."

"Aye, aye, sir!" said Kelly, and was gone.

MUST HAVE HELP QUICKLY CITY SAN FERNANDO

THE sea power of a nation moved around him with all the studied trickery of two fast football teams. A game that some day might decide the future of that nation. Now it was suddenly mockery to Sailor Dane, for while the fleet played at destruction and mass murder, Death was striking in earnest not far away—

His barge was touching water by the time the Georgia hoisted her breakdown flag and fell out of line to lose headway. The tackle was clear and the barge was moving away when he heard the shout from the sky tops: "Enemy's main battle line countermarching, sir!"

There were other things to think of; Sailor Dane did not want to think of them. Instead, he considered the tactical significance of Bender's maneuver, and chuckled. Then he was catching a bosun's ladder and it was like a homecoming to salute the Meade's quarter-deck.

"If she'll do forty knots, Captain," he told the lieutenant commander, "then let her do forty knots!"

"Aye, aye, sir! Will you come to the bridge, sir?"

His flag was at the mainmast of a tin can, where he had long felt it should be. There was fierce joy in standing braced against the roll of the little ship, feeling her pulsating power. Sailor Dane's nails bit the palms of his hands; he ached for the wheel, as if he could drive the Meade faster. And the messages came and grew more frantic.

FIRE OVER FORWARD DECK NOW CANNOT SEND MUCH LONGER FEAR WHIPPES TANKS EXPLODE ANY MINUTE

"There it is, sir!"

He nodded and lifted his glasses. Smoke, low and black on the rim of the sea. Smoke that climbed while he watched agonizingly for the first red tongue of flame. It was time to make his plans, time to pray for a few more minutes—

"Instruct the liner's captain to wrap the passengers in wet blankets. You'd better jettison all inflammables and wooden gear topside."

"Aye, aye, sir! Messenger!"

They were going into the inferno: there was no other way. Nothing but steel could live in that flame-swept sea. Nothing but a steel-decked destroyer. He saw a white plume of steam feather from the black swirl; a cargo boom fell and sent up a shower of sparks—

THIS IS LAST MESSAGE CAPTAIN FEARS IM-
POSSIBLE YOU COME ALONGSIDE

His jaw clicked; there were those green lights kicking up in his eyes. The captain didn't know the Navy, didn't know destroyers, or destroyer men.

"Would you take over, sir?" asked the lieutenant commander, as one destroyer man to another and without any suggestion of an attempt to evade responsibility. Sailor Dane nodded and smiled; it was a minute before he could speak.

"Rig the salt-water hose. Stand by to wet down the decks."

They were close. His eyes narrowed on the burning strip of sea, he chose the windward side. He called for right rudder; the Meade slanted and rolled. He gauged the distance, ordered fewer turns. They lost speed in the shadow of the smoke cloud. More right rudder—it was hard not to stay "starboard" as they did when Sailor Dane was in the tin cans—

"Ease her!"

"Ease her, sir!"

Smoke closed over the fo'c'sle; the flame lay luridly ahead. "Out fenders to port! Stop the engines. All hands stand by for a ram!"

Men braced themselves, sought sanctuary from the blistering heat billowing in from the port side. The sea was alive in that quarter; fresh fuel dribbled and poured from the gashed tanks of the low, listing tanker. Men on the Meade saw paint trickle down the hull plates of the Henry Whipple, and then the smoke was a black, blinding blanket thrown heavily over all, and they could see nothing.

"Form a boarding party with gas masks!" Sailor Dane called, but they were sliding past the City of San Fernando, somewhere there on their port hand, without so much as rolling a rope fender on her flame-licked side. He groaned and ordered right full rudder, quarter speed forward. They would have to circle and try again, and every minute was precious and freighted with the lives of those people he could hear screaming.

CLEAR air. A roar astern, and the Meade swinging in a sharp circle. Destroyers could turn on a dime. Cut in closer, this time.

"Planes overhead, sir!"

So that made the roaring, not the fire, not the blood in his temples. Planes! What could planes do? Nothing more inflammable—

"Six ships, sir. Observation planes from the battle wagons. They are landing, sir!"

He jerked a glance skyward, saw the ships blotted out in the smoke pall, caught his breath. But they flashed through, propellers turning slowly as they slanted toward the water near the rim of fire.

He remembered something then, and the others on the bridge seemed to know he was really talking to himself: "Barton, of course—I might have known. It may work, at that!" And the Meade lost way on the outer rim of her turn as he stopped the engines.

Wing tips slid dangerously near the blaze as the seaplanes taxied over the low swells. They came to a stop; the first ship put her rudder hard over and gave her engine the gun. The tail swung toward the fire with a defiant flip, and the others followed suit.

Now the engines swelled to a roar that drowned Sailor Dane's reverent swearing. There was enough wind to hold the planes where they were; the backwash of their props whipped astern and struck the bright margin of fire. Flame flickered and died there, the margin moved back with little recurrent sallies that were smothered and left smoking. The sooty cloud was thinning and flattening; he could see the City of San Fernando now.

"Quarter speed forward! Ease off on the rudder. Put her alongside, and let her scrape. Captain, see that the gangway is hoisted to the liner's deck! Signal the Hampton to come in outboard."

They moved in astern of the line of seaplanes, and the wind from them whipped over the Meade's deck. Sailor Dane held his breath again until he felt the jar and the shuddering wrench that followed, and then he could see white-capped bluejackets heaving the gangway lines over the glowing rail of the City of San Fernando. The Hampton moved gracefully on the starboard, and another gangplank swiftly bridged the gap between the two destroyers. Flame was still high and roaring on the outer rims of that motor-made blast of air.

"Take over, Captain!" said Sailor Dane suddenly, and went down from the bridge, a tall, gaunt, proud figure. Out of the begrimed, strained faces of those who crossed the gangplank to safety, he picked one. In spite of smoke and terror, Patricia Dane was still lovely, still piquant and blond and slender.

"Daddy!" she cried, and flung herself at him. He could find no words; he held her and felt the heartbeats tick off a prayer.

ALL the passengers and both crews were aboard the two destroyers in a very few minutes. The City of San Fernando's captain came last and looked back at the ship he had lost because you can't out-guess the sea. Gangways were shipped; the Meade and Hampton steamed into the clear and stopped while the planes taxied into their lee.

Sailor Dane read: "U.S.S. Georgia" on the fuselage of the first ship and looked down to tell Patricia. She already knew. She was throwing a kiss to Jack Barton; he could see she was throwing her heart with it.

"Messenger!" Sailor Dane found his voice again. "Tell the captain to hoist the signal 'Well Done.' Inform him we will proceed at once to Pearl Harbor."

He escorted Patricia to the hatchway. There was a shattering roar in the smoke that had closed in over the doomed ships, flames knifed the blackness and debris shot high. The planes were taking off; he watched them out of sight with proud eyes. They were part of the Navy, and they had done their job as the Navy always does its job. He grew conscious of the destroyer's captain's presence beside him, but neither spoke until the planes were gone.

"Radio reports have been piling up, sir. Admiral Willits called off the exercises soon after we were detached. It seems that when the battleships counter-marched, several were ranged for a moment in pairs—enfiladed by the enemy's guns."

Sailor Dane chuckled. He had expected that. Bender was foxy—Bender knew his ships were the more maneuverable. Like destroyers.

"Lieutenant Barton then requested permission to fly here and do just what he did—blow a clear channel for us. You know the rest, sir."

Yes, he knew the rest. There would be the critique at Pearl Harbor, and no man could say how the war game had come out until all the claims were considered. The destroyers and submarines might have torpedoed all those cruisers before Bender counter-marched.

But, strangely enough, Admiral Philip Porter Dane didn't seem to care, now, who won. They were all Navy—the destroyers, the battleships, the cruisers and the air arm. Just like he was Navy and Jack Barton was Navy. And it occurred to him that a wedding in Honolulu would sort of—well, balance things in the family of a tin-can sailor, just as the proper number of planes tended to balance a fighting fleet.

We used to be the STAY-AT-HOME SMITHS Until my Wife found a Breakfast I Really like!



THAT MORNING

CAN'T EAT A BITE THIS MORNING! JUST FEEL ALL IN. NO USE TRYING TO GO TO THE COUNTRY CLUB DANCE TONIGHT!

YOU'RE ALWAYS DISAPPOINTING ME, HENRY! AFTER I BOUGHT A NEW DRESS JUST FOR THE DANCE, TOO!



LATER THAT MORNING

I REALIZE NOT EATING A GOOD BREAKFAST MAY BE HENRY'S TROUBLE, BUT HE JUST ISN'T HUNGRY MORNINGS!

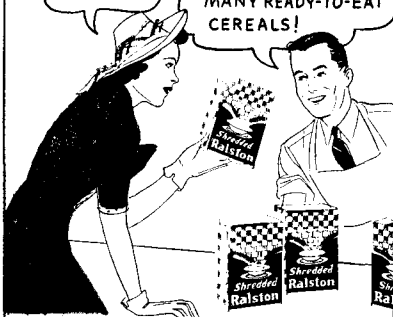
YOU SHOULD MAKE BREAKFAST SO INTERESTING HENRY WILL WANT TO EAT IT! TRY SHREDDED RALSTON THE NEW BITE SIZE CEREAL WITH THAT WONDERFUL FLAVOR. MY HUSBAND SAYS THE WHOLE WHEAT HELPS KEEP HIM FEELING LIKE A MILLION!



THAT AFTERNOON

IS IT TRUE SHREDDED RALSTON WON'T GET SOGGY IN MILK?

YOU'RE RIGHT, MRS. SMITH! IT'S ECONOMICAL, TOO. COSTS ONLY ABOUT 1¢ A SERVING... LESS PER OUNCE THAN MANY READY-TO-EAT CEREALS!



A FEW DAYS LATER

HONEY, I NEVER THOUGHT I'D ENJOY ANYTHING LIKE I DO SHREDDED RALSTON. I'VE HAD A LOT MORE ENERGY SINCE I STARTED EATING IT! SAY! LET'S GO TO THE CLUB AND DANCE TONIGHT!

GEE, MOM! WATCH ME GO FOR SHREDDED RALSTON, TOO!



IDA JEAN KAIN, dietitian, lecturer and columnist on dietetics, says:

Many mothers will find serving Shredded Ralston with milk and fruit an excellent way to stimulate poor appetites. The tempting flavor and novel bite size of this ready-to-serve whole wheat cereal make us want to eat breakfast—a meal too often slighted these days. The whole wheat in Shredded Ralston provides quick energy, and other food elements we need to keep feeling fit and regular.

Tune in! THE INSIDE STORY

Radio's sensational new program. Thrilling inside facts about the news behind the news... famous men and women in person.

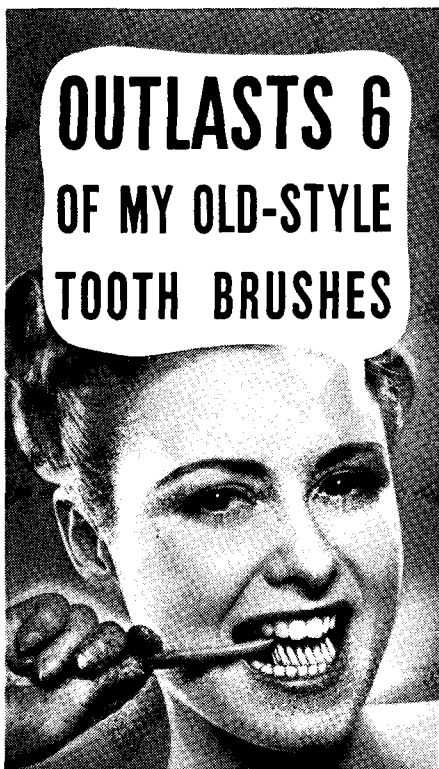
NBC Blue Network
Every Tuesday Evening



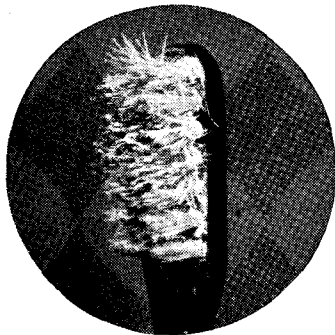
Try Shredded Ralston
with your favorite fruit

Things I Couldn't Tell till Now

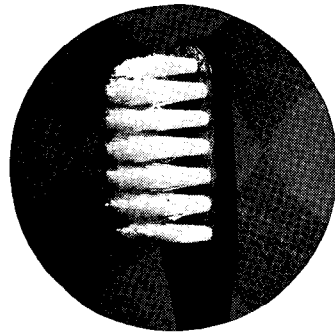
Continued from page 10



IT'S AMAZING the way this new Tek keeps its spring and cleaning power! Genuine natural bristles, by an exclusive Johnson & Johnson process, now resist wear and water more than 6 times longer than ever before!



DRAMATIC PROOF—Old-style tooth brushes with ordinary natural bristles—the kind you've paid 25¢ to 50¢ for—failed to survive our Wear Machine test.



FULL OF LIFE—Here's the new Tek after six attempts to break it down on our Wear Machine. The new Tek at 50¢, outlasting 6 ordinary tooth brushes, saves you \$1 to \$2.50.

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J. CHICAGO, ILL.

Tek

TOOTH BRUSH

Now lasts 6 times longer

been mixed up with Schultz's mob, as tough a mob as there was in America. Schultz had been the Bronx beer baron. He had made himself the policy king of New York and the shakedown terror of the restaurants along Broadway. I had profited plenty too.

Up until Martin's murder I had been riding high. From then on I fought against odds that finally landed me where I am today, a convict in prison.

You have read about me, Dick Davis, whom the newspapers call Dixie Davis. I pleaded guilty and turned state's evidence in District Attorney Thomas E. Dewey's prosecution that convicted Jimmy Hines, the most powerful district leader of Tammany Hall, the New York Democratic organization, was found guilty of protecting the Schultz policy lottery.

I am now finishing my one-year sentence for participating in the conspiracy. I expect to be released at the end of this month, and I am telling my whole story because I am dead-broke, and I've got to have a grubstake so I can drop out of sight and get a new start in life. I am going to tell about Martin's murder in detail, because it was the turning point in my life.

An Alibi Made to Order

That sound of Martin's moaning still echoed in my ears as I ran through the rain. Just when they finished him off, or how they got rid of him, I never found out. His body was found the next afternoon by a road outside of Troy, wrapped in a blanket, with twelve knife wounds in his chest. I suppose they were to stop the moaning.

"I cut his heart out," Schultz told me later. He had a way of dropping remarks like that. It helped him to hold us under his power. I also found that after I ran away they had cleaned up Martin's blood but there was still some that had seeped into the cracks of the old hotel floor. Schultz made Lulu Rosenkranz stand over that spot and let Danny Dale hit him a bang on the nose, so his nose bled and dripped where the blood of Martin was in the cracks. Danny Dale hit Lulu's nose such a bang that he broke it. Then they called a doctor to treat Lulu, so there was a witness that it was Lulu's blood on the floor.

It was by mere chance that I was there to see that shooting. I had come up from New York that afternoon with James M. Noonan, the big Albany lawyer who was in charge of the Dutchman's income-tax defense. After talking with the Dutchman at Cohoes, I was going home with Noonan for dinner in Albany.

"Aw, Dick, let Jim have a chance to be alone with his family," said Schultz, for he could be considerate in little things. "You stay here for dinner with me. Jim hasn't seen his kids for a long time."

So Jim went home to his kids, and I stayed. I was sitting with Lulu when the voices in the bedroom got so loud I went in to see what it was all about.

Schultz was raising hell with Julie Martin, and all of a sudden he hauled off and hit Julie one in the eye. Schultz was a little fellow, even shorter than I am, but he had broad shoulders and carried a wallop in his fist.

Julie staggered under the blow. He had a big heavy cane in his hand, I remember, for he had a sore foot that day and was limping around in a carpet slipper. Julie was the bigmouthed ape who ran the restaurant racket for

Schultz. He had two big labor unions terrorized and in two years he had shaken down \$2,000,000 from the eating places in the Broadway section, including Jack Dempsey's.

Once I had seen Julie with his bare hands beat up a big man horribly. But when Schultz hit him he staggered back and didn't even raise his arms to the Dutchman. Nobody in the mob would dare do that.

Marty Kromprier and I moved in on them, and I got the Dutchman by the arm and pulled him into the bathroom. I talked to him there for twenty minutes.

"Arthur, be reasonable," I said. Among ourselves we called him the Dutchman, but to his face we called him Arthur, because his real name was Arthur Flegenheimer and he liked it.

"Arthur," I said, "you can't afford to stir up any trouble here. Don't forget you are going to trial in the federal court of this district for income-tax evasion. You're notorious enough now, and you can't afford to get a bad name up here."

Gradually he calmed down. He saw my point. Besides, I reminded him that he had promised me to forgive Martin. Julie had been stealing money from the restaurant racket to sink it in a factory he had in Elkhart, Indiana, where he was building very bum taxicabs out of used and obsolete parts. I thought I had squared that all up for him with the Dutchman, but Julie was saying he had stolen only \$20,000 and the Dutchman was insisting he had stolen \$70,000 and they were fighting over the difference.

If I had known Schultz had a gun with him, I would have got the other guy out of there while I had things quieted down. But then the Dutchman flared up again, pulled out his gun and it was too late.

Long before this I had known, of course, that these men of the Schultz mob were killers. When I had first met them, they were still fighting their bloody war with Vincent Coll, "the baby-killer." As I got to know them better, the Dutchman and Bo Weinberg

would sit with me for hours yarning about their murders. But this shooting, right before my eyes, was real and horrible. Never until that night had I believed that Dutch Schultz was really vicious.

I hated Dutch Schultz from then on. He didn't have to lose his temper to the point of doing that in front of me, putting me in jeopardy like that. And all the mental anguish he caused me! I had never thought he would do anything as rotten and mean as that.

It is wrong in the underworld to kill a fellow for no reason at all. You have got to have a reason. Just because a fellow has clipped you for some money is no reason to kill him, because people in the underworld are clipping one another all the time. The whole Schultz mob was uneasy and sore about the way the Dutchman murdered Julie. From that night on we knew our boss was practically a madman.

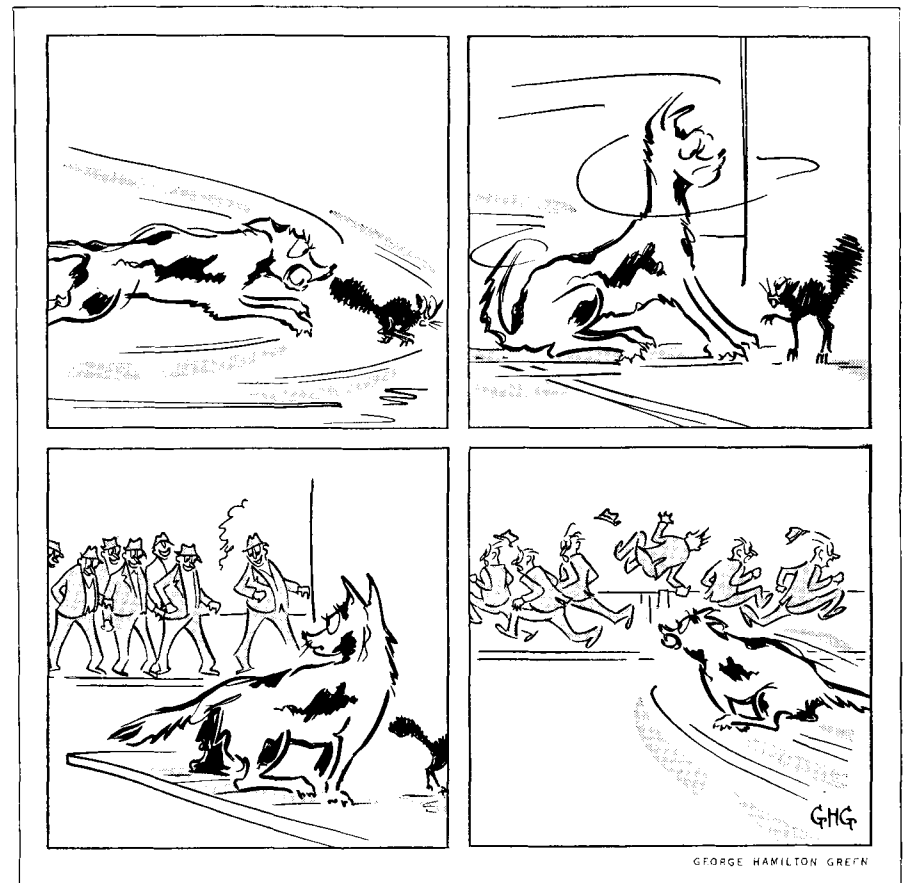
The Dutchman is Worried

How long I ran that night I do not know. Outside of Cohoes I thumbed a ride to Albany, got out there in the western hill section, and walked down the hill past the capitol to the Hotel Ten Eyck. Jim Noonan was waiting for me in the lobby. Somewhere along the way I had telephoned that I had to see him. He gave me a newspaper, told me to sit down and hold it in front of my face, for I was nearly crying. As soon as I got my face straight we went into the bar. I talked there with a narcotic agent I knew, because I wanted to be seen in Albany, not in Cohoes.

Noonan and I took the nine-o'clock train back to New York.

We got to New York at midnight and I called up Bo Weinberg, the Dutchman's chief lieutenant, and he met us at Hope Dare's apartment on Central Park South. Hope was the Ziegfeld Follies girl who was my sweetheart. She still is, and now that my wife has a divorce I intend to marry Hope as soon as I get out of jail.

We were hardly at Hope's place when



BEER . . . A BEVERAGE OF MODERATION FOR THE NATION



Yes, beer has made a million jobs. And beer is a huge taxpayer . . . to the extent of a million dollars a day! And beer has spent 500 million dollars for farm products since re-legalization.

Beer, brewers believe, is a mild, wholesome pleasure, a beverage of moderation and a privilege worth preserving for those who enjoy it. Which means making and keeping beer retailing as wholesome as beer itself.

So . . . to protect the vast number of responsible retailers, the brewers are now carefully developing in selected areas a program unusual in American business: A "clean-up or close-up" plan. The plan is one of strict local

self-regulation in conjunction with local law enforcement authorities. Results already realized in several States encourage us to extend this plan . . . a few more States this year, even more next year.

The brewers know that they themselves cannot usurp the legal responsibility of the regularly constituted authorities.

But they have organized to give full support to the law enforcement agencies and to execute within the industry a strict code of social responsibility.

FREE booklet describing details of the plan, will be sent on request to United Brewers Industrial Foundation, Dept. B5, 21 E. 40th St., New York.



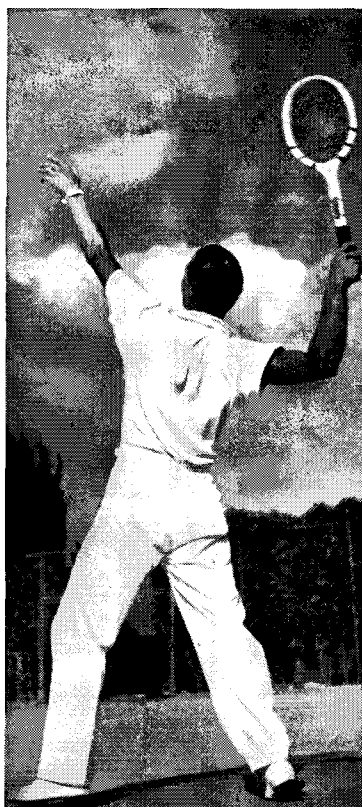
. . . IT HELPS SUPPORT A MILLION FAMILIES

Important New Findings Show How to Reduce Fatigue

ONE of the most interesting of recent developments in the field of nutritional science is the finding that muscular endurance can be increased and fatigue postponed by merely adding to the daily diet a small amount of plain, unflavored Knox Gelatine. This highly concentrated food contains certain food elements which, it has been found, can be stored in the muscle tissues themselves. Thus, this added supply of energy food is available for immediate use as the muscles may require additional "fuel."

While this might seem of most immediate interest to athletes, actually it is of almost equal importance even to desk workers. They have more physical energy left for golf, tennis, dancing or other health-giving forms of recreational exercise.

Empty one envelope of Knox Gelatine in a glass three-quarters filled with cold water or fruit juice (or half water and half fruit



How many sets of tennis can you play?



How to take Knox Gelatine

juice). Let the liquid absorb the gelatine. Then stir briskly and drink immediately before it thickens. Take four times a day for two weeks, then reduce to two envelopes a day. (May be taken before or after meals.)

Pure Knox Gelatine doesn't affect the appetite or digestion. Most people see a noticeable improvement within two weeks (some within one week) and feel the full effect before the end of the first month on the Knox Gelatine diet.

CAUTION: Be sure you use plain, unflavored Knox Gelatine which you can get at any grocery. Knox is the gelatine on which the tests were made. Do not accept any substitute. Factory-flavored gelatine desserts will not do because they contain only about 10% gelatine. For further information, write for Bulletin E, Knox Gelatine Co., Johnstown, N. Y., Dept. 70.

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the telephone rang. It was the Dutchman on the wire, drunker than ever.

"Dick, are you still angry with me?" he asked. "You must hate me for what I did."

My stomach just about turned over with terror. The telephone wire was being tapped by the cops. I handed the phone to Bo Weinberg.

"Don't talk," he told the Dutchman. "I'll call you back."

We went down to the St. Moritz drug-store and Bo telephoned Schultz from a booth. He came out and said he had to drive to Cohoes right away. I suppose the Dutchman wanted him to help in getting rid of Julie.

This had all happened on Saturday evening. Monday I got word he wanted me, and I had to go, for now I was in deadly fear of him.

Schultz was practically tearing his hair out with worry when I got there. The newspapers were raising a fuss and he was desperately afraid he was going to be indicted for the murder.

"We got to get Jimmy up here," he said. "Get the old man."

That was the sound instinct of the underworld boss: when in a jam, send for a politician.

Why Hines Missed a Meal

So I went to a telephone and put in a call for Jimmy Hines. This was on March 5, 1935, just when Jimmy was cultivating the friendships in Washington that made him dispenser of New Deal patronage in New York. I finally got him at his home, late that afternoon.

"He wants you to come up here," I said. When you are accustomed to having your wires tapped you are very careful what you say. So I didn't explain who "he" was. With Jimmy I didn't need to say. "Something bad has happened," I said, "and he wants to see you right away."

"I'm just sitting down to dinner," said Hines.

"You've just got time to catch the 6:20 train," I said. So Hines caught the 6:20 and was in Albany a little after nine o'clock that night.

I confess I got a kick out of it, even then, to be able to call on Jimmy that way and get results. Hines was really big time. New York is too vast for any one man to boss it, but Hines personally controlled five votes out of the twenty-five in Tammany Hall's ruling council, and other leaders clustered around this nucleus. Jimmy used this power the same way he gambled: he always played long shots at the races and he made a big killing by betting on Schmeling when everybody thought Joe Louis was going to win the fight. He used his political strength to put tame judges on the bench, and to pick his own district attorney.

Hines for years had been the real top dog in Tammany, for he had put in his own man, John F. Curry, as leader. Later, though backed by Schultz, he was up against an even stronger combination. The downtown faction of politicians was backed by the combination of downtown mobs, the same mobs that eventually sent their shooters to finish Schultz.

When Jimmy Hines got up to Albany that night I was at the station to meet him, with Jim Noonan, and the Dutchman was waiting for us in a cigar store across the street, because he did not want to be seen. I took Jimmy off to one side and told him how things were. I guess I was pretty emotional about it, because I was still sore at Schultz.

"Dick," said Hines, "he was a dirty son of a so-and-so to do a thing like that in front of you. The hell with him. I won't see him."

So he got in a taxicab and drove away.

I went over to the cigar store, but I didn't tell the Dutchman what Jimmy had said, but just that Jimmy had got busy right away. I didn't see any more of Hines that trip. He went back to New York next morning.

By this time I was very well acquainted with Hines. Our first intimate association had taught me the value of knowing a politician. You may remember that at his trial I told about the time when Schultz, Bo Weinberg, Leo Rosenthal and I picked up Hines in a car at Ninth Street and Sixth Avenue; but since it wasn't about the policy racket, the defense objected and I could not tell what this meeting was about.

It had to do with \$18,600 the cops had taken from Schultz one day when he was pinched. He had an apartment on upper Fifth Avenue, opposite Central Park, during his war with Vincent Coll. Looking out the window one day, he saw two fellows sitting on a bench over by the park. The longer they stayed the madder he got, because he thought they were Coll shooters.

Finally he said to Danny Iamascia, "Come on, let's go down there and take care of them." But first he sent another shooter out the back way, over into the park, to shoot those two fellows in the back in case a battle started.

When this fellow got over in the park, he saw that the two men on the bench were not mobsters but cops. He waved his arms to warn Schultz, and threw his gun into the shrubbery, but Schultz didn't see him and came out the door with his gun drawn.

When the Dutchman recognized them as cops, he dropped his gun and started to run. But Danny Iamascia didn't catch on so quickly and reached for his gun. Detective Steve de Rosa let him have it, right through the wrist that was reaching, and the bullet went on through and killed Danny.

The Dutchman soon straightened this out all right, except for the \$18,600 he had in his pocket. While the police had that, the federal government filed an income-tax lien against it.

Schultz Shows His Gratitude

Schultz wanted his dough back, and that was why he saw Jimmy Hines that night. Next morning Hines and I went to the police property custodian, then we saw an assistant corporation counsel at the city's law office, and after various meetings and discussions we figured out a way to do it.

Larry Carney and Schultz made affidavits that the money was not Schultz's but Carney's. We got these approved at the corporation counsel's office, and Schultz got his dough. It was as simple as that, with Hines helping. When the federal people found out about it, the money had been gone for months.

In gratitude for this the Dutchman gave Mrs. Hines a beautiful piece of tapestry, which hung for years in Hines' home. It was draped from a sort of spear that hung against the wall. I don't know what kind of tapestry it was, but Schultz often remarked that it was very expensive.

Hines was worth knowing and I cultivated him. He also cultivated me, because he didn't like to be seen much with gangsters, and I, being a lawyer, made a convenient go-between. Hines at this time was on the Dutchman's policy-racket pay roll for \$1,000 a week, later cut to \$500 when times got hard.

I couldn't tell at the trial that I was giving Hines money too. Hines needed more but the Dutchman was a tightwad and wouldn't give a penny more than \$500 a week, so I put up an equal amount out of my pocket without even telling Schultz. I also paid the restaurant bills and bought the fight tickets on

Friday nights, when Hines entertained parties of judges, politicians and big businessmen.

I cultivated Jimmy Hines right from the beginning. I soon learned that to run an organized mob you've got to have a politician. You have heard about the suspected link between organized crime and politics. Well, I became the missing link.

This tie-up is the one big fundamental fact in this story of my years in the underworld. When I say underworld, I don't mean just the Dutch Schultz mob of New York. The Schultz mob was broken up by a massacre in October, 1935; it was one of the last strong independent organizations to stand up against a consolidation of underworld power which today exists as a nationwide fabric of interlocking mobs.

It is the same underworld, all linked together, whether you are in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit, Kansas City, New Orleans, Miami, the Twin Cities, Reno, Los Angeles, or any of the towns between where they have gambling, narcotics, labor rackets or any kind of organized crime. When there are jewel thefts or bank robberies, the loot finds its way into this same underworld at bargain rates.

In a later article I will tell more of how the underworld was taken over by a set of axis powers, long before a similar threat by gangster nations created the present menace of Europe. My point now is that wherever the underworld has its hooks into a community, wherever there are men like Dutch Schultz, there also you will find politicians like Jimmy Hines, and lawyers such as I was.

But let me finish telling you the aftermath of the Martin murder, because that is a good story. It deals with Detective William Grafenecker, who now is in charge of detectives in Dewey's office. He arrested me in Philadelphia last year while I was a fugitive, and when I heard his name I knew all about him, for I had often heard Dutch Schultz sit and pile profanity on "that Dutch cop."

He and Bill Grafenecker had been schoolmates, Schultz told me. They played in the same gang of kids around 157th Street and St. Anne's Avenue in the Bronx and then they hung around the same dance hall.

The Cop Who Couldn't Be Bought

When the World War came, Bill Grafenecker went in the Army, and Arthur Flegenheimer went downtown and became a shooter for Legs Diamond, who organized the first modern mob in New York. After the war Arthur became Dutch Schultz, the Bronx beer baron, and Grafenecker was on the cops, confidential office man of the inspector in charge of Manhattan. It is the old story you have seen in the movies, of the two playmates who became cop and gangster, but this time it is true.

Inspector Bruckman was death on the Schultz mob, and so was Grafenecker. They couldn't do anything about the beer running; any cop who did would have been transferred the next day. But they were aching to catch Schultz in something big. They had wire-taps on all Schultz's offices and warehouses, and it was this evidence that made the income-tax case that was the beginning of the Dutchman's downfall.

Grafenecker became a walking encyclopedia on all the murders that happened in the Schultz mob, but a detective's information is not evidence, and he never could pin a murder on the Dutchman.

Schultz wanted to reach Grafenecker. It would be a big help if he knew what Inspector Bruckman's moves were go-

ing to be. So, Schultz told me, he sent an old playmate of theirs to see the detective. The messenger came back quickly, with a black eye, limping. Schultz never could understand it. He thought Grafenecker was screwy, a wrong guy.

Weeks after the Martin murder, when we thought it had all blown over, a big square-headed cop subpoenaed me to appear before the grand jury in Troy. The cop was Grafenecker, though I didn't know it until years later.

I went to Troy, and I tell you I had a tough time before that grand jury. Whatever Hines had done up there, he hadn't called off the prosecutor. And they had information. They knew Schultz had phoned me the day before the murder, that I had gone to Albany on the train with Martin. It looked very much as if I had put Julie on the spot.

Deathbed Reunion

I had to do some fast thinking to lie out of that one, telling the truth as far as they knew it, then covering up. Schultz had met me before I went in, to tell me what I'd "better" say. I had to see him when I got through.

"Dick, that's wonderful," the Dutchman told me when I reported about my testimony. "I'll never forget this. There's no one in my mob I can depend on the way I can on you."

Grafenecker was the man who was causing us this new trouble. The Troy cops had not been able to get anything, but Grafenecker had gone to work from the New York end. He knew I had received a message from Schultz, that five tickets for Albany had been bought for our party going up there, and he had witnesses from the train who had seen me talking to Martin. He had the whole thing charted out and solved, up to our arrival in Albany. But the trail stopped there.

Moreover, among the papers in Martin's New York office Grafenecker found evidence that convinced him that Martin was running the restaurant racket. On the basis of that, after years of tedious digging, Dewey broke the racket. It was not accomplished until after Schultz was dead, but it was a triumph for Grafenecker.

Bill Grafenecker's lifelong acquaintance with Schultz was rounded out at the Dutchman's deathbed. As Schultz lay there raving, Grafenecker was beside him trying to make him talk. Grafenecker sent out for a stenographer to take down the Dutchman's rantings. Maybe you saw that transcript published. The newspapers said it read like Hemingway. The Dutchman—murderer, big bad gangster—died moaning: "Oh, Mamma, Mamma, Mamma, Mamma."

Perhaps I've been getting ahead of my story, telling of Dutch Schultz's death; but, having done so, I must tell one more incident of that night.

About midnight Jimmy Hines got hold of me, called me up to his house. We sat there talking about what this death meant to us. I said it gave me a chance to get out of the rackets, and Hines said that was a good idea.

Suddenly I saw Jimmy Hines staring up at that piece of tapestry on the wall. "Dick," said Hines, "if that thing stays up there, it will always remind us of him. Let's get rid of it."

There was an incinerator there for garbage, and we pushed the tapestry down it to be destroyed.

"Dick," said Jimmy Hines, "we're well rid of him. If he had lived, he'd have got us both into plenty of trouble."

But we weren't rid of him. He was dead but we weren't rid of him.

The second of this series of articles will appear in next week's Collier's.

I WANT A MAN!

WHY LIBBIE! WHAT A THING TO SAY!

BUT IT'S TRUE, GRANNIE! I WANT A MAN TO ASK ME TO MARRY HIM-- AND NO ONE EVEN GIVES ME A RUSH!

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MR. TERRY was not amused when Mr. Bonura sat down to play first base for the New York Giants. It was true that Mr. Terry had been warned and warned plenty but still he was not amused. He reserved his satisfaction for the sight of Old Zeke using his wooden flail at the plate as if he were beating the brains out of a snake that had threatened his niece.

Mr. Bonura is an athlete who makes up in enthusiasm what he lacks in ability. To give you an idea of Henry John Bonura in action, we will recall for you the day in Detroit when there were two out and the Tigers had the bases full. At this juncture somebody hit a very mod-

est roller down toward Zeke, who was playing first base for the Chicago White Sox. Mr. Bonura made a grab for this small annoyance as if he were about to be nipped by an asp. The ball, properly resentful of such scornful treatment, proceeded to pop out of Zeke's glove.

He chased it in his best elephantine style and finally trapped it again. Just as he was about to grasp it, he inadvertently bumped it with his foot. All this time Detroit runners were galloping around the bases in most delighted fashion. For a full minute Zeke played a game with his opponent, the pellet. He grabbed it and it squirted away; he reached for it and kicked it instead; he

finally corralled it, straightened up, saw that the hitter was by this time nearing third base—and threw the ball about eighteen feet over the third baseman's head. He then patted his glove enthusiastically, adjured his teammates with a defiant fist thrust aloft into the heavens and went over to slap the pitcher on the back.

"That's the nice goin', ol' kid!" bel-lowed Zeke. "Stay right in there. We'll get 'em!"

It was fielding feats of this nature that finally induced Jimmy Dykes of the White Sox to make a choice between Zeke's clouting ability and the Dykes nervous system. He traded the New Or-

leans banana king to Washington. Bucky Harris went through one season of anguish with Mr. Bonura and was able to hide his chagrin when Clark Griffith peddled old Zeke to the Giants. As related before, Bill Terry knew what he was getting. He also knew that the big bozo from the bayous could powder a horsehide with such vehemence that all sensible infielders simply offered a fond passing wave of the hand as the white streak went by them.

As if this weren't enough, the thing gets completely cockeyed when one learns that in three of his five seasons in the American League Zeke was the leading fielding first baseman. His detractors contend that this record has been possible because Zeke has refused to handle anything but a neatly thrown ball, but the books show that he takes care of his share of chances. Indeed Zeke is convinced that when he messes up a play the fault is never really his.

"Coverin' too much ground; that's what I'm doin'," he says grimly.

Background for Baseball

The Bonura career started at St. Stanislaus College, Bay St. Louis, Mississippi, when he was having a difficult time deciding whether to be a track, football or baseball star. His father, John Bonura, had been a professional wrestler; not really good, just the hometown champion in the era when Gotch, Roller and Westerfield used to come through New Orleans and set the local boys back on their shoulder blades.

When they wanted to send Zeke to the National AAU junior meet in San Francisco and asked papa to donate \$100 toward expenses, papa said he didn't want his boy monkeying around with a javelin; he wanted him to be a ballplayer. But he finally came through with the dough and Zeke hurled the javelin 213 feet 10½ inches, which was farther than most of the seniors were throwing it in those days, 1929.

The record was not allowed because a high wind was coming off the Golden Gate and helping Zeke, but when he got back home Mayor Martin Behrman and a group met Zeke on the steps of the city hall and presented him with a cup, suitably inscribed.

Zeke was a second-string tackle on Clark Shaughnessy's Loyola of the South team and is recalled more particularly as the gentleman who failed to plug the hole when Jack Elder went through his spot for a touchdown on the day Notre Dame beat the New Orleans lads, 12-6.

He got his nickname at St. Stanislaus when a youngster took his first look at the new arrival and said admiringly: "Gee, what a physique!" Young Bonura regarded this as an insult. "Don't call me Zeke!" he yelled angrily. "I ain't no hick!"

He went up to Cleveland for his first baseball experience as a "guest" but never played with the club in a league game. They shipped him back to their farm at New Orleans and he played there in 1929 and 1930. In 1931 he was up at Indianapolis part of the season but soon returned to New Orleans, where he finished that year. Then he was traded to Dallas, where he spent the seasons of 1932 and 1933. This undoubtedly meant that Cleveland had "torn up" on Zeke, because Dallas was a Chicago White Sox team and they brought him up to the majors at the end of 1933.

It was Hap Morse at Dallas who discovered that if you rode Zeke, he merely sulked, but if you patted him on the back, he would tear down the grandstand plank by plank on behalf of his friends. At first he was a big fat loafer but one day when he lumbered down to first base on a fly to left field and failed to make the extra base when the fielder muffed

"More and more"

says **MRS. LAWRENCE TIBBETT**

"my guests are choosing wine"

**"Busy, active people
need to relax, to enjoy
themselves. Yet they
find it's better to
do so moderately"**

"These strenuous days," reports Mrs. Lawrence Tibbett, "I feel any guest of mine is entitled to choose wine as his beverage. So many are doing it, including myself."

All over the country hosts and hostesses are noticing how many people nowadays say "make mine wine."

Women find it so at afternoon parties. So many wives, looking ahead to family supper tables at home, would rather sip just a glass of refreshing, golden Sauterne or Muscatel with their salad or sandwiches.

In the evening, more and more men now take Sherry before dinner, in a cocktail-size glass. Or a taller glass of red, piquant Burgundy with the main dinner course. Or over cards or with good talk, fragrant Port to be sipped slowly. Rolled on the tongue. Leisurely enjoyed.

That's the best thing about wine. When you linger over your glass your pleasure in its genial goodness increases. You find you don't want to bolt wine down.

Next time you have guests in, just try doing as Mrs. Lawrence Tibbett does. Offer each guest an opportunity to choose wine. You'll be surprised how many will prefer it. For accepted ideas about serving wine, see your retail dealer.



Mother of four lovely children, patron of American music, inveterate traveler with her famous husband is attractive Mrs. Lawrence Tibbett of New York. Mrs. Tibbett likes to entertain, and at her home many of America's busiest, most active people frequently gather. A careful hostess, Mrs. Tibbett keeps a weather eye on the wants and preferences of her guests

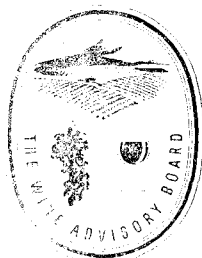
ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW TO SERVE WINE

There are many varieties, but only two main types of wine. First there are wines made to serve with meals . . . called *table* wines, usually made "dry" (without sweetness) to blend with food flavors. Second, there are wines for use at other times of the day . . . called *sweet* wines. At all times, the wine you like best is the best wine to serve.

SWEET WINES: A good example of these is Port. Try Port with the dessert course, in the afternoon, or any time after dinner in the evening. Usual serving is same size as a cocktail glass.

DRY WINES: A nice dry or table wine is red, piquant Burgundy. So light is Burgundy that many thousands serve it every day with dinner. And that's the time for Burgundy — with the main course of your meal. Any glass will do. A nice serving is half the size of a water goblet.

*Be considerate
— serve wine*



The Wines of California: In the most discriminating households the good wines of our own country are usually served today. Actually more than 9 in 10 hosts and hostesses are choosing wines grown here. The wines of California, for example, are grown to strict standards of quality. You will find these wines true to type. Well developed. Inexpensive.

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BY THE MAKERS OF MOBILOIL

it, Morse took him out before the grandstand and pointed to the spectators. "See those fine folks," said Hap. "Well, to them you are a hero; they come out here only to see you play and you've sold them out."

Zeke was impressed to the point of tears. The next time up he hit one through the box to center field. To Morse's consternation, Bonura roared down the first base line, turned the bag in a cloud of dust and went into second base with a magnificent slide. He was out by fifteen feet!

"That's the way to hustle, Zeke!" cried Hap, who must be a great psychologist in his spare moments. In any event Zeke has been a dynamo on the ball field ever since. He keeps up a steady bellow aimed at bolstering the confidence of the pitcher; on any good play by his team he charges around the infield like an addled hippo congratulating his mates one by one; he is at his best in hysteria when he has just booted one himself, substituting the highest of elation for discouragement at this crucial juncture.

Although Bonura drove the White Sox wild with his spring holdouts, he is a perfect organization man. He doesn't drink or smoke and is easy to get along with on the field. In the Texas League he liked best to play in Houston where the operators of the public-address system played Mills Brothers records. As soon as he reached the park, he would shout "Mills Brothers" up at the p. a. people and they would sometimes unleash six or seven Mills disks on the early arrivals.

Because he always wanted the same spot on the bench at Dallas, Hap Morse called in a carpenter and had a special seat built at the outer edge of the dugout in front of the regular bench. Furthermore, he had Zeke's name painted on the little throne, like a Hollywood director. Zeke was delighted. He started hitting better, his fielding improved and he was the happiest man in baseball.

Even Terry Can Stand Him

Zeke stands 6 feet tall, weighs 210, has piano legs and most of his weight is located from the waist down. His favorite expressions are "whee-e-e-e" and "No foolin'." In Chicago he twice won automobiles in a voting contest for the most popular Chicago player—Cub or White Sox—and it was a terrific shock to him when Comiskey traded him to Washington. It was almost the worst possible move for Zeke because the Washington park is not made for sluggers. The fences are miles away and many of Zeke's best pokes were easy outs. Even so, he hit .289 and drove in 114 runs, which is after all the meat in the coconut and made him top man for the Senators. By the middle of the year, he had justified Bill Terry's confidence by keeping his slugging well above the .300 mark, and even Terry, one of the best fielding first basemen who ever lived, could stand the sight of Zeke's ground-covering in view of his clouting.

For his first big-league game with the White Sox, Zeke bought box seats for sixteen relatives and had them all up from New Orleans. In 1936, when he was hitting homers galore, a brewery was giving him a case of beer for each circuit clout. He didn't drink it, his room was stacked to the ceiling with beer and friends who knew that Zeke was a teetotaler, but he doled it out—a bottle at a time.

"I'm not bein' responsible for nobody, no foolin'," said Mr. Bonura with an excess of consideration.

But if he is good-natured, he is also not dumb. He fought his holdout battles every year and eventually got his price. So far as is known his top with the White Sox was \$13,500 and rumor hath it that he is getting at least \$16,000 with the

Giants. In stealing home for the Sox against Detroit—one of his few thefts in history—he sprained his ankle and was out for several weeks. When Dykes kept urging him into action, Zeke stalled. Then one night Jimmy saw him dancing in a hotel with a young lady. Just as he was about to descend on Zeke with a water carafe, Dykes halted.

"He would, the big bohunk!" cried Mr. Dykes bitterly and departed in a rage.

Zeke's dancing partner was the daughter of Lou Comiskey, the owner of the club.

For Zeke, if he is anything, is the eternal symbol of Youth and Ambition and Success. Nobody who loves the spirit of America will ever forget Mr. Bonura as he leaps out of the dugout and races to his position, full of vigor and determination, full of zest and good spirits and courage. When the curtain has been rung down on his great career, he will be remembered as the man who was a combination of Robert W. Service, Dale Carnegie and Frank Merriwell.

Training-Table Champion

He will also be remembered as one of the biggest eaters who ever entered the big leagues. When he showed up one day in New Orleans with fever blisters, Bruce Hayes, veteran scout and Bonura's baseball godfather, asked: "What in hell have you been eating to get those things!"

"Me?" said Zeke, amazed. "Nothin'."

"What'd you have for lunch?"

"Six fried eggs," said Zeke meekly.

But this was nothing to his amazement at being invited to breakfast in Boston and being served baked beans. "No foolin'," said Zeke, flabbergasted. "Beans for breakfast! Me, could I have some ham and grits?"

But you can't really laugh at a man who had an all-time major-league record of .311 at the end of last year and will probably edge it up considerably before this season is over. Being both a right-handed hitter and a right-handed fielder, he is handicapped, but nobody has ever accused him of being a setup either for a hook or a high hard one.

The sight of Old Zeke coming in fast for a bunt and making the play at third base is likely to frighten timid spectators who feel that one leap more will bring him into the grandstand with the force of a runaway tank, but even the most desultory can be aroused by one of his smashes into left field. He is a colorful ballplayer and a great personality and while some may have jested at his fielding none have ignored him.

He has two sisters, no brothers and the stories about his father's wealth have been exaggerated—possibly by Zeke himself, who always threatened to go back to the banana business if his demands for salary weren't met. The elder Bonura is in the wholesale produce business, with real-estate holdings in New Orleans and orange groves on the lower coast of Louisiana. At home during the winter months, the Bonura family has a ritual it never deviates from. Zeke rises after a lengthy night in the hay, dons a loud silk dressing gown, strides to the head of the stairs and bellows down:

"The king is coming!"

At which mamma, papa and little sister (the one still living at home) rush to the foot of the stairs and bow and scrape as The Great Bonura solemnly descends in all his magnificence, head carried high, chest stuck out.

When he reaches the bottom of the steps, he grabs his mother and sister and wraps them in a bear hug while the whole family shouts with laughter.

They then troop into the breakfast room, where Zeke hits .425 year in and year out.

Here's how to get
grapefruit juice
in summer!



How would a big glass of cold, tangy, Florida grapefruit juice go right now?

Sounds too good to be true? Not at all! Last winter, when grapefruit was at its best, the folks down in Florida put up some of that luscious juice so you could have it this summer.

As everyone knows, grapefruit's a wonderful "alkalizer"—and that's something we all need, especially in summer when active exercise tends to get us over on the "acid side." And of course, grapefruit juice just can't be beat as an appetizing starter for any meal.

Another grand summertime drink is blended grapefruit-and-orange juice. Just be sure to ask your grocer for the Florida kind.

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Trouble on the Island

Continued from page 21

just going back to the city after a visit. The flashlight spotted her handbag on the dock and its rays penetrated only a few feet down into the water, which looked so gray and fathomless.

They were all there on the dock. Mrs. Bennett in a long white frock and silver bracelets that jangled every time she moved, and Cora, the cook, who cried a little because she believed the story that Wendy's mother was very ill. "Take care of yourself," she said, "and come back, Miss Wendy, you hear?"

Stew could see them standing there on the dock as they moved out onto the lake—he could hear their voices coming out clearly over the water—the flashlight touching the trees with its dancing circle as they turned to walk back to the lodge.

"Well," Wendy said, "there go a couple of swell people."

Stew said nothing. He kept his mind a blank. He wanted to continue to keep his mind a blank until the train had pulled out and she was gone.

The heat was a heavy black thing pressing down on them and the air stung with the smoke of a forest fire. Then Stew felt, rather than saw, the quick flutter of far-off lightning.

"We going to have a storm?" Wendy asked.

"Not right off," Stew said.

"Oh."

"You sound disappointed."

"I am. A storm would be perfect. My dramatic exit from Stewart Bennett's life."

They were silent then for a while.

Stew paddled faster. Ahead he could see the northern point of Big Island, the stand of spruce black against the dark clouds. From the point he would shift his course to the east and paddle straight for the lights in East Outlet. There was nothing on the lake between the point and the distant village except a small island, known as Bunchberry Knob.

When he reached the point he felt the merest suggestion of a wind, a stirring of air, but it brought with it the smell of rain on land—dank woods—dust laid on roads. Lightning flickered more frequently and nearer. Then the wind stopped. It was hot again, oppressive; heat held in like a drawn breath—filled with tenseness.

STEW dug the paddle into the water and heard the rich gurgle of the sucking whirlpool slick off in back. Sometimes the flashes of lightning were so continuous he could see Wendy lying there in the bottom of the canoe, and the image would remain long after the dark came back.

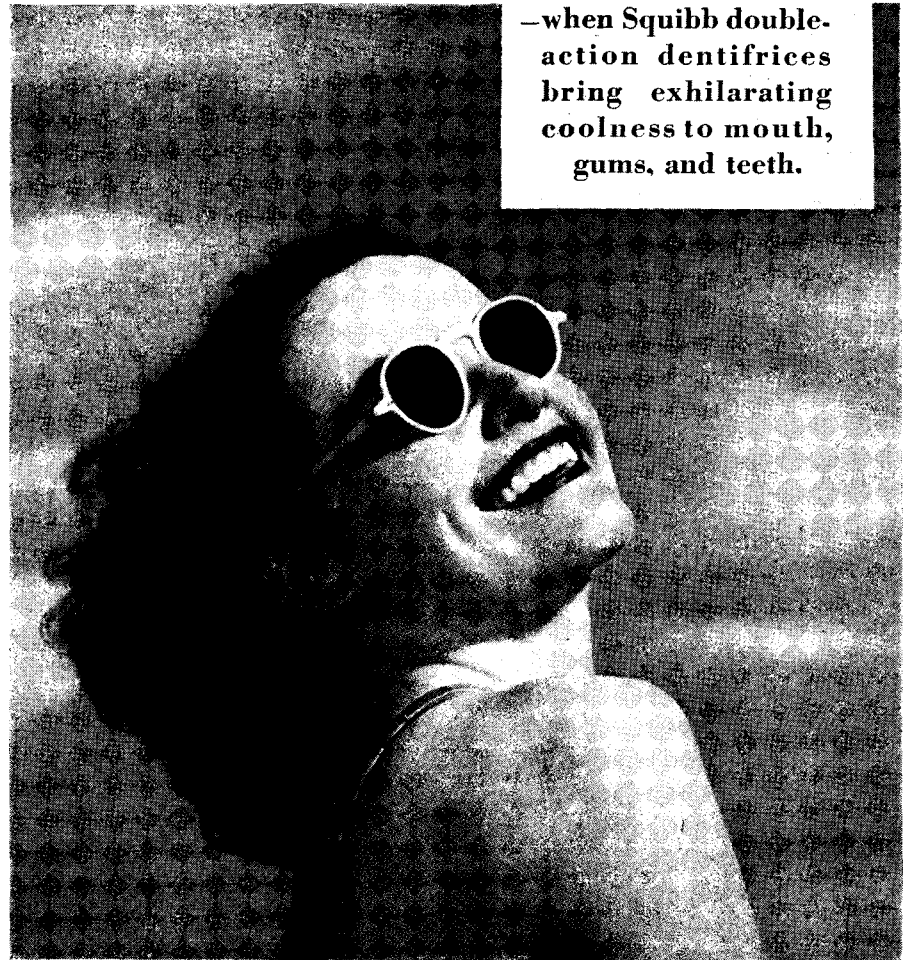
They could hear the thunder now. It rolled heavily against Harper Mountains and fell, rumbling, down into the back valleys.

Wendy moved restlessly in the canoe. "Cigarette, Stew? I'll light it for you."

He saw the match flare up, saw her eyes, dark and big, and the curve of her cheek as she dragged on the cigarette. She handed it to him. He felt her hand touch his. There was something in the way she leaned back, expectantly, that told him she wanted to talk—wanted to

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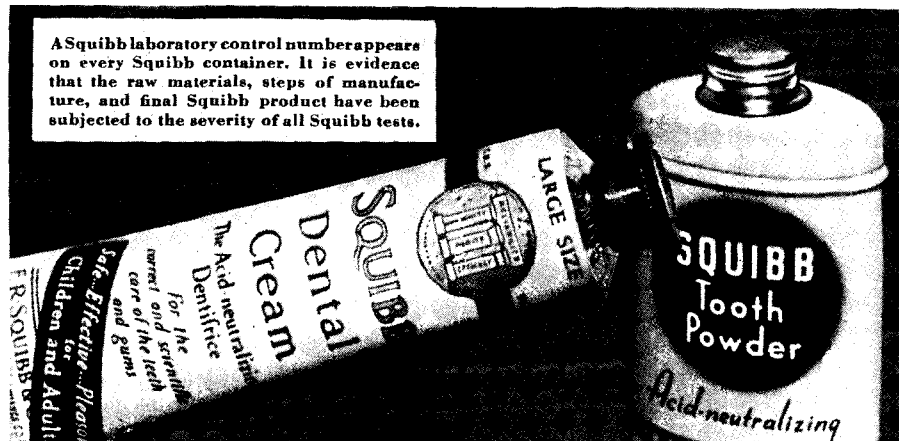
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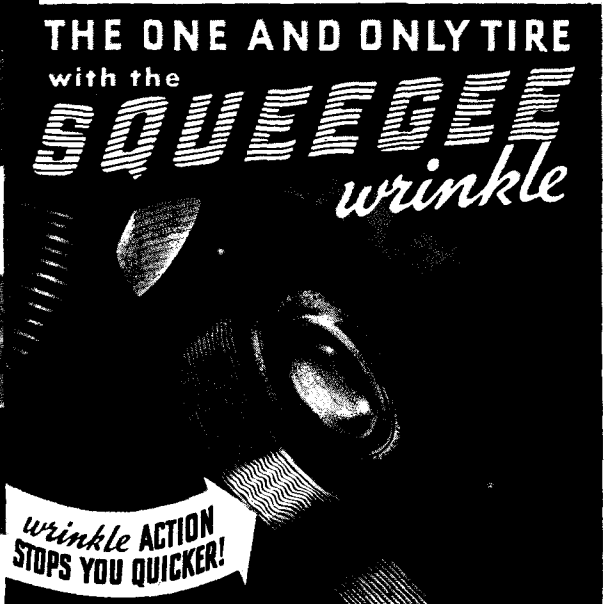
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explain her side of it to him and was waiting for him to ask. Well, he'd be damned if he would start that now. It was all over.

Wendy said: "I'm glad there'll be a storm for your mother's sake. She hates the heat so. Poor Louise—you know your mother asked me to call her Louise after she had heard about Whip Ward. I thought that was swell of her . . ." She stopped short. "Whew! That was a close one!"

The flash opened up the lake like a huge snapshot. Stew could see the entire layout before him: the distant shore on his left, the far-off town, the little cluster of trees on Bunchberry Knob to the right. Then the thunder started above them in that vast, ripping noise and tore down the sky in a vibrating roar and sank behind the ridge, grumbling to itself about a comeback.

THE air went dead flat. There was complete silence. Then far away Stew heard the wind in the mountains.

"It's coming," he said. It would be impossible now to make the Outlet before the storm struck them.

"Get up in the bow," Stew said. "I need your weight there. I'm going to cut across and make Bunchberry Knob."

The flash was a click—dry, crisp. The thunder on top of it was a short, hard burst of noise. Behind him Stew heard the wind strike the water and felt the backdraft—a hot shifting of stale air from the lowlands.

Wendy laughed. "It's all arranged, Stew. See—you can't get rid of me. We'll drown together. They say it's a lovely way to go out."

"Can you see anything ahead?"

"No."

"The lights have gone out in town. Must have hit the power plant."

The next flash spotlighted the little island, with its three scrubby spruce trees and the lone birch. It took a couple of minutes to reach its rocky shore. Then the full wind hit just as the canoe's iron scraped on the ledge. Wendy got out, but failed to hold the bow, and the bow, free of her weight, swung away with the wind. For a second Stew felt the muscle of the wind against the empty bow. He slid forward to bring the bow down, but at that second a wave hit broadside. It threw him off balance and a moment later he was standing in knee-deep water. The canoe skidded

away from him. He made a lunge for it and missed. Then it was lost to sight.

He waded ashore.

"You okay, Wendy?"

"I'm all right."

Stew's hand, groping in the dark, touched Wendy's body. His hand held there for a second, as if a magnet controlled it. He pulled away.

"The canoe's gone," he said.

Wendy laughed. There was a funny note in her voice, half amused, half hysterical. "How swell! That would be like—running out of gas, if you were in a mood to use that stall."

"Come on," Stew said. "Let's get out of this wind."

The rocks were dry with dead crisp moss. They climbed them and found a sand beach at the other side of the island. Stew saw an overhanging rock, held by the roots of the big birch tree. "Get under here," he said, "the rain's coming."

"It's perfect," Wendy said. "What do we do now?"

Big drops hit hard on the bark of the tree above them. The white branches swayed in the wind like naked girls bending to a wild dance.

They crouched under the rock and let it rain. "We wait," Stew said.

"There was a lovely green dress in that suitcase," Wendy said. "It was for parties. Do trout like green?"

Stew was thinking. "I don't know. That damn canoe will start things moving if it washes up near the Outlet. If Pete hears about it he will go nuts until he finds us."

"If they don't find the canoe?"

"They'll see the fire."

He kept birch bark almost dry under his shirt and when the wind let up he made a small fire under the lip of the rock. He crept along the low bank, feeling in the cracks and under stones for dry driftwood. The rain was falling in that tired way now and he knew it would quit soon. When he got back to Wendy he found her nursing the fire with birch bark.

They sat there and their clothes began to dry with the heat of the fire.

"Your train's just pulling out of the station," Stew said.

Wendy looked up. "I'm sorry. I'm still on your hands."

"Oh, we'll make out somehow."

"Did you save the cigarettes, Stew?"

He lit one and handed it to her. She

smoked it for a second, then threw it in the fire. There was something in the way she moved toward the fire that started him thinking again. He knew then that he was going to ask her what happened between her and Whip Ward. Then, like an explosion, he said, "All right, Wendy—let's have the story. Why did you do it?"

She turned slowly and looked at him. She said, "I don't see why I should tell you. You seem to have your own interpretation. At least you acted upon it."

Stew flipped his cigarette into the fire. "Skip the preliminaries, Wendy. How did it happen?"

"Desperation, I guess. I got bogged down in smart talk. I couldn't keep up with your mother's friends. It was pretty hard for me to have such intellectual and worldly reactions. So I looked around for a mental equal. I found him at a dance. I didn't know it at first, because I wasn't really looking for anyone. It just happened. He danced badly. And he couldn't talk much. But I liked his simple, uncomplicated way of looking at life. After all those country-club minds—he was my style. I felt at home."

"All right, all right. Then, after you didn't dance and after you didn't talk, then what did you do?"

"Oh, we sat and looked at the moon. Sometimes he would say, 'It looks good.' Sometimes I would say, 'I like it, too.'"

"That's brilliant talk," Stew said. "Look, Wendy, what was he doing over at the island?"

"Oh, we walked around some. . . ."

"But why did he hide his canoe in the cove?"

"He was shy, Stew. He didn't want to come around to the dock."

Stew smiled. "You believed that?"

"Yes. He was funny about seeing people. We walked all the way around the island on the rocks—he said it was about three miles."

STEW'S jaw muscle was working. "Did he—kiss you?"

"Yes, but it was an accident."

"Did you like the accident?"

"Stew, five hours ago you would have had the right to ask that question. But not now."

"I've got to know."

"Why?"

"I don't like the idea of anyone touching you."

She looked at him and he saw that intimate look come into her eyes. "You really mean that, Stew?"

"Yes."

"All right. There was nothing between Whip Ward and me. You can believe that or not—but that's all. I didn't feel on stilts with him as I did with your mother's friends—and your mother and even you, sometimes, Stew. When I was with him I realized how hard I worked to keep up with you—that's all. He didn't tax my mind. I could always tell what he was going to do or say—if he ever said anything. He reacted naturally. But I can't always tell about you. You're so complicated."

Stew smiled. He was wondering about Whip Ward. It must have been that Whip Ward was held in check by the novelty of such a girl as Wendy—otherwise her story would not have been like this.

He felt better. "I'm complicated—is that it?"

"You're civilized, Stew."

He didn't say anything. He leaned forward and stirred the fire. They sat there for several minutes without speaking. The wind had died down and the rain had gone, only the wet leaves dripped softly on the rocks beside them, hissing sounds sometimes coming from the fire.

Then Wendy said, "Isn't it funny, I suppose a broken engagement is like a divorce. Here we are on an island,



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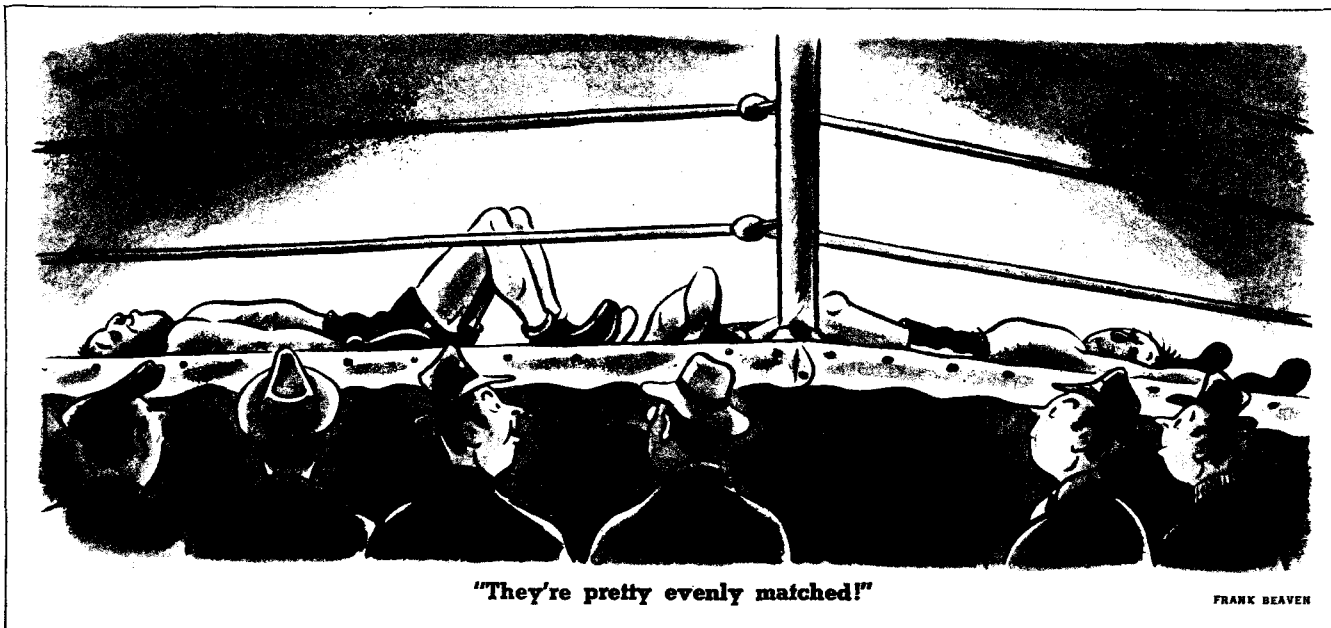
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"They're pretty evenly matched!"

FRANK BEAVEN

alone, and maybe we have to stay here all night—and nobody cares. Because we are sort of immune to each other, Stew."

"Lucky, isn't it? I won't have to put on the protecting-you-from-me act."

"No, that's all in the past. Did you have to protect me often, Stew?"

He laughed. "You'll never know."

"We can sit here like this, Stew, beside each other—and we can remember the past, those burning days—without a single spark flickering. Remember when you said, 'For always!' and I said, 'You're an optimist?' I guess I was right, Stew."

"**FUNNY**, isn't it? It doesn't mean a thing."

"Not a thing. Remember the time we had dinner with your old pal Vin in his penthouse and after dinner he walked out on us, winking at you as he left? And we were left alone there in the far-above-the-city feeling of that room—a couple of scared kids? Well, we can talk like that and it doesn't mean a 'hing now."

"To you?"

"And to you, Stew."

"That's right. Nothing to me. For instance, I can say without its meaning anything more, remember the time you went home on the Boston train: I put you on board—and said goodbye to you in that special way of ours in front of those red-faced business guys in the club car? And I found that the train had already gone by 125th Street, so I went on up to Boston with you? You mean talk like that?"

"Yes, can't you?"

"Sure. What the hell—it's a lot of nostalgic bunk anyway—like the trend in songs nowadays. I could sit here all night beside you remembering those things and it wouldn't make any difference to me."

He got up. He stood there over her for a minute. Then, suddenly, he turned away. The fire behind him showed him the beach. He walked to the end of it. There was a point of rocks there. The water, still stirred by the wind, slapped against the rocks. He climbed the bank and made his way through the brush to the other side of the island. The moon was under thin, hurrying clouds. Sometimes it would show through. Then he would see the lake, the restless water, the somber shores far away. There were no lights anywhere. He felt alone. He turned and walked back to the fire.

Wendy was standing there looking out beyond the fire. She said without looking at him, "Why did you go away, Stew?"

"I discovered something."

"What?"

"Remember, a few minutes ago you

said something about being immune to each other?"

She turned and looked at him. "Yes, I remember."

"Well, I found out that I am not."

She stood very still. They were near each other. Then he took her in his arms. "Why, you little sap, you're trembling like a leaf!"

"No," she said, struggling free, "I am not. And we can't go back now, Stew."

He stared at her. "What the hell are you talking about?"

"This, Stew: I just know I'll never be able to keep up with you. I'm too crude. We're two different models—that's all."

Stew laughed. "Bunk!" He stepped closer to her. Then suddenly he heard someone calling out on the lake. He called back. There was no answer. He stacked birch bark on the fire. The flames shot high into the air.

A few seconds later a canoe's side picked up the light of the fire and a paddle flashed.

"Is that you, Pete?" Stew shouted.

Again there was no answer. The canoe came closer. He couldn't see the man's face yet. He said, kiddingly, "Ah, the rescue party. The first thing the marooned couple asked for was cigarettes. They always do. Well, who the hell are you, anyway?"

Then he saw. It was Whip Ward. He felt a sudden tightening of the skin—his legs went stiff.

The canoe hushed on the beach and small waves washed along the shore. Whip Ward came forward and stepped on the sand. He kept looking from Wendy to Stew to the cave under the overhanging rock. He said, his mouth hardly opening, his eyes catching the firelight, "Your canoe's all stove up down to the Outlet."

Stew said, "Where's Pete?"

"He's working the coves along the north shore looking for you." Whip was now staring at Stew. He said, "Kind of handy the way you ran into this island, Bennett."

"Yes, wasn't it lucky?"

"Luck?"

Stew looked up. The tight feeling of the skin came back and his mouth seemed dry.

Whip went on: "You got rid of the canoe, kind of handy, too. I guess I sort of spoiled your party, didn't I?"

Stew felt quick anger go through him. It was the way Whip Ward stood more than what he said—the way he carried his shoulders, belligerently, toppling forward. Suddenly Stew felt himself moving toward Whip. It was like a dream. He didn't believe he was doing it as he actually did it. He had no words to be used. He just moved in on Whip without thinking, just reacting to a hate he didn't understand.

He moved faster as he got nearer and when he reached Whip he began boxing. It seemed to him that he was neat and fast. He felt his footwork, agile, light, and the sand made it soundless.

When Whip's heavy-moving fist went toward Stew, it seemed to be a long time in coming, so much time that Stew could duck easily and come in behind the fist and put two short, hard jabs to Whip's face. Then he hauled off and just swung wildly—a haymaker of the right and missed the jaw but caught Whip in the neck. It paralyzed Whip's throat muscles and he tried to swallow. Stew came in again with his right and Whip began shaking his head. He couldn't talk. He blinked and shook his head and sank to the sand. They had to work on him to help him get his breath again.

HE WAS breathing easier when Stew heard Pete's voice a short way out on the lake. Pete came ashore, but he didn't catch on to what was happening. He was too glad to see Stew again. He kept saying, "When I saw that ole gray canoe of yours all piled up that way, I says, 'There goes the boss—the lake's got him.'" Then he saw Whip Ward, half sitting up on the sand. He looked at Whip and then he looked at Stew. A slow grin went across his face.

Stew said, "Pete, you and Ward can take his canoe to get home in. I'm borrowing yours."

Stew felt pretty good. His knuckles hurt some, but there was a good feeling now and his legs didn't seem to be stiff any more. He watched the canoe go out of sight in the darkness. Then he went to Wendy, who was standing near the fire.

"Sorry," he said. "That's the second blowup I've staged today."

Wendy was looking at him. She said, "Was it necessary, Stew?"

"I suppose not. I might have gotten him pretty well tangled up in a legal sort of way."

"But you didn't."

"No. I just lost my head, I guess."

Wendy was smiling. He could see her eyes by the firelight. Her hand went out and touched his arm. She said, "It was crude, Stew. Very beautifully crude." And then she dropped her hand to her side. "It probably seems pretty silly to you, now—the way I was talking. You must despise me."

Stew looked at her. Then he laughed and stepped nearer her. "Funny, I don't. I keep right on loving you. The one-track mind of a very simple guy."

There was no wind now on the lake as they began paddling back toward Big Island. The whole expanse of water lay before them, white under the light of the moon—quiet, restful. The air was light, cool and smelled of rain-wet earth.

Red Gardenias

Continued from page 30

seemed to be able to hear better with them closed. He groped for his glass, found it, had a drink. The inside of his mouth was numb; he could hardly taste the whisky.

"Why do you think he ought to turn up Peter?"

"I'll tell you. He—" She hesitated for so long a time that, thinking she might have left the room, Crane opened his eyes. "... I don't know why I'm saying all this."

"Hell!" He poured her a good shot of whisky. "It's just between us girls."

"I don't care, anyway." She reached for the glass. "Peter hasn't any claim on me."

"Peter?"

"Yes." She looked like an angry cat. "I think he killed Richard. I don't believe it was an accident."

"Peter?" He realized he had said this before, and asked, "Why?"

"Because of Carmel."

HE FELT very confused. He didn't think it was the liquor, either. "But what makes you think ...?"

"He was outside before Richard died." Her voice was spiteful. "We'd been dancing, and I noticed he was looking around for Carmel. John was dancing with Janice Squires. When Carmel had been gone for half an hour, Peter suddenly left me on the floor and went outside."

She took a drink. Crane could hear the music upstairs. He wondered how long he'd been in the locker room.

Alice went on: "Then Carmel came back, looking scared. And in about ten minutes Peter came in. He was pale. I thought he was sick. Imagine! I was worried about him." She laughed. "Imagine! I asked him if he was sick."

"Maybe he was," Crane said. "Maybe he went out for air."

"No." Her lips were drawn into a thin smile. "He either saw ... or did ... something."

Crane suddenly became aware of someone in the room. He opened his eyes, saw a pair of silver slippers, a long row of big silver buttons, white shoulders. It was Carmel March. She had on a black evening gown with silver buttons up the middle. She had apparently been standing there for some time.

She came and stood over Alice. "You louse," she said. "You fat, troublesome louse." Her voice was hard.

She bent over and slapped Alice's face from right to left. It sounded like a paper bag bursting.

She said, "I've been wanting to do that for a long time."

Alice looked frightened. "Carmel!" She crouched in the chair, looking up at her. "How could you ...?"

Carmel said, "I could do worse than that." Her voice was hard. "It's coming to you."

Crimson blood filled a patch on Alice's cheek. "How vulgar!" She was frightened, but not too frightened to talk. "You were always vulgar, weren't you, Carmel? Especially with men."

"I suppose it isn't vulgar to make trouble behind someone's back?" Carmel said.

"I'm trying to bring out the truth about Richard."

"The truth is you're furious because you couldn't hold him."

"That's not so." Anger made all of Alice's face red. She started to get out of her chair. "You ..."

Footsteps sounded in the corridor. Crane felt relieved. He didn't know what might have happened. Alice sank

back in her seat. Ann Fortune looked into the locker room.

"Here they are, Doctor," she called. "My husband, too."

Dr. Woodrin followed Ann into the room. He stared anxiously at the women. "What's the matter?" he asked.

"A little discussion," Crane said. Carmel said, "Alice was drunk ... and talking."

Alice didn't say anything. She looked as though she might cry. She got up and started for the back of the locker room.

"Can I help you?" Ann asked.

"No."

She disappeared. Carmel turned her great eyes upon Crane. "You're not going to pay any attention ...?"

"Oh, no."

"Thanks," Carmel said.

Crane admired her. She had slapped Alice, had bluffed her, had almost fought with her, had been accused of murder, yet she was perfectly composed. Her beautiful face was serene.

Dr. Woodrin faced the locker-room door. "Hello!" he said. "Who's this?"

It was Williams. His button-bright black eyes were excited. "Mr. Crane," he said.

"What is it?"

"Something outside I'd like to show you. The doc, too."

Something in his tone brought them all on his heels. Crane walked beside Ann along the corridor leading to the service entrance.

She said, "Didn't I hear you say you weren't going to drink?"

"I didn't drink very much." He had an idea. "Anyway, it was business."

She didn't consider that a very good excuse. "I thought we were going to be nice to each other, too," she added.

"We are." He tried to take her arm, but she pulled away.

OUTSIDE, bitter air stung their nostrils, made their heads ache. The moon was nearly full; its light was silver on the dew-coated grass. In the distance, clear in the tranquil air, violins mourned over a tango.

"This way," Williams said.

They passed along a dark passageway formed by parked cars, walking now on cinders. Their shoes made a crunching noise. The faces of the two women were like jasmine blossoms in the moonlight. Crane pulled his dinner jacket over his chest. It was cold.

"Here," Williams said.

They halted a few feet from a black sedan. For a moment Crane was conscious of something very odd about the sedan, but he didn't know what it was. Then three things came to his attention: the motor was running; a gray mist, almost like steam, was floating from the right rear window; a man was huddled against the right front door, asleep in the seat next to the driver's.

He knew the man was not asleep.

He could not tell, afterward, how long they stood there, watching the wispy mist above the rear window. It was the color of pine smoke. It was like air from the lungs on a cold day. It diminished and expanded; it was like very sheer gray silk; it was like cigarette smoke rolling from an open mouth.

"I heard the motor," Williams said.

Crane jerked open the front door, helped Dr. Woodrin lift out the body. He held his breath while his head was within the car. He stepped aside after they had placed the body on the cinders, allowed the doctor to kneel by the head.

Carmel's voice was out of tune. "Tal-



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'SERVE THE
PUBLIC INTEREST,' MR. SWOPE?"***

Mrs. Edward C. Ammon of Norristown, Pennsylvania, interviews Mr. Gerard Swope, President of General Electric, at the Company's New York World's Fair Television Exhibit . . . on behalf of American women everywhere who want the facts about advertising.

**... Isn't it just to
sell us things?"**

It's the educational value of advertising that makes me believe it serves the public interest, Mrs. Ammon. Advertising tells of new and better products, of quicker ways to get work done or of pleasanter ways to live. Advertising simply spreads the news to millions, gives the facts, explains the benefits and keeps people informed.

"This widespread distribution of information serves the public interest. People not only want to know but need to know about what's available."

***"But surely we'd hear about the new things
... even without advertising."***

"Eventually, of course. But let's be more specific. Right here in front of us is probably the most interesting technical development of our time—Television."

***"Yes, the demonstration just now was
simply fascinating!"***

"All the country over, people are wondering 'How does Television work?' 'What does it cost?' 'What pleasure

will it give me?' 'What are the features to look for in buying a receiving set?' 'What models are available?'

"People are hungry for facts. How are they going to get them? From technical books and magazines? . . . From hearsay? . . . By waiting until they happen to meet someone who knows? . . . No, Mrs. Ammon, the only way to inform the millions . . . the best way to answer their questions with facts . . . is through advertising. Without advertising it would take many more years before people understood or wanted new products. And prices would have to remain high."

"Would you explain that . . . about prices?"

"Well, people won't buy products unless they know

about them. Advertising will enable us to tell the millions. A wide demand may be created. Then we can go ahead and make them economically in larger quantities and offer them at lower and lower prices.

"It was the same with Mazda lamps. The same with refrigerators. The same with washing machines and ranges, and many other products. Prices came down as demand for these products increased. And advertising played an important part.

"Advertising serves the public interest, Mrs. Ammon. It's an educational force, a stimulator of demand and industry, a factor in lowering prices, an indispensable part of the prosperous American System."

* * *

To give you the truth about advertising, and its influence on the welfare and prosperity of the American people, we have gone to those who are in the best position to know the facts. Interviews with these business leaders, about advertising's social and economic benefits to you, will appear in Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, and The Country Home Magazine—published by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company.

madge March!" she cried. Her voice made shivers run up and down Crane's back.

Even in the moonlight Crane could see Talmadge's face was discolored. It looked purple, but he supposed in daylight it would be crimson. That was the usual color of carbon-monoxide victims.

Dr. Woodrin stood up. "We'd better send for the coroner." His voice was matter-of-fact.

Carmel said, "It's Talmadge's car—why isn't he in the driver's seat?"

"I don't know," Crane said.

With a last sigh of violins, the tango came to an end. The clubhouse filled with a hollow sound of hand-clapping. Carmel March's breath wheezed in her throat. Crane went over to the sedan, put his head inside, turned the ignition key. He sniffed cautiously.

Heavy, sweet, cloying, an odor of gardenias clogged his nostrils, made his heart pound with excitement.

OUTSIDE, at five o'clock, it was soot dark. The alarm clock was making a noise like a long-distance ring on the telephone, and William Crane hastily turned it off. He put on brown corduroy trousers and a gray flannel shirt, conscious of a frosty wind nipping his ankles.

Downstairs, he found Williams frying eggs in the kitchen.

"Where's Ann?" Crane asked.

Williams handed him a note.

"Bill: I'll be back before noon. Have an idea. ANN."

"When'd she go?" Crane demanded.

"I heard her leave about half an hour ago . . . it woke me up."

"I hope she doesn't get in a jam," Crane said.

The breakfast Williams cooked was swell. They ate five eggs apiece.

Crane sighed contentedly. "Maybe they won't come with Talmadge dead," he said.

Williams wiped his mouth with a checkered red-and-white dishcloth. "A

thing like another death in the family isn't going to keep the Marches from something important . . . such as duck shooting."

"They're still pretending the deaths are accidents," Crane said. "I don't understand it."

"Maybe they're scared not to."

Crane led the way into the front room. "I better look at Talmadge's exhaust pipe, make sure a hose was on it. I didn't want to appear too interested last night before everybody."

"I'll do it," Williams said.

"And see if you can get any dope at the Country Club. Find out where Dr. Woodrin was just before you found Talmadge."

"You think he's the guy?"

"I don't know. A doctor might think of something like gas."

"But what's his motive?" Williams wanted to know. "The only connection he's got with the Marches is the Duck Club, which ain't worth anything and which he don't own anyway."

"Maybe he's after Carmel." A horn blew outside. "I'm going to watch him, anyway," Crane said. "So long." He paused at the door. "You might be trying to figure out why Talmadge wasn't in the driver's seat of his own car."

Peter March was outside, looking as though he hadn't slept. He said they would pick up Woodrin and then his father. "Judge Dornbush is driving out by himself," he added.

In response to their horn, Dr. Woodrin stuck his head out the bedroom window of his apartment. "I'll be right down," he called.

Five minutes later they were talking to Simeon March. He was just starting breakfast. "I'll drive out myself," he said. "You go too fast, anyway, Peter."

He didn't say anything about Talmadge's death. He didn't say anything to Crane, but he looked at him through his brown-sugar eyes and Crane knew he was fired. He knew it just as well as if he'd been sent a letter.

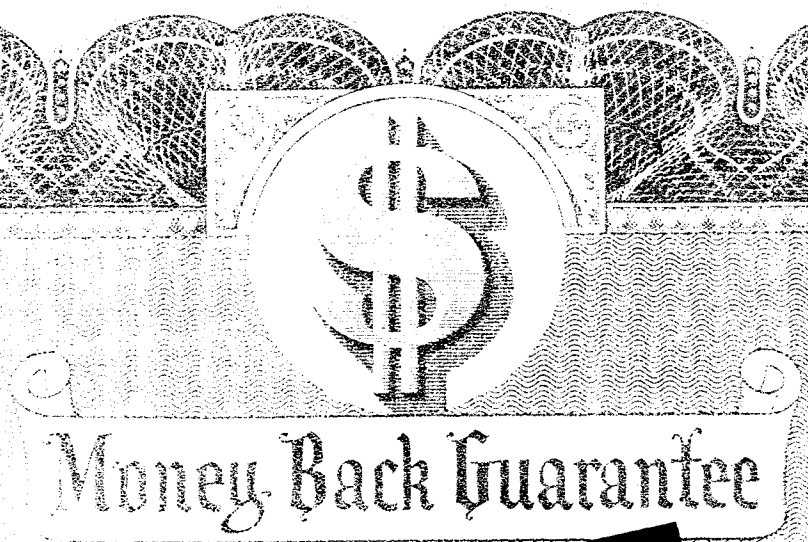
Peter said, "We'll see you out there, Dad," and they left.

Dr. Woodrin drove. He drove very



"Let me catch up, fellows—Mr. Edwards wants to finish his lamb chops!"

FRANK OWEN



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(C-722)

rapidly, but with great skill, and Crane remembered that he had once driven ambulances in the Oklahoma oil fields. Crane wondered what he would do when Simeon March really did fire him. It would be quite a disgrace. He wondered if Ann had found anything.

He asked Dr. Woodrin if there would be an autopsy on Talmadge's body. The doctor didn't think so.

"Won't somebody talk to the police . . . or something?" Crane persisted.

"What could you tell them they don't already know?"

"Well . . . about the bodies smelling of gardenias."

Dr. Woodrin smiled. "I'd like to see old Chief Auerbach's face when you tell of corpses smelling of gardenias. He'd have you locked up."

THE club was a farmhouse set on a knoll among hardwood trees. Just before the sedan turned off the gravel road a sign said: COON LAKE—1 MILE. The country was rolling and quite heavily wooded, and the earth was a rich black.

A stocky man in blue overalls met them at the door. "Good an' cold, Doc," he said.

Crane learned his name was Karl Johnson. He and his boys took care of the Duck Club under Dr. Woodrin's orders. A black-and-tan hound kept at his heels. He led them into the house.

In the clubroom, the result of the removal of a partition between the dining room and parlor of the old March house, were big chairs and two leather couches. The floor was bright with Indian rugs. In an alcove near the back was a small bar, and Judge Dornbush, his face pink, was pouring himself a whisky.

Karl offered Crane a double-barreled sixteen, asking if it would be all right. He said, "Sure." Dr. Woodrin got him some gloves from the locker room.

Karl announced shooting positions. "The doc and you, Mr. Crane, will go to Coon Lake. I'll paddle you out to the blind." He assigned Judge Dornbush to Woods Hole and Peter to Mallard Lane. "I'll send Mr. March down when he comes," he told Peter.

Judge Dornbush had his gun in his hands. "Let's start," he said. "It's nearly seven." The gun had silver on it, and the butt was carved.

HALFWAY down the knoll, the judge and Peter, with two of Johnson's boys following them, turned to the right, went away on a winding path through a patch of hardwood trees.

Peter called, "Good luck."

"Thanks," Crane said.

Ahead, for miles, he could see woods and meadows and black patches of soil, and farther a ridge similar to the one they were descending. Blue haze hung over the river valley; softened the reds and golds of the autumn leaves. Occasionally a silver eye of water winked in the early sun.

"Lots of pools down there," Karl said. "Every spring the river fills 'em up."

Crane was surprised to find there was no marshland. The earth, even in the low places, was firm under foot. It was very black and smelled of moldering leaves.

"Should be catfish in those pools," he said.

Karl shook his head. "The water gets oily. It kills 'em."

They came to a small lake. A shallow stream flowed like a tail from one end, gave it the shape of a tadpole. Grass grew near the shore and ten yards out there were reeds. The color of the water was strange; it was iridescent with blues and violets and greens.

Karl pulled a brown canoe from some bushes. Startled, three crows left a golden maple, flew off with protesting caws. The black-and-tan hound ap-

peared from somewhere and tried to get in the canoe, but Karl drove him off with the paddle.

The wind was cold and gusty by the blind on the other side of Coon Lake. Karl steadied the canoe while they got out, handed them their shotguns and three boxes of shells.

"I'll go for Mr. March," Karl shoved the canoe away with his paddle. "Be back as soon as he comes."

The blind was the most elaborate one Crane had ever seen, built of cement and lined with pine. There were two stools in it and Crane discovered his head was just even with the reeds when he sat down. In front of the blind two dozen wooden decoys floated patiently.

Dr. Woodrin glanced at his wrist watch. "Two minutes to seven."

Crane shoved two shells in his gun and looked around. In back, about half a mile away, rose the ridge, covered with trees ranging in color from squash-yellow to tomato-red. A gust of wind made him turn up his flannel shirt.

"We'll alternate shots," Dr. Woodrin said. "You take the first one."

"At what?" Crane asked.

"There'll be something coming in pretty soon."

They waited patiently for ten minutes. Crane was glad he had thought to put on wool socks. He heard two shots in rapid succession to the right.

"Peter March," Dr. Woodrin said, and added quickly, "Look out!"

Two mallard, flying about two hundred feet in the air, came down the

stream. They warily circled the lake, cocking bright black eyes at the decoys. They went downwind, then came slowly in for a landing. Crane stood up and nailed the drake.

The hen banked and started for the left, but the doctor caught her just as she appeared to be out of range. She tumbled head over heels into some reeds.

"Good shot," Crane said.

The doctor said, "Thanks," and put another shell in his gun.

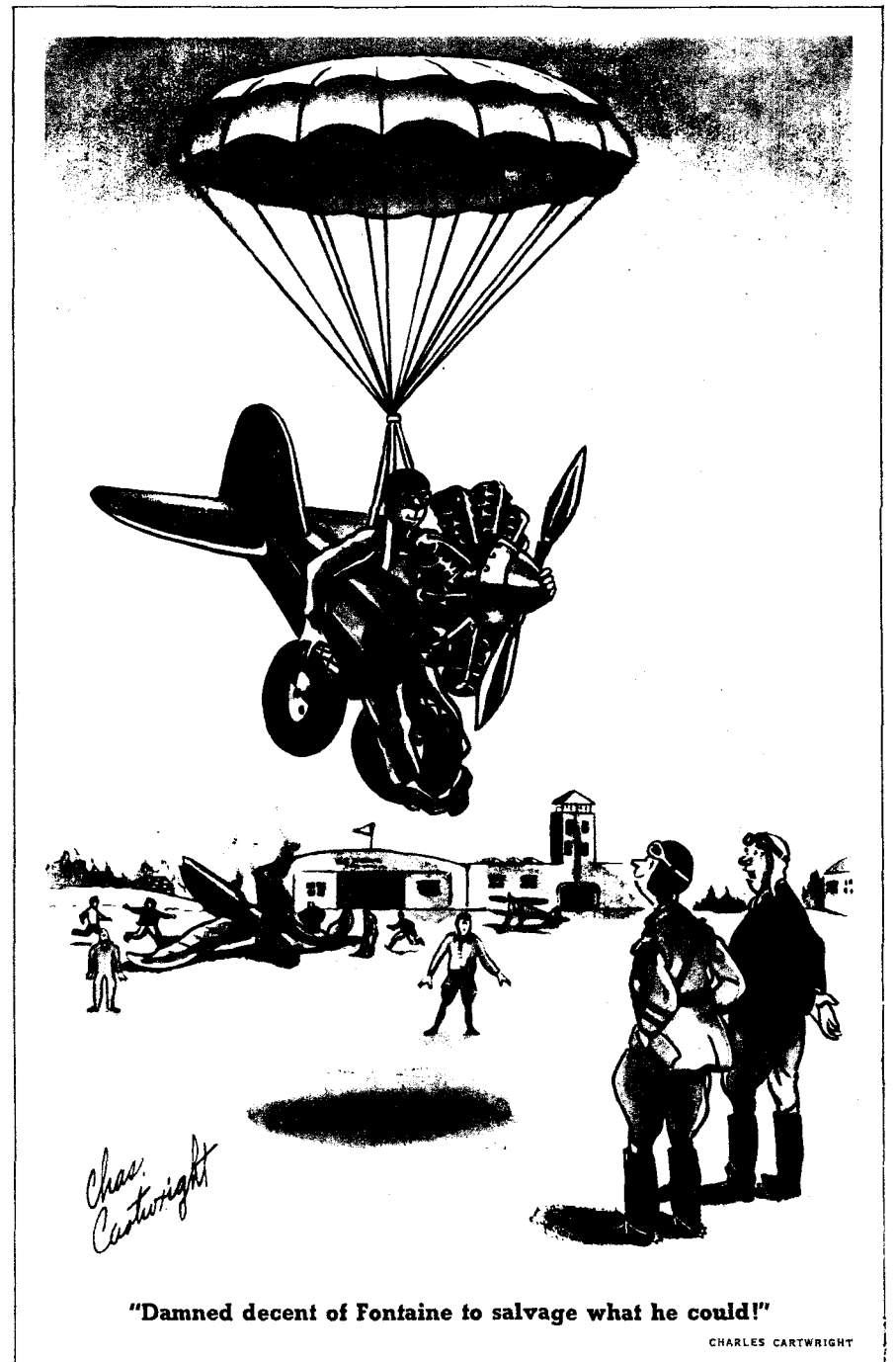
There seemed to be plenty of wild fowl around. Crane could hear frequent shots from the right and an occasional double from farther away. He assumed this was Judge Dornbush at Woods Hole.

A FLIGHT of teal, coming hell-for-leather into the lake, startled him and he missed two shots. Dr. Woodrin got one and missed his second. The teal were gone in a fraction of a second.

"They're like greased lightning," Crane said. He did fairly well on further shooting, and in twenty minutes he had four mallard. Dr. Woodrin had two teal and six mallard. They both had fired two shots at a flock of seven spoonbills without result.

Crane began to feel familiar with mallard and teal. The mallard, he decided, was a smart guy. His eyes were always bright with suspicion, and more often than not he'd pass over a place that didn't look exactly right.

The teal, on the other hand, had nothing on the ball but speed. He was prone



"Damned decent of Fontaine to salvage what he could!"

CHARLES CARTWRIGHT

DOES TWO JOBS AT ONCE

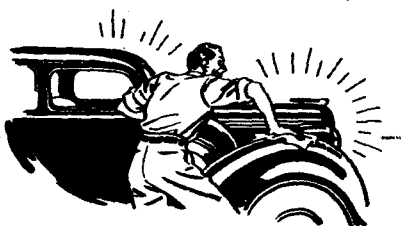


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to snap judgments, and would race for an inviting piece of water without any misgivings. He could clear out in a hurry, though, when the shooting began.

Five spoonbills appeared from the other side of the lake, circled overhead. Crane got ready to shoot. Two of the birds came down toward the decoys, but Crane held off, hoping all five would come in so Dr. Woodrin would have a shot.

"Go ahead," Dr. Woodrin said.

Crane brought down the first bird. Immediately after his shot, as the spoonbill tumbled toward the water, he heard a pinging noise and a sound like somebody driving a small nail with a hammer. Dr. Woodrin, taking his time, got another bird.

Crane felt the hair rise on his neck. He felt alarmed about something, but he couldn't imagine what it was. He sat on his stool.

"Coming in fast," Dr. Woodrin observed.

A moment later a good flock of teal slanted down at them. The doctor got one and Crane caught another with his second shot. He thought teal would be easier to hit if they were bigger. He heard the pinging noise and saw water spurt up almost directly in front of him. He blinked his eyes at the bubbles and sat down.

The doctor was seated, too. "That's my limit." He lit a cigarette. "Now you shoot."

Crane examined the wood on the front of the blind, found a hole near the top edge. It was a new hole, about large enough to admit his little finger. He got off his stool and sat on the floor of the blind.

"What's the matter?" Dr. Woodrin asked.

"You better join me," Crane said.

"Why?"

"I think somebody's shooting at us."

The doctor obviously thought he'd gone crazy. Crane showed him the hole. The doctor stood up to look at it. Crane pulled him down on the stool. The pinging noise came a quarter-second later.

"Hear that?" Crane asked.

"You're imagining things."

"But the hole!"

"An insect."

"Listen!" Crane took off his sweater, draped it over the shotgun, put his hat on top. He held the gun above the blind. There was a ping, a tap. He lowered the gun, but he couldn't find a hole in either the hat or the sweater.

"He's a lousy shot," he said.

DR. WOODRIN got on the floor with Crane. "Why would anybody shoot at us? And where's the report of the gun?"

"A silencer," Crane said.

"What'll we do?"

"I stay right here."

"What a hell of a trick!" The doctor's pink-and-white face was angry. "Do you think it's a madman?"

"I don't know."

"We can't lie here all day."

"I can," Crane said.

After several minutes of silence they heard two shots from the direction of Mallard Lane. A moment later there was a faint whistling noise in the air. Crane crouched as close to the bottom of the blind as he could. He wondered if the guy could be using shrapnel.

"A couple of teal," Dr. Woodrin said.

"Oh," Crane relaxed a little. "What if he comes off the ridge and rushes us?"

"We could nail him with birdshot when he got close enough."

They both looked to see if their shotguns were loaded, then waited in silence. Some mallard had settled among the decoys.

Crane thought they'd have very little chance if the man did attack. He could pick them off from a tree on the shore, or

he could come out in a boat. Crane didn't suppose a shotgun loaded with birdshot could stop a man at more than fifty feet.

He didn't feel good. It was not a pleasant feeling to know you were likely to get a bullet in any part of your body you exposed. It was not a pleasant feeling to be shot at anywhere, but it was particularly unpleasant to be trapped. He looked at his watch. It was seven-thirty-five.

"Listen!" Dr. Woodrin said. "I hear a boat."

The mallard had gone away. Wind shook the dry leaves of trees on shore. A shotgun boomed in the distance. Not far away there was a faint splashing noise.

Dr. Woodrin had his mouth close to Crane's ear. "We'll both come up together. He'll get one of us, but the other'll get him."

Crane nodded, flicked the safety catch off his gun. He got to his feet, his knees under him so that he could rise in one motion. He felt a little sick to his stomach. Water gurgled almost beside the blind. Dr. Woodrin said, "Now!"

THE old house in the country didn't look occupied. In the gray light of early morning it didn't look as though anybody had lived in it for a long time. It looked gaunt and lonely, and yet there was a sinister quality of silence about it, as though the house was waiting for something to happen, something abrupt and violent and tragic. Ann felt a little afraid, and she wondered what she ought to do. Was Delia Young asleep? Was she alone? Ann's watch read thirty-five minutes past seven. She had to do something soon.

She had found the house through Dolly Wilson. At first, when Ann woke her in the tiny third-floor room at Fourth and Elm, Dolly hadn't wanted to tell where Delia was. She was frightened. But Ann soothed her, assured her nothing was going to happen to Delia.

"I just want to ask her something," she said.

Dolly thought she wanted to ask about her husband. She thought it was too bad a fellow with as pretty a wife as Ann would go chasing after a dame like Delia. She told Ann where Delia was.

"Thanks," Ann said. "And don't forget there's a job for you in New York, Dolly." She hurried down to the car.

Now the problem was how to reach Delia in the house. Ann didn't dare call her; it might arouse someone else. She pushed through some half-dead gooseberry bushes and went around to the back. Rusty tin cans, discarded kitchen utensils, rags, pieces of cardboard littered the yard. Torn wire marked a coop that had once held chickens. The kitchen steps were warped and some of the planks were loose; she climbed them gingerly and tried the door. It was fastened. She wished Bill Crane, incompetent as he was, were with her. She supposed he was having a fine time shooting ducks.

The thought made her angry. She'd find a way into the house to Delia Young and she'd ask her about Slat's Donovan. She knew with the singer's help she could prove Donovan was the murderer. That would show Bill Crane!

Near the kitchen steps was an old-fashioned cellar entrance, with slanting doors. The wood on the doors was rotten and gray-brown with age; she was able to pry off the hasp with a piece of wood. It didn't make much noise, but she felt a nervous tension within her, as though someone were watching her. She looked at the house, but green shutters masked the windows.

It took all her strength to lift the long, right-hand cellar door. Oblique light bared moss-covered steps leading down under the house. She was terribly scared but made herself go down the steps. It

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day sees more and more people
switching to Teaberry—the de-
licious, refreshing gum with the
appetizing flavor. That's why
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and that's the flavor of Tender-
Mint—the real mint gum!
Try a package—it's good!

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FROM FRESH,
TENDER MINT LEAVES

CLARK'S

TENDER-MINT
GUM



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was very dark in the cellar, very damp and chill. The air smelled a little bit like the bank of a river, earthy and green, but there was something in it that choked her, made it impossible for her to get a full breath. Gradually her eyes became used to darkness; she saw the dim outlines of wooden boxes, two carpenter's horses, a broken rocking chair, a shelf of mason jars.

Black and bulky, a crude flight of stairs rose mysteriously across the cellar. Walking on tiptoe, she made her way toward them. She could hear her heart pound, could feel blood in her ears. She couldn't catch her breath; the damp, earthy air made goose flesh rise on her body; she had trouble keeping her balance on her high-heeled shoes.

Something rustled. She halted, lost for an instant in terror, and the noise ceased. She took a single step. There was no noise. She took another step, then another, and another . . . something soft squashed under her foot, uttered a faint sigh. She would have screamed, but her throat was stiff with terror. She was afraid to move her foot. It felt as though she had crushed some plump, small animal. Her fingers fumbled with a match; finally she got it lit and bent over.

She had stepped on a mushroom. The whole floor of the cellar was dotted with the tan hoods of mushrooms. Their white, dead-flesh stalks gleamed in the light of the match. It was like a grotesque stunted forest. The match flickered and at the same moment something rustled behind her. She turned and saw, just as the match went out, a big rat watching her.

SHE went on across the cellar to the stairs. Twice mushrooms oozed horribly under a foot, but she didn't stop. She wanted terribly to get on those stairs. Darkness closed in on her at the far end of the cellar; she had to feel her way for fear of falling. Finally, with her left foot, she found the bottom step and started upward.

At the top she felt for the knob to the door, but her hands recoiled from spider webs. She lit a match, found the knob, blew out the match. The door opened with a faint squeak and she peered into the kitchen.

Blue shades and heavy outside shutters made the room's furnishings obscure. Two paintless chairs and a table occupied the center of the kitchen. On the table were dishes and a metal pot over which swarmed flies. An iron hand pump stood at the end of a large sink. She opened the door a little farther and stepped into the room. A plank creaked under her foot. Eggs had been eaten from two of the unwashed plates, and a spider had spun a web between one of them and the pot.

Ann thought the web meant no one had eaten in the kitchen for some time. She wondered if Delia had gone. The house did feel empty. It suddenly seemed to her that Delia was dead; that her body was lying somewhere in the house. She felt a terror even greater than before. The dirty kitchen, bathed in blue light, suddenly became as ominous as the cellar.

She took a deep breath and stepped forward and then screamed madly. Hands clutched her from behind, bruised her breasts, finally found her mouth. The hands were strong and smelled of tobacco. She struggled, trying to catch her breath, but she couldn't free herself. She couldn't get air. The blue room became dimmer and dimmer. . . .

THEY stood up, flung their guns to their shoulders, but neither fired. Karl Johnson sat in the rear of the brown canoe, his paddle held by both hands. He looked startled, then amused.

"Trying to scare me?" he demanded.

"Scare you hell!" Dr. Woodrin said. "Somebody's been potting at us with a rifle."

Crane looked at the yellow-leaved ridge, but he could see nothing. "From up there," he said.

Karl was quickly convinced when they showed him the bullet hole in the blind. "Come on," he said. "I'll get my 30-30."

They hurried back to the clubhouse. Peter was smoking in front of the fire. "You're slow," he said. "I've been through for ten minutes."

They told him about the shooting. They got rifles and went up on the ridge and presently Karl discovered a pile of brown oak leaves. "Looks like somebody was lying here." He felt among the leaves. "Look."

It was a small brass shell. It was about the diameter of a .22 rifle shell, but it was longer.

"But that couldn't hurt anybody," Peter objected. "A .22 rifle!"

Crane took the shell in his hand. "Don't fool yourself," he said. "That's a .220 Swift. It's the highest velocity small rifle in the world. One of these'll drop a moose in his tracks."

They stared at the small shell with respect.

"You didn't see anybody?" Crane asked Karl.

"No, sir. I waited at the house for Mr. March. And when he didn't come, I came back to the lake."

Crane felt sudden suspicion of the caretaker's long wait. "Why didn't you telephone Mr. March's house to see if he'd started?"

"No telephone anywhere out this way."

Further examination of the ground produced three more shells and a black hairpin. "A woman?" Peter asked incredulously.

"It sure looks like it," Karl said.

Crane took the hairpin and put it in his pocket. They decided to see if they could find where the assailant's car had been parked. Karl said he knew where

a car could come in from the gravel road.

Walking behind the others, Crane tried to think. He felt the attack had been directed at him. He thought it was a lucky thing the day had been windy; otherwise the sharpshooter, man or woman, would have nailed him. He wondered what Peter had done after he'd finished shooting.

"Look!" Karl said.

A car had left tracks on a narrow road down the other slope of the ridge. It had been parked behind some bushes and it had gone out as it had come in, from the gravel road two hundred yards away. Its tires were not of any brand Crane knew. The tread looked like that of the vacuum-cup tires popular years ago. It left a series of small craters on the soft earth.

NOBODY said much on the way back to the clubhouse. Crane wondered if somebody had followed him out from Marchton. He regretted having slugged the bartender at the Crimston Cat.

They were almost down the lake side of the ridge when a green convertible with the top down turned into the club drive from the gravel road. Dust rose in clouds from the wheels. The car was too far from the club for them to recognize the driver.

Judge Dornbush met them at the door. He was smiling. "How'd you make out? I got a cinnamon teal."

They started to tell him about the attack when the convertible came up, halted in a long skid. Carmel March, wearing the mink coat over a tan sweater and a brown tweed skirt, jumped out. "Peter," she called. "Peter!"

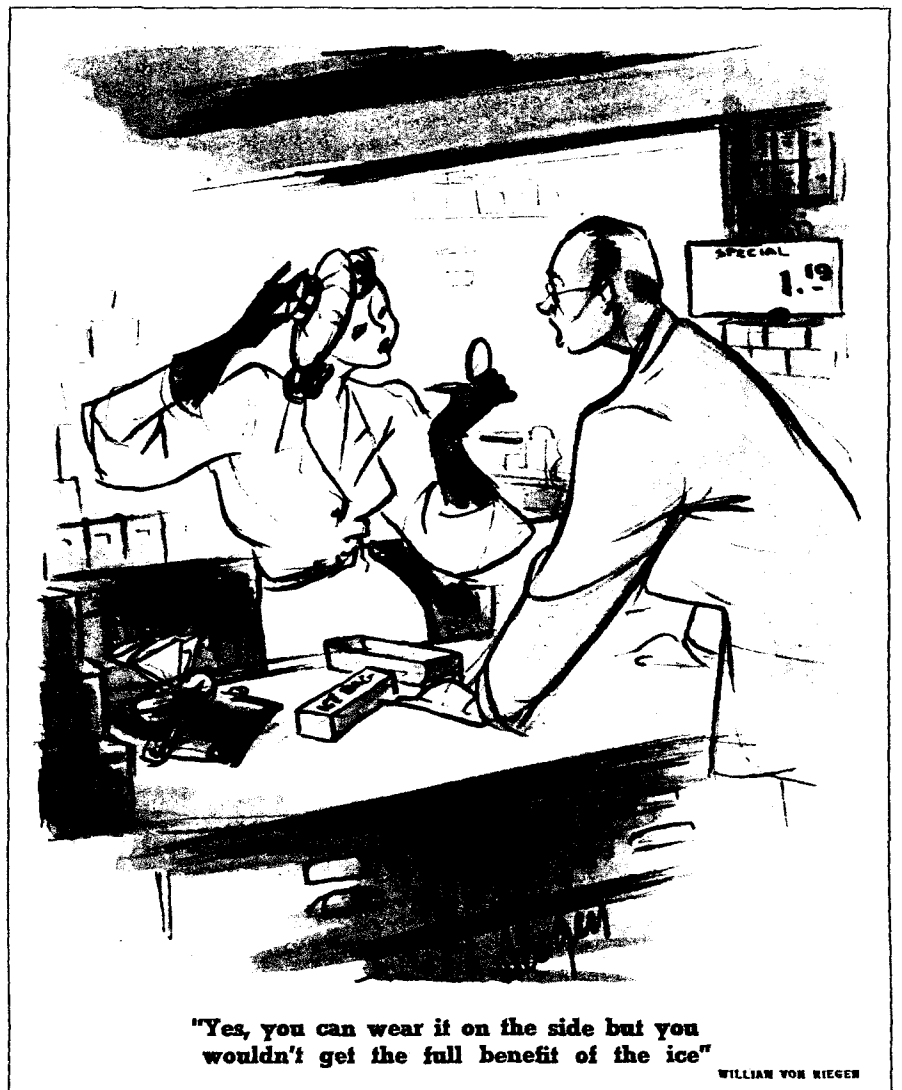
They watched her run toward them, having a hard time with her high-heeled shoes in the gravel. Her face was like soap.

"Dad!" she gasped. ". . . Overcome . . . gas."

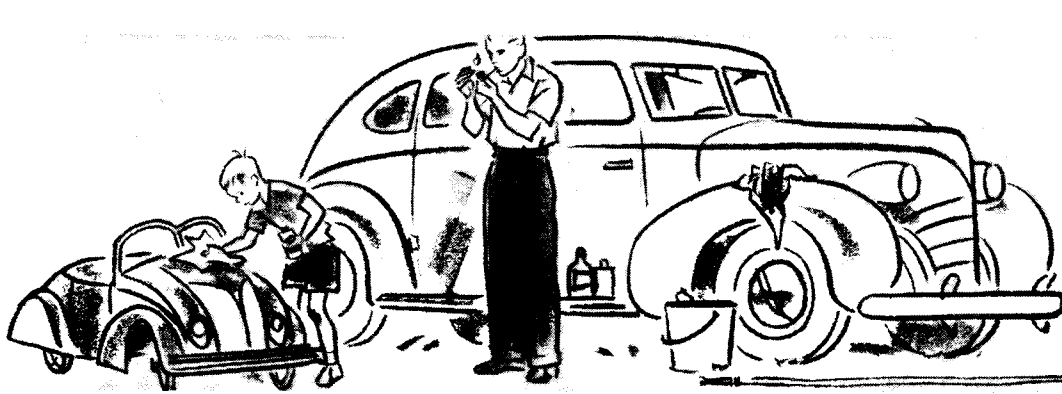
Peter asked, "Dead?"

"No," Carmel said. ". . . Not yet . . ."

(To be continued next week)



HIS FEET ARE AS RELAXED AS HIS SOUL

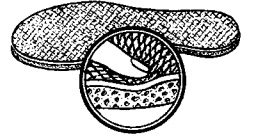


BIKE OXFORD

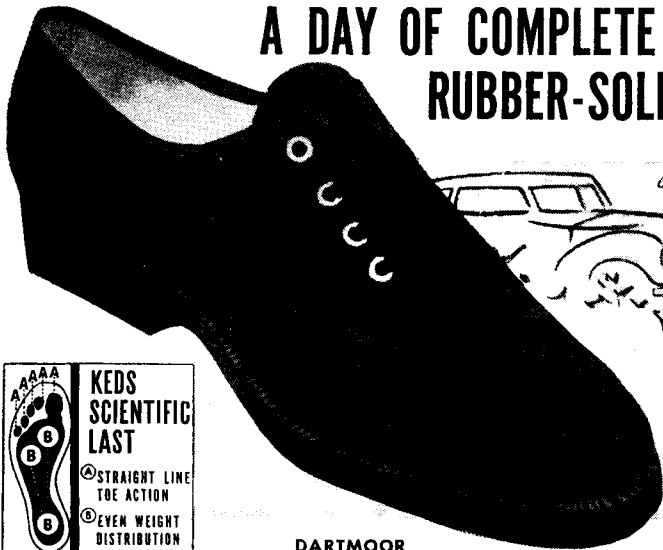


A DAY OF COMPLETE COMFORT, HAPPINESS AND PEACE. FABRIC RUBBER-SOLED SHOES ARE IN KEEPING WITH HIS MOOD

KEDS SHOCK-PROOF INSOLE



SPONGE RUBBER CUSHIONING



DARTMOOR



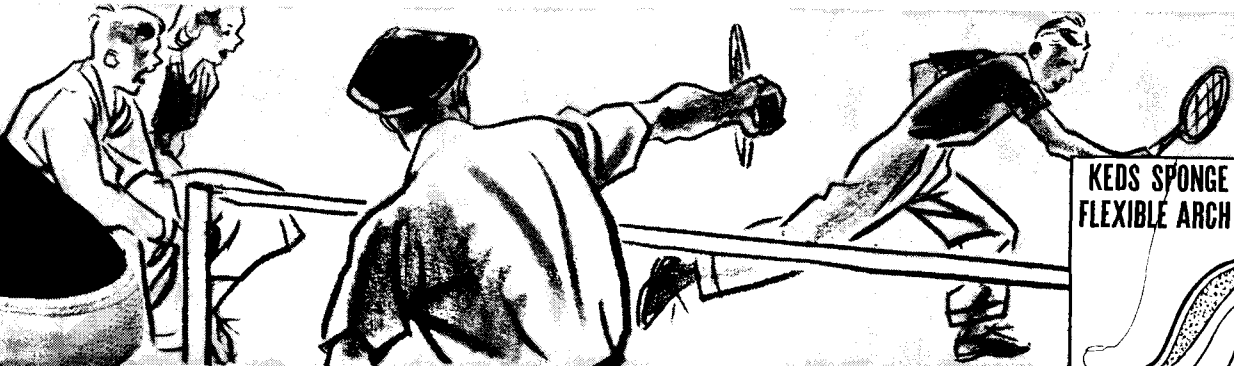
KEDS SCIENTIFIC LAST
 (A) STRAIGHT LINE TOE ACTION
 (B) EVEN WEIGHT DISTRIBUTION



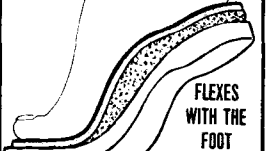
ON DIRT ROADS AND GRASSY BANKS, THESE SHOES MAKE HIS FEET THRILL WITH THEIR CLOSE-TO-THE-GROUND FREEDOM



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Keds

Flotsam

Continued from page 15

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Olsany Cemetery and Holy Cross Mountain to peddle his soap and perfume. It was a district inhabited by poor people and he had learned that poverty often begets charity but wealth almost never does. He succeeded in making a number of sales and when he counted his money that evening, under a gaslight in the old Jewish cemetery, he discovered he had made a profit of thirty-eight crowns.

He started back for the hotel. The nearer he got, the faster he walked. At last he was almost running. He thought the girl would be in the sitting room, and he wanted to see her. Her name, he had discovered, was Ruth Holland and she was a student of chemistry.

A single dim electric bulb was burning in the sitting room; a few card players were sitting there and an old woman who was staring into the darkened garden, but no one else. Kern was keenly disappointed. He waited half an hour longer, then went up to his room.

The man from the concentration camp, whose name was Rabe, was there. He was just getting undressed.

"Going to bed so early?" Kern asked.

"Before nine o'clock?"

Rabe nodded. "It's the best thing for me to do. Then I shall sleep until midnight. That's the time I always get my attacks. It was at midnight that they usually came for us when we were in the bunker. After that I shall sit up for a couple of hours at the window. Then I can take some sleeping medicine and get through the night all right."

He was moving about the darkened room in his white underwear like a weary but friendly ghost. "Do you know," he asked, placing a glass of water beside his bed, "what comforts me most when I sit there at night by the window, struggling with the old dread and thinking about my children? I recite poetry, old poems from my school days."

"Poems?" Kern asked in amazement.

"Yes, very simple ones. For example, the one they teach children to say in the evening:

"Gentle Jesus meek and mild,
Look on me a little child,
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to Thee."

He stood there in his underwear slowly repeating the verses in a low, monotonous voice and staring with lifeless eyes through the window out into the night.

"It calms me," he repeated and smiled as though to excuse himself.

KERN felt goose flesh along his back. "I don't know any poems by heart," he said. "I have forgotten them all. It seems an eternity since I was in school." He got up. "If I only knew what to do with the evenings! I haven't even anything to read."

"Go to the movies," Rabe answered. "At first I used to every day. I couldn't read; I didn't want to think; or to talk. So I went to the movies. Afterward you don't know what you have seen, but at least you haven't been thinking. I still go sometimes."

The movies! To think that hadn't occurred to him! He could invite Ruth Holland. Kern was electrified. "That's just what I'll do," he said cheerfully.

"Go to the Rialto," Rabe advised, climbing into bed. "Morocco is showing there. Have you seen it?"

"No."
"Then go. It's a grand picture."
"All right. Thanks a lot. And sleep well."

"I'd like to sleep ten years on end. Only then—my children would be grown—"

Kern knocked on the door next to his. A voice from the inside answered indistinctly. Kern opened the door and stopped in surprise. He had expected to find Ruth Holland alone, but there were also two older women in the room. One, with a face like a barn owl, was sitting by the window knitting a brilliant red shawl; she stared at Kern as though she would like to claw his eyes out. The other reclined limply on a corner of her bed, staring at her hands, which lay folded in her lap. She was wearing mourning.

RUTH HOLLAND was crouched on her bed reading. Kern saw it was the same bed by which he had stood the night before. She looked up and he smiled at her in embarrassment. "May I speak to you a minute?"

She got up and followed him into the hall.

"I wanted to ask if you would go to the movies with me."

The girl thought it over.

"You can't sit that way the whole evening. You'll get morbid."

"I spend almost every evening that way."

"But that crazy woman with the red shawl—"

Ruth Holland laughed.

Kern became insistent: "Morocco will begin in ten minutes. Come along. It's no fun at the movies alone."

"All right."

They hurried through the street and arrived in the interval before the main picture.

They found two seats together just as the lights went down. On the screen appeared the native quarter of Marrakech, the wastes of the desert blazed, sun-drenched and exotic, and through the hot African night beat the monotonous and exciting music of the flutes and tambourines.

Kern straightened in his seat. Amazing, he thought—day before yesterday I was alone—and now this girl is sitting close beside me—

Ruth Holland was sitting close beside him; but her thoughts were soon far away. She was strolling for the hundredth time beside the moat in Nürnberg through the violet-scented darkness of a March evening, and beside her walked Herbert Binding, student of chemistry, twenty-four years old, son of Lower-Court Counselor Binding of Würzburg. His face was strained and twitching and in his hand he held a crumpled copy of an evening paper. He was blurring sentences at her, such as she had never thought to hear from him:

"This is the end for us! The end for good and all, understand! I have been wanting to tell you that for a long time. But, ass that I was, I didn't do it because I wanted to spare you. Incredible stupidity on my part! Now I'm in the soup. I shall have to get out of it the best way I can."

He snorted with rage. Ruth's face remained indistinct in the darkness. She kept her head lowered. "I am sorry, Herbert, that you have got into difficulties through knowing me." She could barely speak.

Binding nervously crumpled his copy of the Stuermer. He laughed bitterly. "You talk about difficulties! That's good! That shows how much understanding you have! Ruin, that's what it is! In the newspaper! My name in the newspaper as the suitor of a Jewess!"

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Herbert Binding libeled as a profaner of his race! That's what I get for my consideration."

"My name is in the paper, too, Herbert," Ruth answered calmly. "As a dirty Jewish trollop."

"What of it? What does that matter? What difference can it make to you? But for me it's a matter of my whole career!"

Ruth stopped abruptly and raised her head. Who was this she was talking to? Could this be the playmate of her youth, with whom she had read Werther, Hoelderlin, Rilke? Was this the man with whom she had sat here by the moat in the moonlight while he told her he loved her more than life itself? The man who a year ago had waited impatiently every evening to see if she could steal out of her relatives' house? The man who only a few weeks before had been in despair because now he could only meet her secretly? The man for whom she had promised to wait till the dark specter of racial fanaticism had disappeared?

It was not the same man. An item in a brutish and bigoted paper had transformed him into a stranger who quaked fearfully for his career. Only three lines: "The student Herbert Binding continues to carry on with the dirty Jewish trollop, Ruth Holland. We may yet have to teach them both what we think about profaners of the race."

"All right," Ruth said. "Goodby, Herbert, now I understand."

"You don't understand everything. We are going to break off clean. You said you were willing to wait for me. You needn't. I don't want to have anything to do with you. Never again! I have written the publishers of this paper to tell them that I have realized the crime of the Jews. That they are a curse and a plague. As a matter of fact I believe just that. So now you know."

"Yes, now I know," Ruth looked once more at the handsome, contorted face, at the blue eyes and the waves of silky blond hair. Then she hit him. "Go!" she cried, tears streaming down her face. "Go!"

Herbert Binding recoiled. "What? Strike me! Why, you dirty Jewish..."

He seemed about to spring at her.

"Go!" she screamed.

He looked around hastily. "Shut your mouth!" he hissed. "Do you want the whole neighborhood on our necks? Perhaps that would exactly suit your plans. I'm going; yes, indeed, I'm going! Thank God I am rid of you!"

"Quand l'amour meurt" sang the

woman on the screen, her dark voice drifting through the noise and smoke of the Moroccan café. Ruth ran her hand across her forehead. Her face was hot and her breath was coming in gasps. Whenever she thought of that evening, unbearable shame burned in her.

After that, all the rest had been unimportant. The anxiety of the relatives with whom she was living; her uncle's urgent advice to take a trip so that he would not become involved; the anonymous letter informing her that if she did not disappear within three days her hair would be cut off and she would be pulled through the streets in a cart with placards on her breast and back labeling her as a defiler of the race; the visit to her mother's grave; the wet morning when she had stood in front of the war memorial from which the name of her father, who had fallen in Flanders in 1916, had been scratched because he was a Jew; and then the hasty, lonesome trip across the border to Prague taking with her her mother's few pieces of jewelry. . . .

ONCE more the music of flutes and tambourines came from the screen. Over it rolled the march of the Foreign Legion—the quick, stirring call of the bugles above the company of those marching into the wilderness, fighters without home or country.

"Do you like it?" Kern asked softly. "Yes."

She felt his hand on hers. He offered her a bottle. "Eau de Cologne" he whispered. "From my supply. I sell it. It's warm in here. You will find a little of it refreshing."

"Thanks." She sprinkled a few drops into her hand. Kern could not see that suddenly there were tears in her eyes.

"Thanks," she said again.

At the Inn of the Green Tree the substitute waiter Johann Huber was putting up the shutters. "My evening off," he said to the few remaining guests sitting in the bar.

"Come and have a last drink with us," said one who was a master carpenter.

"I don't feel like it," Steiner replied. "Either I'll get drunk or I won't touch it."

"Get drunk then. Let's begin with some good plum brandy."

"Fine." Steiner brought out the bottle and four glasses. The landlord had long since gone to bed. During the time he had been working there as Johann Huber from Grätz, Steiner had made a good place for himself.

They drank for an hour and then the

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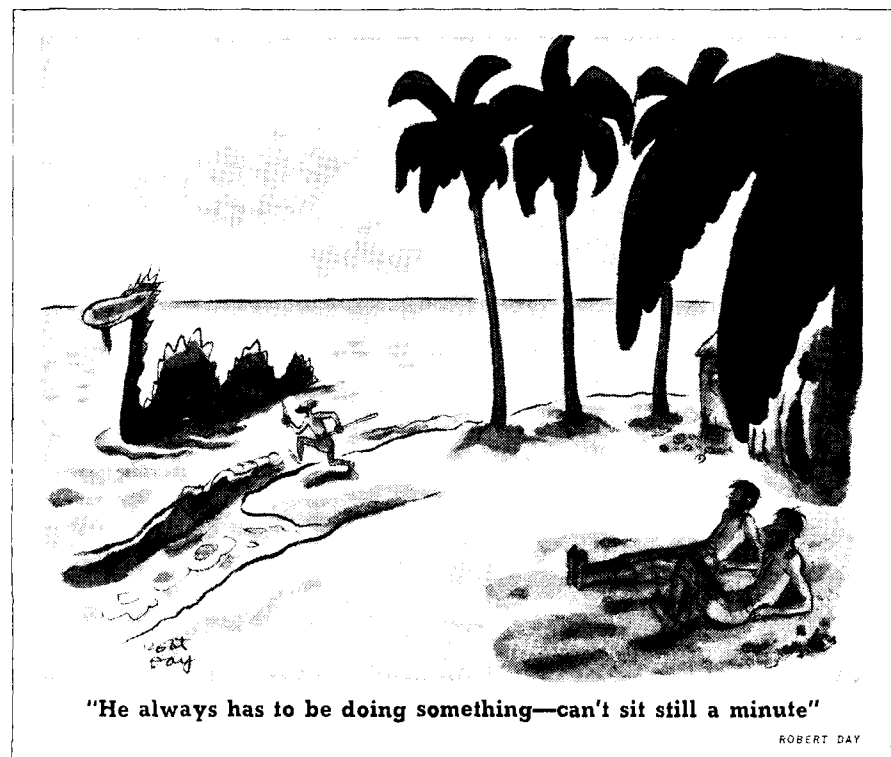


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guests left. The master carpenter paid the check, yawning: "Time to crawl between the sheets with my wife. So long, Johann."

"So long."

The three left the inn with cautious steps. Steiner cleared up. Then he filled a tumbler with brandy and emptied it. Time to climb between the sheets with his wife—yes, that was an idea all right! He sat down at the table brooding. He had often been tormented by longing for his wife but never so much as now when he could breathe easy for a while.

He had heard nothing whatever from her. Nor had he dared to write, for he assumed her mail would be opened. He believed that she had got a divorce.

"Damn it!" He stood up. "I've got to get out! I've got to get over this thing. Otherwise it will drive me crazy. It must simply cease to exist. As though it had never been. I am a man who lives alone. I am Johann Huber, I'm not Steiner any longer. All that's over."

He drank another glass and then shut up the place and went out on the street. In the neighborhood of the Ring a girl spoke to him: "Come with me."

"Yes," Steiner said.

As they walked along together the girl eyed him curiously. "Not exactly chatty, are you?" she said.

"Aren't I?" He put his arm through hers.

The girl pressed against him. "What are you going to give me, my pet?"

"I don't know. How much do you want?"

"How would twenty schillings be?"

"Ten. I'm a waiter. I don't earn much."

"You don't look like a waiter."

"There are people who don't look like presidents of countries, yet they are."

The girl laughed. "You're funny. I like funny people."

THE room was a box, lined in red plush, with plaster statues and little crocheted covers over the tables and chairs. On the sofa sat a row of dolls, Teddy bears and stuffed monkeys. Above them hung an enlarged photograph of a sergeant major in full uniform with protruding eyes and a curling mustache.

"Your husband?" Steiner asked.

"No, the landlady's dear departed. Sit down, my pet, and make yourself comfortable," she said.

Steiner looked at her. He knew another skin just as white and smooth as that.

"Why are you staring at me so?" the girl said. "You're enough to frighten a person."

"What's your name?" Steiner asked.

"You'll laugh—Elvira. It was one of my mother's ideas. She always had fancy notions."

"Let's have something to drink," Steiner said.

"Have you money?" the girl asked quickly.

Steiner nodded. Elvira went to the door. "Frau Poschnigg, bring us something to drink."

The landlady appeared as quickly as if she had been listening behind the door. She was a roly-poly person, tightly laced in black satin. Her cheeks were red and her eyes glistened like marbles. "We have a bottle of champagne—"

"Brandy," Steiner said. "Plum brandy, pear brandy, Enzian, whatever you have."

The women exchanged a glance. "Pear brandy," Elvira said. "Some of the good kind from the top shelf. It costs ten schillings, my pet."

Steiner gave her the money.

Elvira took the bottle from the landlady. "Have one with us, Frau Poschnigg."

"If I may?" The landlady seated herself. "You're lucky, Fräulein Elvira. People like me—we're always lonesome—" She gulped down the drink and immediately poured another. "Here's your health, handsome sir! Oh, my Poldi, my dear Poldi! I wonder what he's doing now."

"Pinching the angels probably," Elvira answered equably. "He surely wouldn't miss a bet."

"It would make me jealous," Frau Poschnigg said, "if it weren't in heaven." She got up and glanced coquettishly at Steiner. "My very best thanks!"

"I think you might get on with her, my pet," Elvira announced.

"Give me that water glass," Steiner said. He filled it and drank.

Elvira looked at him anxiously. "You're not going to start breaking things up, darling? This is expensive furniture, you know. It cost a lot of money, my pet."

"Sit down here," Steiner said. "Beside me."

"Perhaps we better go out somewhere—to the Prater or into the woods."

Steiner raised his head. He felt the brandy pounding back of his eyeballs like soft hammers. "Into the woods? Don't hide that bottle. I'm not going to wreck your room."

The hammers beat faster. The room reeled. "Cornfield—" Steiner said slowly and heavily, "and the night wind—and to say to someone, just to say—"

Steiner drank. "Were you ever happy?" he asked, staring at the table.

"Of course, often."

"Oh, shut your mouth. Turn the light out."

Elvira obeyed. The room became dark.

With unsteady hand Steiner poured brandy into his glass. His head was roaring. The girl moved about the room. She came to the window, paused and looked out. The pale light of the rising moon poured over her dark shoulders. Behind her head shone the stars. She raised her hands to her hair.

She turned and came to him softly and silently. She was like a ripe cornfield, dark and unknowable, with the scent and the skin of a thousand women, and of one, of one—"Marie," Steiner murmured.

The girl gave a low, tender laugh. "Just see how drunk you are, my pet—my name is Elvira—"

ONE evening Kern returned to the hotel. In his room he found Marill, the man with the eyeglasses who slept in the bed by the other wall. "Someone at last!" Marill shouted. "Damn this roost! Not a living soul in it, today of all days! Everyone gone out! Everyone away! Even the damned proprietor!"

"What's the matter?" Kern asked.

"Do you know where to find a midwife? Or any kind of woman's doctor?"

"No."

"No, of course you don't!" Marill stared at him. "Are you a sensible fellow? Come along with me. Then I can go out and look for a midwife. Someone has to stay with the woman. Can you do that?"

"Do what?"

"See that she doesn't thrash around. Reason with her. Do anything."

He dragged Kern along the hall to the floor below and opened the door of a small room in which there was not much besides a bed. On the bed a woman lay groaning.

"The seventh month. Premature birth. Calm her if you can. I'll get a doctor."

He was out of the room before Kern could reply.

The woman on the bed groaned. Kern approached on tiptoe.

"Can I get you anything?" he whispered.

The woman continued to groan. Her faded, blond hair was soaked with sweat and dark patches of freckles stood out on her gray face. Her eyes were rolled up under half-closed lids; only the whites could be seen. Her thin lips were drawn back and her teeth tightly



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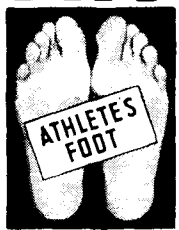
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clenched. They gleamed a clear white in the half-darkened room.

"Can I get you anything?" Kern repeated.

He looked around. A thin, cheap coat lay tossed over a chair. By the bed stood a pair of worn shoes. The woman lay there, completely dressed, as though she had dropped suddenly on the bed. There was a water bottle on the table and beside the washstand stood a suitcase.

The woman groaned. Kern stood by helplessly. He did not know what to do. The woman began to toss. He remembered what Marill had told him and made a hesitant attempt to hold her shoulders still. But it was as if he were trying to hold a snake.

While he was still struggling and she was slipping away from him and pushing him off, she suddenly raised her arms and in an instant had driven her fingers with all her strength, clawlike, into his arm.

HE STOOD as though riveted to the spot. He would never have guessed she had such strength. She twisted her head slowly as though it were on a pivot and groaned so hideously that it seemed her breath must be coming out of the earth.

"Let me go! Let me go!" Kern stamped his foot. He dared not pull his arm away for fear of jarring her. "Let me go," he groaned. "Let me go."

Suddenly the woman's body grew slack. She released her grip and fell back among the pillows. Kern leaped up, horrified, and ran instinctively to the room where Ruth Holland lived.

She was there, sitting alone among her open books. "Come! You've got to help," Kern gasped. "A woman is dying downstairs."

They ran down together. The room was half dark. In the window the light of sunset flamed, throwing a ruddy sheen over the floor and table. A reflection, caught in the water bottle, sparkled like a ruby. The woman lay quite still. She seemed to have stopped breathing.

"Turn on the light," the girl directed. Kern rushed to the switch. The light of the weak bulb blended with the red of sunset in a somber glow.

"Give me the towel! Look for something to make bandages."

Kern saw that Ruth had rolled up her sleeves and was loosening the woman's clothes. He gave her the towel from the washstand. "The doctor will be here right away. Someone has gone for him."

Searching for bandage material, he hastily emptied out the contents of the suitcase.

"Quick, get me something!" Ruth called.

On the floor lay a heap of baby clothes—little shirts, bellybands, diapers, and among them a few knitted sweaters of pink and light blue wool, trimmed with silk bows. One of them was unfinished; a pair of knitting needles was still sticking in it. A ball of soft blue yarn fell and rolled noiselessly across the floor.

Kern gave Ruth the bellybands and diapers. Then he heard steps on the stair and immediately after the door flew open to admit Marill and the doctor.

"Damn it, what's this?" The doctor was beside the bed in one long stride. He pushed Ruth Holland aside and bent over the woman. Then he turned to Marill.

"Call number 2167. Braun is to come at once with everything necessary for anesthesia. Braxton Hicks operation. Have you got it? In addition everything for severe hemorrhage."

"Right."

The doctor looked around. "You can go," he said to Kern. "The young lady will remain. Get hot water. Give me my bag."

Ten minutes later the second doctor arrived. With the help of Kern and a few people who had arrived in the meantime, the chamber next to the one where the woman lay was transformed into an operating room.

"Hurry, hurry!" The first doctor was raging with impatience. He pulled on his white gown and had Ruth Holland button it. "You'd better have one too." He threw her a gown. "Perhaps we'll need you. Can you stand the sight of blood? Will it make you sick?"

"No," Ruth said.

"Good girl, fine. Can we start?"

The light glistened on his bald spot. The door to the room was taken off its hinges. Six men carried in the bed with the woman, who was moaning softly. Her eyes were wide open; her white lips quivered.

"Come on, steady it there!" barked the doctor. "Lift it higher! Careful now, damn it, careful!"

The woman was heavy. Drops of perspiration stood on Kern's forehead. A short while before, he had been sick. His eyes met Ruth's. She was pale but calm and so changed that he hardly recognized her. She belonged now to the suffering woman.

"There! Everyone out who isn't needed!" snapped the doctor with the bald spot. He took the woman's hand. "It won't hurt. It's very easy." His voice had suddenly become like a mother's.

"My child must live," whispered the woman.

"Both of you will—both—" the doctor answered softly.

"My child—"

"We'll just turn it around a little to avoid the shoulder presentation. Then it will come like lightning. Just be calm, quite calm. Anesthesia!"

Kern was standing with Marill and a few others in the room where the woman had lived. They were waiting for a chance to be useful. From next door came the subdued murmurs of the doctors. Scattered on the floor lay the pink and blue sweaters.

"A birth," Marill said to Kern. "That's how it is when someone comes into the world. Blood, blood and screams! Do you understand?"

"Yes."

"No, you don't," Marill said. "You don't and I don't. A woman, only a woman can understand. Don't you feel like a swine?"

"No," Kern said.

"You don't? Well I do." Marill polished his eyeglasses and looked at Kern. "Ever slept with a woman? No! Otherwise you'd feel like a swine too. Is there any chance of getting a drink here?"

THE waiter appeared from the back of the room. "Bring me a half bottle of cognac. Yes, yes. I have money to pay for it. Just go ahead and bring it."

The waiter disappeared and with him went the proprietor and two other people. Kern and Marill remained alone. "Let's sit here by the window," said the latter, pointing toward the sunset. "Pretty, isn't it?"

Kern nodded.

"Yes," Marill said. "All sorts of things side by side. Those are lilacs down there in the garden, aren't they?"

"Yes."

"Lilacs and ether. Blood and cognac. Well, prost!"

"I brought four glasses, Herr Marill," said the waiter, placing a tray on the table. "I thought perhaps—" he motioned with his head toward the next room.

"Good."

Marill filled two glasses. "Do you drink?"

"Not often."

"That's a Jewish sin—abstinence. On

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the other hand you know more about women. But that's the last thing women want. Prost!"

"Prost!"

Kern emptied his glass. It made him feel better. "Is that—in there—a mis-carriage?" he asked.

"No. A premature birth. Eight weeks too soon. Overexertion, that's the cause. Traveling, changing trains, excitement, hurrying around and all that sort of thing, see? Just what a woman in her condition ought not to do."

"And why—"

Marill refilled the glasses. "Why—" he said. "Because she wanted her child to be a Czech. Because she did not want him spat at in school and called a stinking Jew."

"And her husband?"

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"I've watched it happen," Kern said.

Marill emptied his glass. "A crazy age. Peace is stabilized with cannons and bombers, humanity with concentration camps and pogroms. We're living in a time when every standard is turned upside down, my friend. Today the aggressor is the shepherd of peace, and the beaten and hunted are the troublemakers of the world. What's more, there are whole races who believe it!"

A HALF-HOUR later they heard a thin, squalling cry from the next room.

"Damn it," Marill said, "they've done the trick! One more Czech in the world! We'll have a drink to that! Come on, Kern! To the greatest mystery in the world, birth. You know why it's a mystery? Because afterward one dies. Prost!"

The door opened and the second doctor came in. He was spattered with blood and he was sweating. In his hands he held a squalling object, red as a lobster, and he was slapping it on the back. "It's alive," he growled. "Is there anything here?"—he reached for a pile of diapers—"these will have to do—young lady!"

He handed the child and the diapers

to Ruth. "Bathe and wrap up—not too tight. The old woman in there, the proprietress, knows how—but keep it away from the ether, leave it in the bathroom—"

Ruth took the child as though it were the Holy Grail. Her eyes seemed to Kern twice as large as usual. The doctor sat down at the table. "Is that cognac?"

Marill poured him a glass. "How does a doctor feel," he asked, "when he sees new bombing planes and cannons built every day but no new hospitals? After all the only purpose of the former is to fill the latter."

THE doctor glanced up. "Behind the eight ball," he said. "That's how we feel! A nice job; you sew them up with the best modern technique so they can be torn to pieces again with the most primitive savagery. Why not kill the children at once? It's much simpler."

"My dear fellow," Marill answered, "killing children is murder. Killing grownups is a dictate of national honor."

"In the next war there'll be plenty of women and children killed too," the doctor muttered. "We stamp out cholera—and it's a harmless little ailment compared to a dose of war."

"Braun!" called the doctor from the next room.

"Coming!"

"Things don't seem to be going quite right," Marill said.

After a while Braun came back. He looked exhausted. "Nothing to be done. She's bleeding to death."

"Nothing to be done?"

"Nothing. We've tried everything. The hemorrhage won't stop."

"Couldn't you try a transfusion?" asked Ruth, who was standing in the doorway. "You could use my blood."

The doctor shook his head. "It wouldn't help, my child. If it doesn't stop—"

He went back, leaving the door open. The rectangle of bright light had a ghostly appearance. The three sat in silence. Presently the waiter tiptoed in. "Shall I clear off?"

"No."

"Will you have something to drink?" Marill asked Ruth.

She shook her head.

"Do. Take some. It will do you good." He poured her half a glass.

It had become dark. Across the roofs the last wan, greenish-orange light still lingered on the horizon. In it swam the



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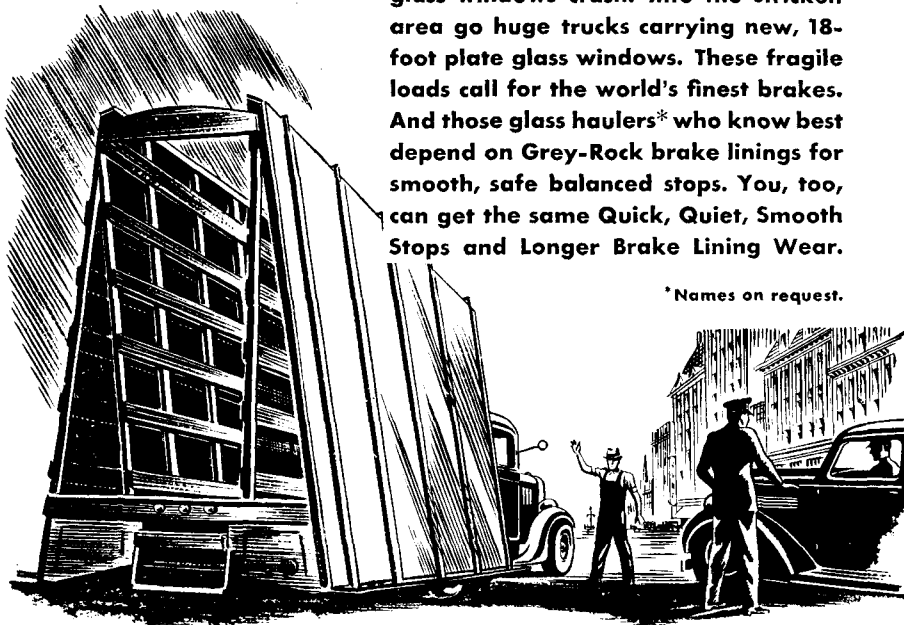


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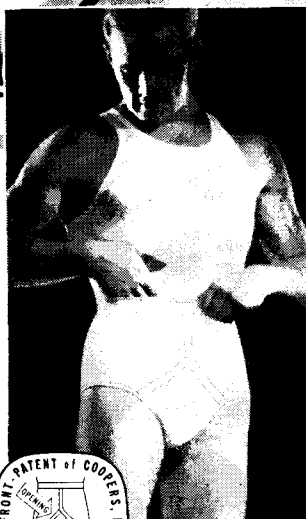


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pale moon, pitted with holes like an old brass coin. Voices floated up from the street, loud, self-satisfied and unaware. Suddenly Kern thought of Steiner and of what he had said. When someone dies beside you, you don't feel anything. That is the misfortune of the world. Sympathy is not pain, sympathy is dissimulated joy—a feeling of relief that it is not oneself or someone one loves. He looked over at Ruth. Her face was no longer visible.

"What's that?" Marill asked, listening.

The long, full note of a violin came leaping through the gathering night. It died away, rose again, swelling higher and higher, triumphant and defiant—then came a series of bubbling runs, more and more tender, and a melody emerged, simple and sad as the waning light.

"It's here in the hotel," Marill said, peering through the window, "above us on the fourth floor."

"I think I know who the violinist is," Kern said. "I've heard him play before, but I didn't know that he was living here."

"That's no ordinary violinist. He's much more than that."

"Shall I go up and ask him to stop?"

"Why?"

Kern motioned toward the next room. Marill's eyeglasses flashed. "No. Why do that? One can always be sad. And death is everywhere. It all belongs together."

THEY sat and listened. Presently Braun came out of the next room. "All over," he said. "Exit. She didn't suffer much. And she knows her child is alive. We were able to tell her that." The three stood up. "We can bring her back in here," Braun said. "The other room is occupied."

The woman lay, small and white, amid the confusion of blood-soaked cloths, basins, pitchers and the piles of bloody wadding. The doctor with the bald spot was working over her. There was something shocking and improper in the contrast—full, lusty, vigorous, relentless life beside the peace of fulfillment.

"We'll leave her covered," said the doctor. "It's just as well for you not to see any more. It was rather much, even so, wasn't it, little lady?"

Ruth shook her head firmly.

"You behaved like a soldier. No shirking. Do you know what I, Braun, would like to do now? Go and hang myself. Simply go to the next window and hang myself."

"You saved the child; that was a fine achievement."

"Hang myself! You see, I know that we did all we could; you're helpless in that situation. All the same I could hang myself."

His fleshy face grew red with rage above the collar of the bloodstained gown. "For twenty years I've been doing this. And every time a patient slips through my fingers I'd like to hang myself. Silly, isn't it?" He turned to Kern. "Get the cigarettes out of the left-hand pocket of my coat and put one in my mouth, will you? Yes, little lady, I know what you're thinking. All this, and then I smoke. I'm going to wash up." He stared at his rubber gloves as though they were to blame for everything. "Hang myself," he growled and moved heavily into the bathroom.

They carried the bed with the dead woman out into the hall and back to her own room. There were a few people outside, those who lived in the other room. "Couldn't they have taken her to a hospital?" asked a scrawny woman with a throat like a turkey gobbler.

"No," Marill said, "otherwise they'd have done it."

"And she is going to stay here all

night? Who will be able to sleep with a corpse in the next room?"

"Then stay awake, grandmother," Marill said.

"I'm no grandmother," sniffed the woman.

"So much the better for your grandchildren."

The woman gave him a withering look. "And who's to clean up the room? We shall never be rid of the smell. The least they could have done was to ask us!"

"You see," Marill said to Ruth, when they were back in the first room, "this woman is dead. Her child had need of her and very likely her husband too. But that sterile ironing board out there is still alive. Probably she'll live to a great old age to be a plague to her fellow men. That's a puzzle no one can solve."

"Evil is stronger; it can withstand more," Ruth replied darkly.

Marill made no reply but watched her thoughtfully. The two doctors came in. "The proprietress has the child," said the one with the bald spot. "Someone will come to get it. I'm going to telephone about that right away. And about the woman. Did you know her well?"

Marill shook his head. "She came day before yesterday. I exchanged only a few words with her."

"Perhaps she had some papers. The authorities will want to see them."

"I'll look."

The doctor left. Marill searched the dead woman's suitcase. There was nothing in it except baby clothes, a blue dress, some underwear and a bright-colored rattle. He put the things back again. "Strange how all this suddenly seems dead too."

In her handbag he found a passport and a certificate from the Frankfurt police. He held it up to the light. "Katharina Hirschfeld, née Brinkmann, from Münster, born March 17, 1901."

He stood up and looked at the dead woman, at the blond hair and the narrow, hard, Westphalian face. "Katharina Brinkmann who married Hirschfeld."

He looked at the passport again. "Still good for three years," he murmured. "Three years for someone else. The certificate from the police is all we need for burial."

He put the papers in his pocket. "I'll look after this," he said to Kern. "And I'll get a candle. I don't know why, but I have a feeling someone ought to sit with her for a while."

"I'll stay," Ruth said.

"Fine. I'll come back later and relieve you."

THE moon had grown brighter. Night had engulfed the sky, deep blue and spacious. Its breath, scented with earth and flowers, drifted into the room.

Ruth stood beside Kern at the window looking out. Timidly he put his arm around her shoulders.

They remained thus, leaning against each other. Kern could feel the girl's shoulder beneath his hand and he could hear her gentle breathing. It seemed to him that he had been a great way off and had come back again. He dared not even think the word love—for darkly within him lingered his horror at the screams of the woman in childbirth and at her convulsed, bleeding and shapeless body. He knew that all this was related, that it was related, also, to these smooth, cool shoulders within his arm and to the soft, young mouth that breathed beside him. He knew this, but he did not understand it and he did not want to understand it—he did not want to see the dread that surrounded it. "Ruth," he said.

She stirred a little and pressed against his shoulder.

(To be continued next week)

Hoosier Out of Exile

Continued from page 13

Americans. Countless American old-timers, business and professional men whose devotion and work had given the Islands the highest living standard in the Orient, at the same time leaving it the least exploited colonial possession on earth, found themselves insulted, discriminated against, pushed around by petty lawmakers. Aging teachers were done out of their pensions.

The official salute for the President of the United States, Der Fuehrer, King George, the Number One Boy of any sovereign nation is 21 guns. That will be right for the president of the Philippines, too, but only after independence. Now he stands along with nabobs to rate 19. Someone ordered 21 for Quezon's inauguration. It was one of those Army situations in which everybody passed the buck.

MacArthur, Quezon's scoutmaster, stood up for the 21. Frank Murphy opposed it. Quezon made a violent issue. Secretary of War Dern, arriving for the ceremonies, was inclined to agree with Quezon since the proposed 21-gun salute had been published and "face" was now involved. But Quezon overplayed his ally:

"There will be 21 guns," he warned Murphy, "or I shall not be inaugurated in public!"

"Then," Dern cut in, "you will not be inaugurated."

Next was the matter of "first call," important in diplomacy the world over, unbelievably exaggerated in the Orient. Murphy knew that by every courteous right Quezon should call upon him immediately after this inauguration. But Quezon sulked in Malacanan Palace while his politicians, the foreign consuls

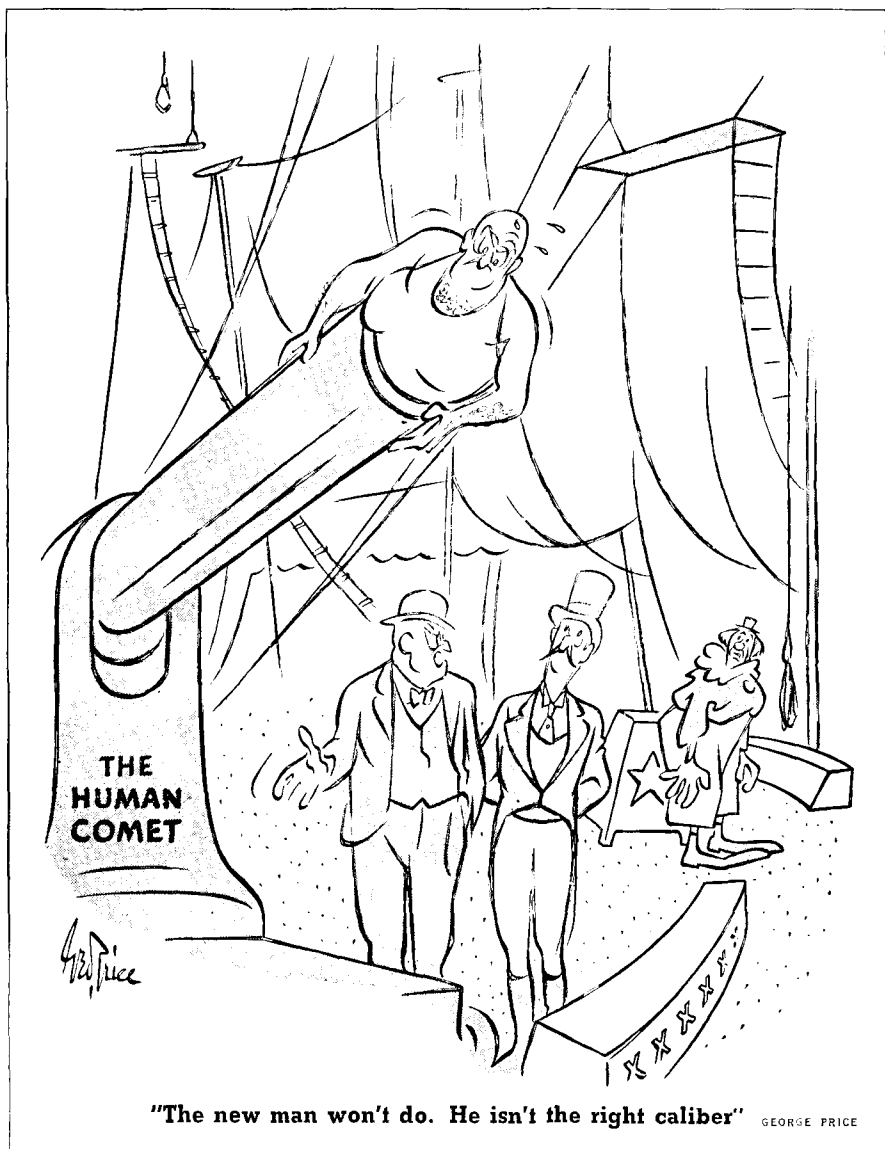
and the American colony watched. Gentle, tolerant Murphy, worn out by the fight over the guns, figured to make things easier for Quezon by paying an unofficial social call upon the president. Informers got word to Quezon, literally as Murphy was driving to the Palace. Within a few minutes Quezon lined up troops, summoned newspaper photographers, spread the works. The surprised Murphy, arriving, found his kindly plan tricked into a most official appearance.

This was the stage McNutt walked upon on April 26, 1937. Quezon, meanwhile, had gone abroad, on a potentate's triumphal tour. He would come home at the dramatic time, and steal the show. That's what everybody in Manila expected.

The Fight Was On

The 29th of April came before McNutt was wholly unpacked. That is the birthday of Emperor Hirohito of Japan. Uchiyama-san, Japanese consul general, held a great noon reception in his honor. First, in strict diplomatic ritual, he proposed a toast to the Mikado. Then he departed sharply from custom—some believed deliberately in connivance with Filipinos, as a challenge and test of McNutt.

Courtesy, precedence, sovereignty, all these dictated that second there should have been a toast to the ruler of the land in which the fete was held—that is, to President Roosevelt. Instead, Uchiyama-san proposed a joint toast to President Roosevelt and Quezon. Last, almost in the spirit of an afterthought, he called attention to the presence of the new United States High Commis-



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sioner and also offered a toast to him.

McNutt had come to the Philippines with his authority and responsibility arbitrarily defined for him: "It is clearly understood," President Roosevelt wrote, "that . . . you as High Commissioner are the chief representative of the United States in the Islands and as such representative you will take precedence over all other officials there, whether of the United States or of the Philippines. . . ."

So McNutt addressed a confidential letter to all foreign consuls in the Philippines, advising the toast precedence should be, first to the head of the state in whose honor the function is held, second to the President of the United States. Diplomatic courtesy would be adequately fulfilled, he emphasized, by those two toasts.

But if it should be desired to propose further ones, they must be, third, to the High Commissioner and, fourth, to the president of the Commonwealth. McNutt considered this a matter between himself and the consuls, expected to hear no more of it. But he reckoned without intrigue. The consuls tipped off the Philippine newspapers; gave the wrong slant—"The High Commissioner wants to be toasted ahead of the Presidente." Although Washington backed him fully, political enemies in the States and politicians in the Islands whooped, "High-Hat McNutt!" and the fun was on.

If McNutt had lost his temper, cat-called back, he would have been as licked as Selassie. He didn't.

"The McNutt Autocracy"

Next, Philippine sugar men, violating the London pact on sugar limitations, dumped in China. The Dutch in Java protested, rightfully. McNutt immediately clamped down on the Philippine crowd. The foreign consuls in Manila began to route official communications from their governments directly to the Commonwealth government, ignoring the office of the High Commissioner. He warned them to end this impropriety. Again the opposition was tipped off, and from editorial page and rostrum there were blasts against McNutt's "autocracy" and "high-handedness."

Soon after his arrival McNutt gave a big official dinner. The arrangers, following immemorial Indiana precedent, fixed up a quarantined "Press" table for the reporters and photographers. Worse, the invitations specified dinner clothes. Now, the cameraman in the Philippines has to be a star to earn 60 pesos, or 30 gold dollars, a month; which isn't a mess-jacket income. The city was immediately in an uproar. Etiquette books and tuxedos were at a premium. Publishers and editors could not attend because they had to lend clothes to humbler colleagues.

The ace photographer of Manila, little Miss Yay Panlillio, who was born in Denver and has a discreet, unrobustious figure, turned out in her evening gown looking like the Mae West of the Far East. To the consternation of less sober guests, she visibly shrank before their eyes as the dinner progressed. The mystery was exposed when Dick Wilson of the United Press discovered she had put three dozen flashlight blubs in her bosom. All the papers next day carried pages of pictures and stories about the photographers and none about the guests.

Again, in the face of ridicule at home and abroad, McNutt blamed no one, made no excuses. Meanwhile, certain elements of the foreign colony exploited and magnified everything that promised embarrassment for him, dissension between him and the Commonwealth government.

The war in China was full of mischief. There is a huge Chinese population in the Islands. From Manila to the remot-

est barrios, Chinese are the moneylenders and the retail traders. The Chinese vice-consul, K. Y. Mok, decided to hold an election in the Islands for Chinese nationals, with reference to Kuomintang affairs at home. McNutt swiftly refused this use of American territory for foreign political activities.

The German consul, G. A. Sakowsky, soon afterward announced that he would take German nationals to sea to vote in the Anschluss plebiscite. German liners, touching at Manila, were designated, sailing hours published, orders given to all German-Austrian residents to join the junket—or else. The German-Austrian colony was upset. Many of these people have lived here most of their lives; have no daily interest in common with the homeland, want no part of its political turmoil. They resent aggressive Herr Sakowsky's attempts to dictate their ways and days.

But the ballot ships never cast off. McNutt, working quietly and tactfully, avoiding publicity that might exact "face" from Sakowsky, convinced him of the impropriety of the vote cruise.

Sakowsky next ordered the Manila German Club to expel its four Jewish members. These Jews were old, respected, decent men; as good Germans as any in the club. Their distraught fellow members resented such cavalier treatment of them. But the power of a consul is great over his own nationals. He controls your passport, your social and business contacts. He can reduce you to a man without a country.

McNutt worked hard on this one. The controversy had got into the press; not only Sakowsky's reputation was at stake, but also the prestige of the German government. McNutt invited Herr Sakowsky to his office, and in a long, secret talk pointed out that Germany had given assurances to Washington that it did not intend to exercise control over American citizens of German ancestry, or over German nationals residing in United States territory. Therefore, Sakowsky must cease at once his efforts to have the four Jews ousted. McNutt is a rough-and-tumble debater of noisy, arm-swinging talent. He gave Sakowsky one shred of comfort. He would make no public statement with regard to the matter.

Timed for the Press

Sakowsky left the High Commissioner's office with red face. And what do you suppose? Seated in the lobby, beside the door through which Sakowsky would have to leave, was the entire newspaper gang of Manila. They had been summoned with nice timing: The High Commissioner wanted to see them—it turned out later, to tell them it was a nice day, or something equally important. But when they saw Herr Sakowsky's red face—which grew redder as he saw them—they pounced on him, and wrung a grudging admission that the German Club incident was closed.

McNutt's strongest and perhaps shrewdest gesture—certainly his most intellectually courageous—was his Fourth of July speech, in 1937.

Smartly he assayed the trend of the Philippines under the gift of "independence" from the United States. The Commonwealth had given evidence that its definition of the "freedom" of the Philippines was somewhat at variance with that of benevolent Uncle Sam.

The Commonwealth Assembly—so overwhelmingly rigged with yes men that it is virtually a personal instrument—voted postponement of the lawfully required elections of 1937; railroaded a provision that all provincial and municipal officials whose terms expired in the meantime would continue to hold office until the next election would be arranged only at the Presidente's pleasure. It was

arranged for the police and the constabulary to operate directly under Malacanang authority. Newspaper censorship grew, and there were many lesser signs of a pure dictatorship coiling.

McNutt lashed bluntly into this set-up. His only concession to "face" was that he did not name the heads he cracked. McNutt is cynical about face. He thinks it is a great, vague generalization by which the white man excuses all his failures in the Far East. Rather than something deep and mystic and unbridgeable, face to him seems the Oriental version of what Indiana neighbors call "keeping up with the Joneses." If you have due respect for the other fellow's legitimate rights and pride and environment you can speak your piece.

McNutt spoke his. Indeed, no one before in this Oriental land had ever taken "democracy" out of political rhetoric and illuminated it in terms understandable by "Juan," the humble peasant of the Islands. No one else had ever taken the trouble to explain to Juan exactly what this "freedom" and this "independence" that he was about to receive from a far-off government *should* mean to him in his daily labors; to his woman and his naked children in their foul nipa shacks.

The Philippines' Biggest Explosion

There were reminders for the politicians, too. "Freedom will be an empty victory," he warned, "unless there is a complete and sincere adherence to democratic and constitutional principles. Lip homage is not enough. Nothing short of the substance of democracy will give validity to the enterprise!"

The speech drew instant fire upon McNutt from vexed and confounded men and interests. "It was the biggest explosion in the Philippines," one delighted observer told me, "since Dewey's broadside off Cavite!" And it showed quick benefits. There was, for example, no further attempt to enforce the dictatorial provisions of the suspended election.

Both Quezon and McNutt, prior to contact, had been gingerly declaring there was no reason why they shouldn't get along with each other. But the details of McNutt's career in Manila had evidently been ruminated by the little

Presidente; and finally swallowed. For, back from his seven-month tour, he gave immediate proof that he is the canny and sound politician experts say. He made an official call upon McNutt at once.

Which might be just further proof of Quezon's smartness. He shares the opinion of many international experts that Europe will subside into a grumbling peace, while destiny has an inning in the Pacific. He has been to America often enough in the last quarter century to know that to the average man in the Middle West the Mississippi naturally looms bigger than the Yangtze; that the Cedar River gives Iowans little time to worry about the Pasig.

A friend in the White House with firsthand, workaday knowledge of Far Eastern people and matters would be a great break for orphaned Philippines in the uncertain, brutal years ahead.

McNutt, you must know from pictures you've seen, would decorate upper Pennsylvania Avenue in more ways than one: It would be like having a well-preserved Barrymore for President. He carefully fosters his physical impressiveness. At Manila parties men never wear dark coats; white always. A dark coat makes you as conspicuous at a *despedida* as Wallace Beery at a spinster's tea. McNutt invariably wears a blue serge coat with his white trousers.

He is as large as handsome; with a sort of Union Station bulkiness through the hips, in a way of big men whose exercise is largely vocal. There is a measure of naïveté in his air of coy expectancy as he stands at parties, like a man waiting to be tapped for Skull and Bones. You get the impression he turns his personality on and off like an oven thermostat.

This, I suspect, is McNutt, the frankly ambitious politician; not the nice, commonly sensible gentleman from Indiana.

All the foregoing is why—if you are one of those partisans who believe Paul Vories McNutt has no chance for nomination and election—you can go take a Tji boat for Java, or jump in the Laguna. You are not wanted in Manila, the city on the high-water mark of America's westward progress, where they were giving many *despedidas* those hot evenings, and the moonlight through the palm trees was bright upon the silvery hair of the guest of honor.



MEET SALLY, Irene, Georgette, and Mary—four of the loveliest, liveliest sisters anywhere! Sally (above) is all set for her after-breakfast swim . . . she's just had the most delicious cereal you ever tasted—Post's 40% Bran Flakes! "And that," says Sally, "is our secret of starting every day with a smile!"



SISTER IRENE, shown here swinging along on a morning hike, adds: "Post's Bran Flakes give us *two extra benefits* besides!" **FIRST,** they provide bran, a *natural* regulator. People whose systems are irregular, due to lack of bulk in the diet, find Post's Bran Flakes, eaten daily, a wonderful help; and . . .



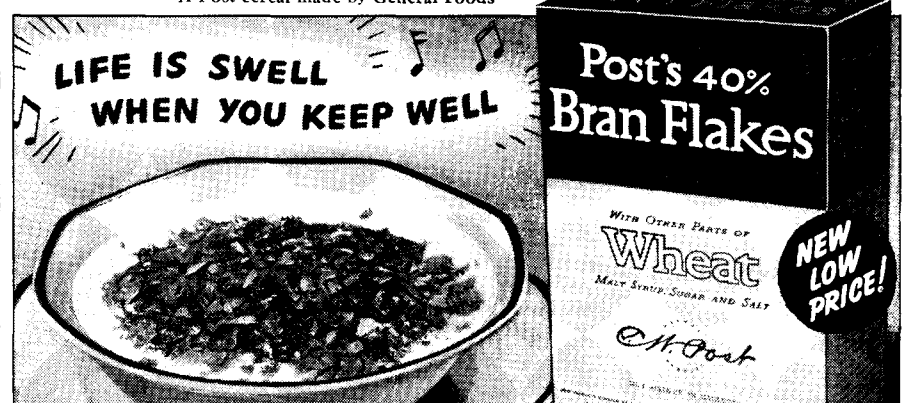
MARY FOUND OUT from a diet authority the *second great benefit*: Post's Bran Flakes are a good cereal source of phosphorus, iron, Vitamin B₁ to help maintain good appetite, and Vitamin G to help promote growth and vigor. **HERE'S ANOTHER** trick Mary knows—Post's Bran Flakes make wonderful bran muffins, and here she is serving them. "The recipe's right on the package," she adds, "and it's perfect!"



SINCE LAST WINTER Sally, Irene, Georgette, and Mary have been eating Post's Bran Flakes every day, and as Georgette says, "We've never felt better in our lives—it seems those *extra benefits* were just what we needed!"

P. S. Post's Bran Flakes are at a **NEW LOW PRICE**—so hurry and get this grand cereal with a *double purpose*: to make breakfast a delicious treat, and to help you keep fit!

A Post cereal made by General Foods



IMPORTANT: Post's Bran Flakes, due to their bulk, are a *regulative* cereal. Constipation due to insufficient bulk in the diet should yield to Post's

Bran Flakes, eaten regularly—as a breakfast cereal or in muffins. For cases not corrected in this simple manner, a physician should be consulted.

Silence is Safer

HHEAD off Thomas E. Dewey" contingents in both parties are trying to capitalize on the fact that the Manhattan district attorney hasn't stated his social and economic beliefs in detail up to this writing.

We're hearing that Mr. Dewey is mere second-growth presidential timber because he lets the public guess whether his heart bleeds exclusively for the sharecroppers and the child laborers, or whether he thinks employers and economic royalists have some rights, or whether he is just amiably vague, like most of the rest of us, on these larger questions. It is alleged to be a very black mark indeed against Mr. Dewey as a presidential possibility that up to now he has devoted himself to cleaning out assorted white-slave and poultry and restaurant rackets in New York City and to running once for governor of New York.

This editorial is not an endorsement of Dewey as possible head of the Republican national ticket next year. It is meant to be only an emphatic objection to those efforts to head off Dewey on the ground that he ought to snuggle up to the voters and tell them whether he considers himself a liberal, a conservative or a mugwump.

We think the demand that Dewey do this is ridiculous.

The way any cagey candidate goes about getting the office he wants is to please as many voters during the campaign as he can. If he is elected and continues cagey, he acts as seems expedient whenever a new challenge arises during his term. When election time approaches again, he pulls in his claws and takes once more to trying to please 'em all—just as, to name one illustrious example, President Franklin D. Roosevelt is most cagily and cannily doing at the present time.

Dewey has the reputation of a fearless, remorseless and result-getting prosecutor, and a young and handsome one to boot. Why should he go out of his way to make enemies and provoke exception-takers by issuing lengthy screeds on red-hot topics such as work relief vs. the dole, balancing the budget vs. blowing the billions to the breezes, isolation vs. "collective security," and so on? Why not ride on his reputation to the nomination and the White House if he can?

Plenty of others have used this same strategy, then used their own judgment behind the big mahogany desk. Woodrow Wilson was re-elected on the "kept us out of war" plea in November, 1916; and we were in the war April 6, 1917. Franklin D. Roosevelt was elected in 1932 partly because so many voters liked his soul-stirring appeals for economy in government, his welkin-walloping indictments of the Hoover administration as the wildest gang of spenders ever to hold power in Washington.

Sending our working wives back to the kitchen won't help anyone

Your Wife's Job

WE'RE for Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt in the argument she has been having with Miss Florence Birmingham of Boston. Miss Birmingham wants wives of employed husbands barred from state jobs. Mrs. Roosevelt wants American married women to go on being privileged to get and hold any kind of jobs they can, whether their husbands have jobs or not. Mrs. Roosevelt, soundly enough, says that she doesn't want anyone to tell anyone else when to work, because such discrimination is hard to keep under control.

This "back to the kitchen with the working wives" agitation strikes us as just another of those cure-alls that will cure nothing. It is a drive to halt American women's evolution; an effort to turn back the clock.

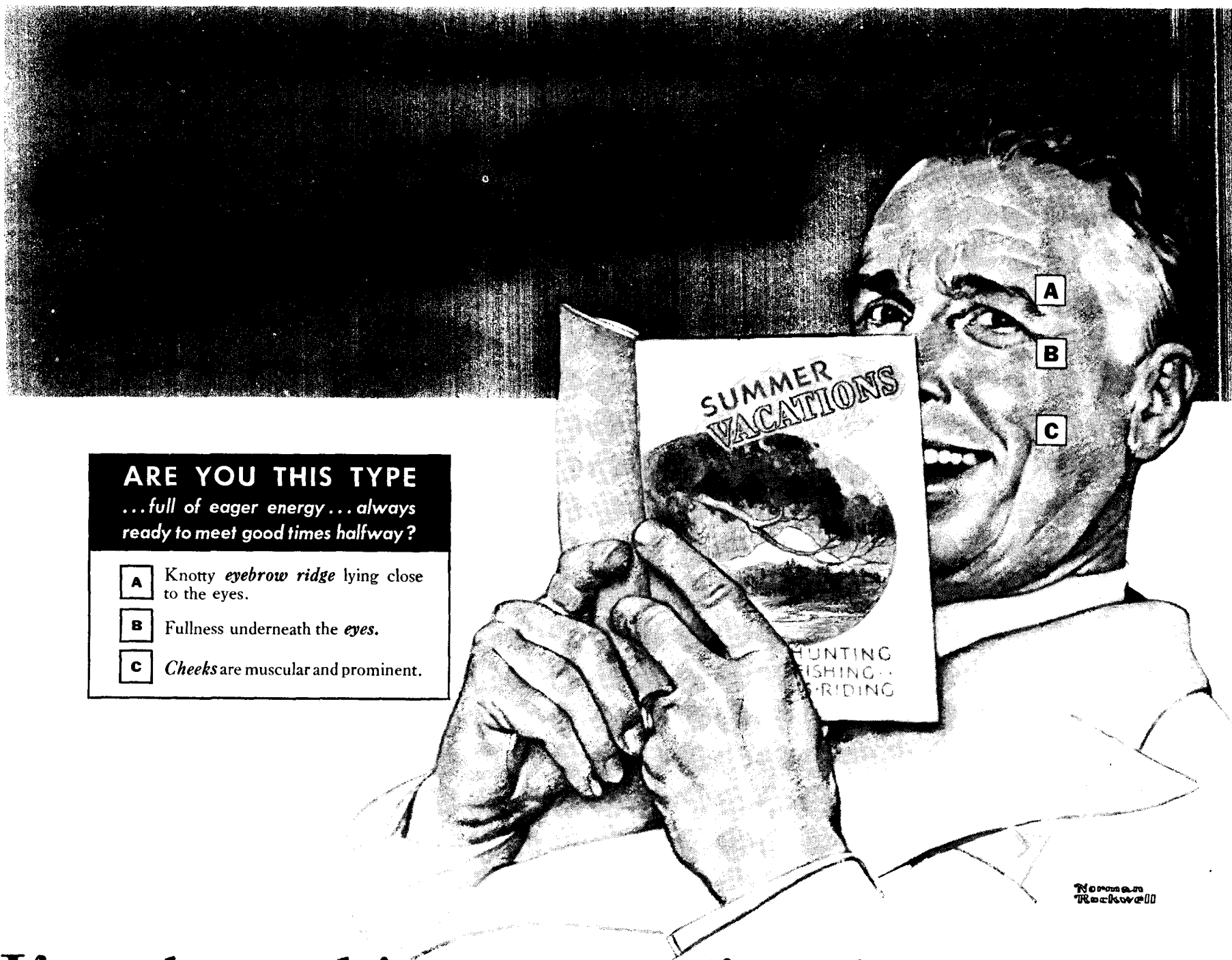
It would be just as reasonable for some prophet or son of a prophet to urge that all redheaded men be kicked out of their present jobs, or all men under 5' 5" tall, or all men with warts on the nor-nor-east knuckle of the left hand. These men, like the working wives, are keeping other people out of jobs—people who in some cases could do the work a good deal better than the men who are now holding the jobs.

But would a piece of class legislation barring these men from work improve the general state of the nation? All it would do would be to pass some buying power around. It would not increase total American buying power by a dime. The same goes for the working-wife scheme.

It would, indeed, cause a good deal of economic loss. There would be heavy temporary losses to business while the working wives were being eased out and the new help broken in. And there would be considerable permanent loss because, mad as our saying it may make some of our male customers, some women can do certain kinds of work a great deal more capably than some men.

Let's just discourage this nostrum, as Mrs. Roosevelt advises, even as up to now we've discouraged kindred cure-alls such as the Townsend Plan, \$30 Every Thursday (or was it Tuesday?), the commodity dollar, and so on.

Conversely, though, we aren't urging that able-bodied husbands be encouraged to taper off in the matter of contributing to the family's support. A woman who stands for that is letting her maternal instinct get too much the better of her.



ARE YOU THIS TYPE

...full of eager energy... always ready to meet good times halfway?

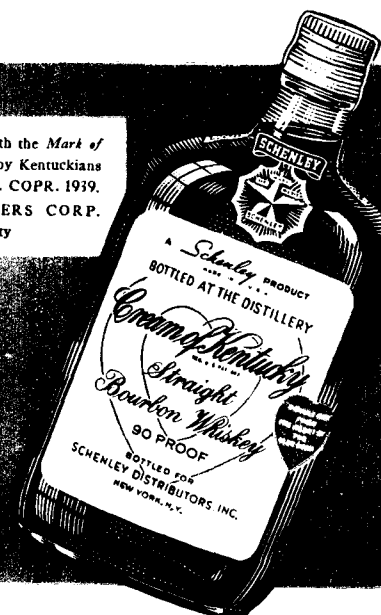
- A** Knotty *eyebrow ridge* lying close to the eyes.
- B** Fullness underneath the *eyes*.
- C** *Cheeks* are muscular and prominent.

If *you* have this commanding character, give the command "*Make mine Cream!*" Enjoy the "*Double-Rich*" Kentucky straight Bourbon!

SCHENLEY'S



A 90 PROOF whiskey with the *Mark of Merit*. Made in Kentucky by Kentuckians the good old Kentucky way. C.O.P.R. 1939. SCHENLEY DISTILLERS CORP. New York City





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